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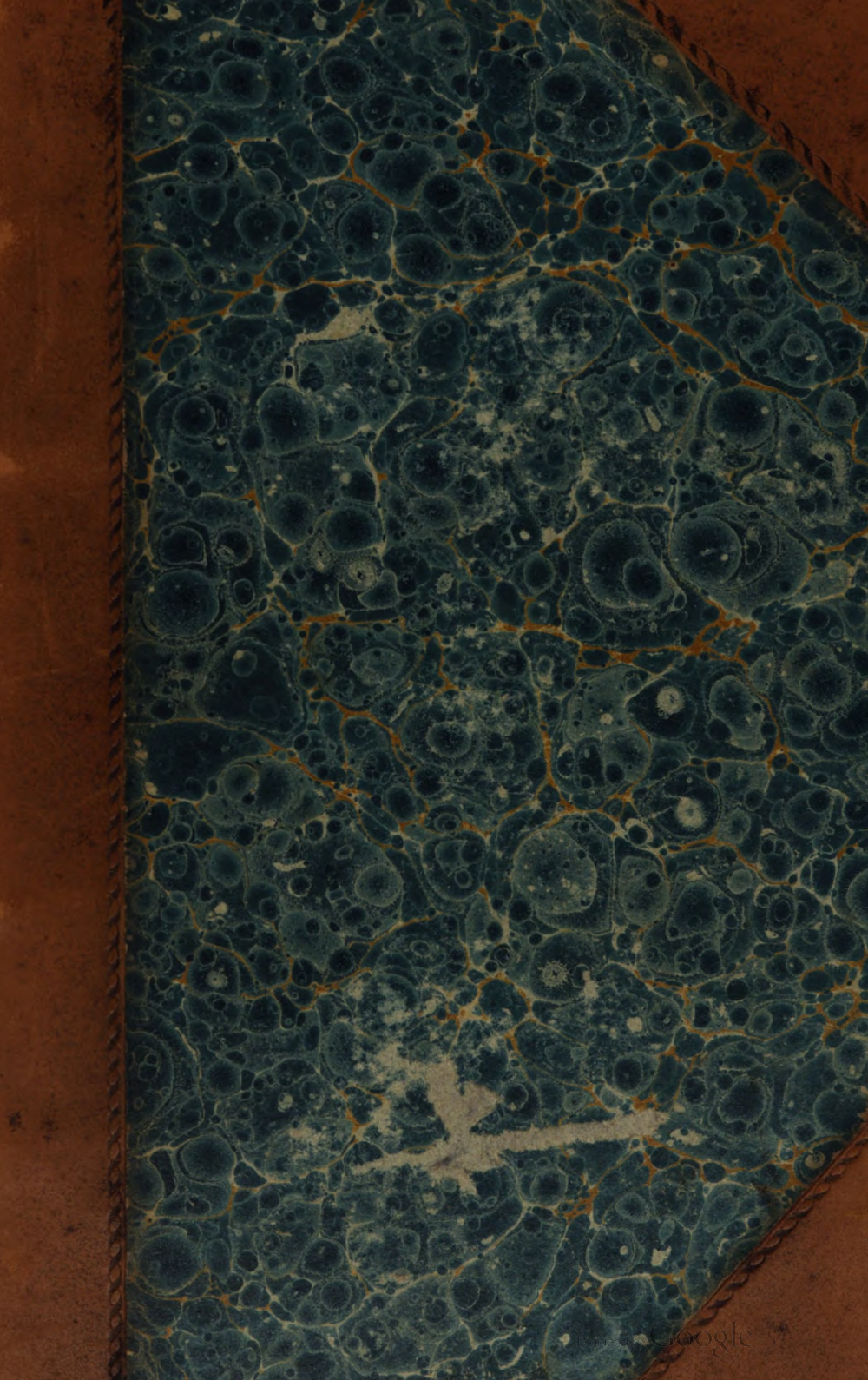
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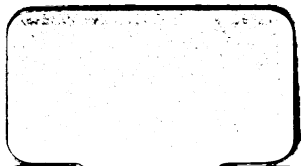
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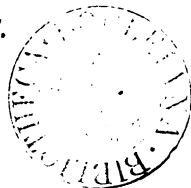
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Respice, Aspice, Prospice.

St. Bernard.



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THE
PROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

No. XXI.

ART. I.—THE SCIENTIFIC VALUE OF THE
MICROSCOPE.

1. *A Practical Treatise on the Use of the Microscope, including the different Methods of preparing and examining Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Structures.* By John Quekett, Assistant Conservator of the Museum, and Demonstrator of Minute Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons of England. London: 1848. 8vo. pp. 454.
2. *Die Infusionsthierchen als vollkommene Organismen.* Von Dr. C. G. Ehrenberg. Leipzig: 1838. folio.
3. *Die fossilen Infusorien.* Von Dr. C. G. Ehrenberg. Berlin: 1837. folio.
4. *Mikroskopische Untersuchungen über die Uebereinstimmung in der Struktur und dem Wachsthum der Thiere und Pflanzen.* Von Dr. Th. Schwann. Berlin: 1839. 8vo.
5. *Odontography ; or a Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Teeth, their Physiological Relations, Mode of Development, and Microscopic Structure, in the Vertebrate Animals.* By Richard Owen, F.R.S., Hunterian Professor to the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c. &c. London: 1840-5. 8vo.
6. *Report on the Microscopic Structure of Shells.* By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. From the
CHRISTIAN TEACHER.—No. 47.

B

Reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science for 1844 and 1847. London: 8vo.

7. *Report on the Origin and Functions of Cells.* By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. From the British and Foreign Medical Review, No. xxix. London: 1843. 8vo.
8. *The British Desmideæ.* By John Ralfs. The Drawings by Edward Jenner. London: 1848. 8vo.

Few are cognizant, we suspect, of the recent improvements on the Microscope; though they have been such as to have raised it, within the last quarter of a century, from being little more than a scientific toy, to the dignity of a most perfect instrument of research. And yet fewer, probably, are aware of the varied conquests which it has achieved during that short period:—though its recent discoveries will bear comparison, in point of rapidity, novelty and importance, with those of any other epoch of similar length in the history of Natural Science. As an optical instrument, the microscope is now at least as perfect as the telescope, and its revelations altogether as surprising. The universe which it brings within our ken, in one direction, is as unbounded in its limits, as that whose remotest depths the most gigantic telescope still vainly attempts to fathom in another; and greater wonders of organization are disclosed in a speck of inconceivable minuteness, than the most mysterious nebula of the astronomer can exhibit to us. But more than this:—the generalizations in the phenomena and science of Life, to which its researches lead us, will be found as simple and comprehensive, as any which physics or chemistry have yet afforded. We propose to give our readers the opportunity of judging of the grounds of our assertions.

We need not dwell at any length upon the history of the microscope. Those who are curious in the matter will find a very complete account of it in the Introductory Chapter of Mr. Quekett's Treatise. It is sufficient to mention that, whilst the *simple* microscope, or magnifying glass, was known at a very remote period, the *compound* microscope,—the powers of which, like those of the telescope, depend upon the combination of two or more lenses,—was not invented until about the end of the sixteenth century;

the earlier microscopes having been little else than modified telescopes, and both instruments having been first constructed, it would appear, by the same optician. From that period, almost to the present time, the microscope remained nearly stationary; no essential improvement was made in the optical principles of its construction, and but little in the mechanical appliances by which those principles were turned to account in practice. Every one possessed of a smattering of optical knowledge is aware that, in the passage of light through lenses of ordinary construction, there are two serious causes of error or aberration. Of these, one depends upon the spherical curvature of the lens; in consequence of which, the rays that have passed through its outer portion, meet in a focus much sooner than those which have passed through its central part, thus communicating a certain indistinctness to the image. The other is occasioned by the dispersive power of glass; the consequence of which is, an unequal refraction of the different rays of the solar spectrum, and the production of a series of coloured fringes around every line or spot in the picture, totally destructive of a clear view of any portion of it. The first of these aberrations is termed *spherical*, the other *chromatic*. The only method at first thought practicable for preventing them from rendering both telescope and microscope virtually useless, was to contract the aperture of the lenses, so as to allow only their central portions to be in use. But this bungling expedient was necessarily attended with a great loss of light, especially when lenses of high power were employed: and in fact, it did nothing to *correct* the errors; it merely restrained their action within certain limits. Under these circumstances little could be expected from either the telescope or the microscope, as an instrument of scientific research, without a complete change in the principles of their construction. Despairing of such a change in the refracting telescope, Newton devoted himself to the improvement of the reflecting instrument. But in the middle of the eighteenth century, the want of uniformity between the refractive and dispersive powers of different transparent media was fortunately discovered: so that Dollond was enabled to construct compound lenses, in which the errors of the several component parts balanced or corrected each other, and an

image was produced free from both chromatic and spherical aberration. From that period to the present, refracting telescopes have been constructed upon the achromatic principle; and the only limit to their power lies in the impossibility of procuring glass of a quality sufficiently pure and homogeneous for lenses of more than fifteen or sixteen inches in diameter. But this limit, as long as it remains such, must oblige astronomers still to rely on the reflecting telescope, as their greatest and last resource.

Looking back from our present point of view upon the history of the past, it cannot but excite surprise that no systematic attempt should have been made by Dollond or his successors, to introduce the achromatic principle into the construction of the microscope, considering that its alliance with the telescope is so intimate. The idea, however, would seem to have been regarded as hopeless, in consequence, not of any failure in the principle, but of the practical difficulties that stood in the way of its application. For whilst the progressive augmentation of the capability of the telescope depends on *the enlargement* of the diameter of the object-glass, the increase of its focal length, and the consequent diminution of its curvature;—that of the microscope can only be effected by *the diminution* of the focal length of the object-glass, the increase of its curvature, and the consequent reduction of its dimensions. It was supposed to be impracticable to make the necessary corrections and adjustments, in a combination of lenses, of a diameter sufficiently small to give even the lowest serviceable magnifying power to a microscope; far more, to make such corrections in those minute lenses of higher magnifying power, for the advantageous use of which they were more especially needed. It appears, indeed, that various attempts were made for this purpose towards the end of the last century, and in the early part of the present. But their ill success prevented them from being carried further. Accordingly, we find Professor Amici, about thirty-five years ago, laying aside his experiments respecting the refracting principle, and endeavouring to improve the reflecting microscope, as had been first suggested by Newton. In the year 1823, however, a basis was laid for the improvement of the refracting microscope, by the construction of effective achromatic object-glasses. A combination of lenses on the plan

of the object-glasses of telescopes, was brought to perfection by the late eminent optician Mr. Tulley, working on the instigation of Dr. Goring; whilst a different combination on another plan, since found more suitable to the microscope, was accomplished in Paris by M. Selligues, at the suggestion of M. Chevalier. Similar attempts were made soon afterwards in various other quarters. Professor Amici resumed his labours on the refracting instrument; and the opticians of London, Paris, Munich, and Modena, vied with each other in producing lenses of higher power. Their exertions were crowned with such success, that Dr. Goring declared, in 1829, 'that microscopes were now placed completely on a level with telescopes, and, like them, must remain stationary in their construction.' In that very year, however, Mr. J. J. Lister communicated to the Royal Society his discovery of certain properties in achromatic combinations, which had been previously unobserved. The improvements grounded upon this discovery are so important, that they constitute a new æra in the history of the microscope; and manipulative skill has since realized nearly everything which theory indicates as possible. Taking warning from Dr. Goring, we nowise affirm, that microscopes have now reached their limit of perfection; but we may safely say, that they have so nearly approached it, that a new *principle* of construction must be discovered before any essential improvement can be made in them. The highest magnifying power has been attained, that the microscopist can conveniently employ: the limit being determined by the shortness of the focus, that is, by the closeness of the proximity into which the object-glass must be brought with the object. No lenses of a shorter focus than a twelfth or a sixteenth of an inch can be made available in practice; and achromatic combinations are now constructed with such perfection, as to give a well-defined image of objects magnified from one thousand to two thousand diameters, or from *one to four million* times, reckoning by superficial measure. And the completeness of the corrections made by them is truly marvellous, when we consider that every such combination consists of six distinct lenses, all whose curvatures must be accurately adjusted to the correction of each other's errors, the largest of the lenses scarcely exceeding an ordinary pin's head in

diameter, whilst the smallest may be of the dimensions of the head of the smallest 'minikin' produced by the pin-maker.

The attention of scientific men was early attracted to the compound microscope. In its original and rude form, it opened to them a field of research altogether new, and promised to add largely to their information concerning the structure of every kind of organized body. The Transactions of the Royal Society contain the most striking evidence of the interest taken in microscopic investigations two centuries ago. The early volumes, as Mr. Quekett remarks, 'literally teem' with improvements in the construction of these instruments, and with discoveries made by means of them. The *Micrographia* of Robert Hooke, published in 1667, may be fairly styled one of the wonders of his day; and in 1673, the name of Leeuwenhoek appears for the first time in the Philosophical Transactions. That with the imperfect instruments at his command, he should have seen *so much* and *so well*, as to make it dangerous even now to announce a discovery, without having consulted the works of Leeuwenhoek, in order to see whether some anticipation of it may not be found there, must ever remain a marvel to the microscopist. This is partly to be explained by the fact that he trusted less to the compound microscope, than to single lenses of very high power,—the use of which is attended with much difficulty, but which are comparatively free from the errors inseparable from the other instrument in its uncorrected form. The names of Grew and Malpighi, also, appear as frequent contributors to the early Philosophical Transactions; the researches of the former being chiefly directed to the minute structure of plants, those of the latter to that of animals. Both were attended with great success. Malpighi seems to have been the first to observe the wonderful spectacle of the movement of blood in the capillary vessels of the frog's foot;—an ocular verification of the doctrine of the circulation expounded by the sagacious Harvey. Glimpses of the invisible world of animalcular existence were occasionally revealed to the earlier microscopists. Their curiosity must have been strongly excited; yet they do not appear to have entered on this class of minute investigations with any portion of

the persevering zeal which they devoted to the analysis of higher forms of animal and vegetable structure. Its wonders, however, were gradually unfolded; so that in the various treatises on the microscope, published during the eighteenth century, they occupy a conspicuous place. In the meantime, the microscope had serious difficulties to contend with, some from the nature of the case, some accidental. The defects inseparable from its original construction formed a bar to all discovery beyond certain limits. But it fell under a temporary cloud from another cause. When physiologists began to *theorise* on the elementary structure of the animal body, and to twist their imperfect observations into accordance with their theories, there soon followed a general suspicion of a want of trustworthiness in the microscope, and in everything announced upon its authority. The instrument and its advocates were brought into more or less discredit, the effect of which has continued to attach to them, in the minds of many, until the present day. We wish, therefore, to pause for a moment, and examine into the grounds of this impression.

A tendency, common to all observers, is to describe what they believe and infer, rather than what they actually see. Microscopic observers were especially open to this reproach, as long as a want of definiteness in the image presented to their eyes, left so much to be completed by the imagination. But from the moment that the visual image, presented by a well-constructed microscope, gave as good an idea of the object as we could have obtained from the object itself, if enlarged to the same size, and viewed by the unassisted eye, microscopic observations were made with the same degree of certainty in this respect, as observations of any other class. Another fallacy, common indeed to all observers, but of which the microscopic observations of former times had perhaps more than their share, arose from not sufficiently attending to a difference in the circumstances under which the observations had been made. Thus one observer described the human blood-corpuscles as flattened discs, like pieces of money, another as slightly concave on each surface, another as slightly convex, and another as highly convex, or even globular. Yet all microscopists now agree that their real form, when examined in freshly-drawn blood, is that of

discs with slightly-concave surfaces. The diversity in the previous accounts was simply due to the admixture of water or other liquids added for the sake of dilution, which, being absorbed by the blood-discs, at first rendered their surface flat, then convex, and at last changed their form into the globular. But microscopical inquiries are no longer more exposed to fallacies of this description than any other branch of physiology. And the microscopists of the present day can be only held responsible for the errors of their predecessors, by persons who are ignorant of the perfection which the instrument has now attained, as well as of the general agreement regarding *facts* among all who are competent to use it, however they may differ in their *inferences*.

But our immediate object is to introduce our readers to some of the most interesting discoveries for which we are indebted to the recent improvements in the microscope : and we propose to pass lightly over such as the public may be presumed to be acquainted with, from their having been incorporated into treatises adapted for general circulation. We shall say little, therefore, of Professor Ehrenberg's laborious investigations into animalcular life, as well fossil as recent ; although his additions of new forms of organized beings to the catalogue of the naturalist greatly exceed all that have been contributed by the most industrious collector in any other department. It may give some idea of their wonderful variety, to be told that Professor Ehrenberg detected in some specimens of a tertiary deposit, brought a short time since from the island of Barbadoes by Sir R. Schomburgk, no fewer than 1,200 *new* specific forms. It was necessary to create 250 new genera for their reception : the mere naming of which must have constituted in itself no insignificant labour. Professor Ehrenberg first discovered, that various extensive deposits, both calcareous and silicious, are almost entirely made up of the remains of minute organisms ; incalculable numbers of which must have successively lived and died, flourished and decayed, leaving the solid portion of their fabrics to accumulate during countless generations, and thus to form vast beds of chalk or strata of silicious sand. One of the most interesting discoveries of this class was recently communicated to the scientific world by Mr. W. C. Williamson.

By means of a microscopic analysis of the white mud, with which the sea-bottom of a great part of the Levant is covered, he has shown that the deposit consists almost entirely of organic forms: and among them may be distinguished the shells of about twenty-five distinct species of animalcules, some silicious, others calcareous; besides certain other bodies hereafter to be noticed, which are determined by the microscope to be fragmentary particles of shell.

We owe to Professor Ehrenberg the separation of the remarkable group of *Rotifera* or Wheel Animalcules, from a lower division,—to which he has given the name of *Polygastrica*. On the complex structure and high organization of the *Rotifera*, all microscopists are agreed; not so, with respect to the *Polygastrica*. Many distinguished naturalists question the high authority of Professor Ehrenberg in this instance: and maintain that the facts which he has observed do not bear out his inferences, and that his account of the digestive apparatus of the *Polygastrica* is not entitled to rank as a physiological truth. Into this question we shall not now enter. But it is right to state our conviction, that Professor Ehrenberg has included among his Animalcules many forms which are truly vegetable, and whose supposed polygastric structure is altogether a product of his imagination. The beautiful tribe of *Desmidiæ*, which forms the subject of Mr. Ralfs's admirable monograph, is now almost universally admitted, in this country at least, to be of a vegetable nature: and the recent discovery by Mr. G. H. K. Thwaites of the conjugation of the *Diatomeæ* makes it next to certain that this group, to which a very large proportion of the silicious fossil animalcules (so called) belongs, must be transferred in the same manner to the domain of the botanist. The phenomenon in question is one of a very singular character: and, as it is one of which the right understanding will probably lead to a remodelling of the whole fabric of Cryptogamic Botany, we shall endeavour shortly to explain it.

The attention recently paid to the simplest forms of vegetable existence has shown, what was previously suspected, that in the simple *cell* of the lowest *Algæ* we may find the type of all vegetative existence. This cell grows

from a germ, draws together the nutrient materials supplied by the surrounding air and moisture, combines them into new products, appropriates these products to itself by incorporating them with its own structure, multiplies its kind when it has itself attained maturity, and finally dies after performing all the functions of the most highly organized plants. And yet this cell is but a solitary *sacculus*, or minute bag, whose wall is composed of a transparent colourless membrane, whilst its cavity contains a fluid, in which are held a number of granular particles of a red or green hue, mingled with others that consist of starch. Of aggregations of such cells, each of them a distinct individual, the 'red snow,' the 'gory dew,' the 'green matter of Priestley,' and various other low forms of vegetation developing themselves in damp situations, are chiefly composed;—the cells being generally united by a gelatinous substance in which they are imbedded—but each one living for and by itself alone. Now, even in these insignificant tribes, we have the two modes of reproduction, as possessed by the higher plants, clearly sketched out. Whilst the cells continually multiply themselves by a system of *subdivision*, in which each splits as it were into two, an entirely new generation arises from the *approximation* of two cells, and the mingling of their contents. The immediate result is the formation of a *sporangium*, from which the new family is to spring, as the higher plant does from its *seed*. Now the process of multiplication, by the mere doubling of cells, is obviously analogous to the multiplication of the flowering plant by leaf-buds; the same that, in fact, takes place whenever there is a new growth in continuity with the old. But the act of conjugation, and the formation of the sporangium, represent the essence both of the flowering of the higher plants and of the ripening of the ovule. The fertilization of this consists (as we shall hereafter see) in the mixture of the contents of the two cells which are set apart for the purpose, and which differ from the conjugating cells of the lowest Cryptogamia in no particulars of importance.

The process of conjugation has long been known to take place in a certain genus of Confervæ, which received the name of *Zygnema* in consequence. But the phenomenon was considered exceptional until within a very recent

period. It has lately, however, been recognised among so many other tribes of the lower Algæ, that it must henceforth be looked upon rather as the rule. The fact that the origination of new generations proceeds from conjugation, or from the union of the cell-contents of two parent individuals, as well in the lowest Cryptogamia as in the highest flowering-plant, has obviously a most important physiological bearing—for it leads us to revert to the opinions of those naturalists who have maintained the existence of sexes in the Cryptogamia generally. At the same time it affords a valuable means of discrimination in regard to such ambiguous forms as the *Desmideæ* and *Diatomeæ*, whose animal or vegetable nature may be probably determined by this test more satisfactorily than by any other; nothing that truly resembles the conjugation of plants having been yet seen in any tribe of an undoubtedly animal character.

The careful study of these simple forms of vegetation has also led to the discovery that *active movements*, strongly resembling those of many animalcules, are performed by bodies whose vegetable character is undeniably proved by the nature of the structures into which they are subsequently developed; in which fact we have the explanation of the strange doctrine of former microscopists, who taught that there are beings which are *animals* in the earlier stage of their existence, and *plants* in the later. These movements depend on the same agency as those of many lower animals, namely, on the vibration of little hair-like filaments, termed *cilia*, from their resemblance to eyelashes. The *cilia* first strike the water with a broad surface, like that of an oar; whilst, in returning to their original position, they present a feather-edge to the liquid, and thus propel with great energy the body to which they are attached. This ciliary movement however is not confined to animalcules. By means of it the oyster, though it does not itself move, yet creates a current in the surrounding water—bringing food to its mouth, and oxygen to its gills. In higher animals it covers many of the membranous surfaces, especially those of the respiratory organs. Even in man there are incalculable numbers of such *cilia* constantly at work in his air-passages, which prevent the accumulation of the mucous secretions in the smaller tubes, and assist in carrying them away. This addition

to our knowledge of ciliary action has been chiefly the result of the systematic observations of Professors Purkinje, Valentin, and Sharpey, and was one of the earliest and most valuable fruits of the achromatization of the microscope.

That the red colour of the blood of the higher animals does not exist in the fluid, but only in certain particles which float in its current, was known to Leeuwenhoek, and perhaps to still older microscopists: and the forms of these particles were observed to vary in different classes of animals. It was not known until recently, however, that these floating particles are true *cells*, analogous to those of the simplest *Algæ*—each having an independent life of its own, whilst all are subservient to the life of the being through whose vessels they are carried—though in what precise way they are so has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained. It has been further proved by the researches of Mr. Gulliver, that there is not only a difference of *form*, but also of *size*, between the blood-discs of various animals; so that it is in many instances possible to distinguish with certainty between the blood of two animals belonging even to the same natural group. The contrast in size is very strongly marked in particular cases. While the diameter of the circular Human blood-disc averages something less than one three-thousandth part of an inch, that of the circular blood-disc of the Musk-deer is no more than one twelve-thousandth; and the large oval blood-disc of the *Proteus* measures nearly as much as one three-hundredth of an inch in length, and half that amount across its short diameter. It is a very remarkable fact that all the animals yet known, which agree with the *Proteus* in the retention of the gills after the lungs are developed,—remaining, in fact, all their lives in the condition of great tadpoles,—agree with it also in possessing blood-discs of unusual size. The fact that this character is presented by the blood-discs of the *Lepidosiren*, has been regarded as of no mean importance in discussing the real affinities of that curious reptile-like fish, or fish-like reptile.

We shall afterwards advert to the microscopic analysis recently made of those various soft tissues of animals and plants, which are the immediate instruments of their vital operations, and on whose nature any general expression of

the phenomena of life must be founded. But it is more convenient to consider previously the structure of the hard parts of animals, such as bones, teeth, shell, &c.; which present features of great interest, not merely to the physiologist who concerns himself about the vital phenomena of beings now alive, but also to the geologist who seeks in the fragmentary remains of past generations for materials to aid him in constructing a history of the earth. Of the organization of *bone*, nothing more can be made out by the naked eye, or through the help of ordinary magnifiers, than that the solid substance of its densest portions is traversed by a series of canals, which carry inwards the blood-vessels distributed over the investing membrane (the periosteum); and that the spongy texture, found in the ends of the long bones and between the superficial layers of the thicker flat bones, derives its character from the presence of a vast number of minute chambers, or *cancelli*, which are separated from each other by irregular and incomplete partitions, and into which also the nutritious vessels are prolonged. Nothing whatever was known of the structure of the bony matter itself; and no one could have even ventured to imagine the elaborate minuteness of its organization. But when a thin section even of the very densest bone is examined by a microscope of sufficient power, the solid substance is seen to be penetrated by innumerable tubuli of extreme minuteness, radiating from a series of isolated excavations, of tolerably regular shape and size, and so interlacing each other as to open a communication among all the neighbouring cavities. To compare small things with great, let our readers conceive themselves in a cavern excavated in the centre of a vast mountain, with no principal entrance, but hundreds of narrow passages piercing its solid walls. Whichever of these they follow, it will conduct them, after many windings, into a cavern similar to that which they had left; and after passing through a long series of such passages and caverns, they will at last emerge into open day. Such, on a scale almost inconceivably minute, is the structure of solid bone. Let us reduce the spacious cavern to an excavation of 1·1500th of an inch in length, and 1·5000th of an inch in breadth; and let the passages be contracted from dimensions sufficient to admit of our

entrance to a diameter of 1·20,000th of an inch (which is further diminished in the smallest branches to 1·60,000th of an inch), and we then shall have some idea of the wonderful contrivance with which this solid and apparently impervious substance is channelled out, like a coal-field by the miner. There cannot be a doubt but that this curious organization is in some way subservient to the nutrition of bone. The tubuli are far too minute to allow of the entrance of the blood as a whole; its floating particles, indeed, being nearly as large as the caverns themselves. But the great regularity of their arrangement, which is always adapted to keep up a communication between the interior of the bone and the nearest point to which blood is conveyed, seems to justify the inference that they take up from the circulating current, and distribute through the texture, such portions of the fluid as the bones require for their maintenance and consolidation. Very thin bones are nourished by blood, which is simply distributed over their surface; but larger and thicker bones are traversed by passages, into which the vessels penetrate.

We are too conscious of the difficulty of conveying by words alone a distinct idea of so complex a structure, to venture to be sure that we have carried with us every one of our readers through the preceding description. We trust, however, that we have fully impressed them with the wonderful elaborateness displayed in the minute structure of bone. This elaborateness has no parallel in any of the hard tissues of which the skeletons of invertebrated animals are composed. And it seems designed, on the one hand, to minister to the continual changes which bone must undergo during the period of its growth, and, on the other, to confer upon bone that power of self-reparation which it so remarkably displays after disease or injury. It is interesting to observe that whilst, as in the case of the blood-corpuscles, there is no relation whatever between the size of the animal and the dimensions of the elementary parts of its bony skeleton,—the length of the cavernules and the diameter of the tubuli being nearly the same in the Elephant and in the Mouse, in the gigantic extinct Iguanodon and in the smallest existing Lizard,—there is yet a marked difference in these particulars between ani-

mals of different zoological groups. Thus the cavernules of Reptilian bones are distinguishable from those of Birds and Mammals by their great length in proportion to their breadth; and those of Fish may be usually recognised by their angular form, and by the small number of their radiating tubules. In certain species of the last-named class, however, there is an approach to reptiles, in general conformation; the minute structure of the bones also exhibits the same transitional character. The cavernules of the bones of Birds and of Mammals do not differ considerably in size: but there are diversities in the origin and course of the radiating tubules, which usually render it very easy to distinguish them. For our knowledge of these diversities we have principally to thank Mr. Quekett and Mr. Bowerbank. We will now adduce an example or two of their applicability as distinctive characters, both in zoology and palæontology.

We have already noticed the position of the *Lepidosiren* as one of the most interesting questions at present under discussion among naturalists; and have adverted to the large size of its blood-corpuscles, as significant evidence towards determining its real place in the scale. We may now add, that in the minute structure of its bones, its relationship to the perenni-branchiate reptiles, rather than to fish, is no less decided,—the form and size of the cavernules, and the distribution of the tubuli, corresponding closely with what is seen among the former, there being nothing parallel in the latter class.

In the determination of the real nature of fossil bones, whose imperfect preservation or whose insufficient characters render their recognition difficult and uncertain, the value of the microscope has been no less satisfactorily established. Dr. Falconer, the distinguished investigator of Himalayan palæontology, having met with certain small bones, about which he was doubtful, placed them in the hands of Mr. Quekett for minute examination, and was informed, on the authority of the microscopic test, that they might certainly be pronounced reptilian, and probably belonged to an animal of the turtle tribe. They subsequently proved to be the toe-bones of the *Colossochelys Atlas*, the gigantic fossil tortoise, nearly twenty feet in length, discovered by Dr. Falconer in the Sivalik region.

The test has been applied, with equal success, by Mr. Bowerbank to the determination of some doubtful wing-bones found in the chalk near Maidstone. The question of their ownership lay between the long-winged sea-birds, such as the Albatross, and the ancient Pterodactyles, or winged lizards. The evidence from external form inclined somewhat in favour of the former; and, as no Pterodactyle of a greater spread of wing than five or six feet had been previously known, it was thought an additional proof of the ornithic character of these bones, that they must have belonged to an animal whose wings measured at least eleven feet, when fully extended. But the minute structure of the bones of undoubted Pterodactyles is decidedly characteristic of their reptilian nature; and they have additional well-marked peculiarities, such as have not yet been found in any other animal. The fact, therefore, that a complete identity of structure has been ascertained to exist between the bones of the Maidstone fossil, and those of the genuine Pterodactyle, appears to us to settle the question of the real nature of the former. The structure in question is as unlike that of any bird, as it is accordant with that of this peculiar reptile. And the *essential* characters furnished by the minutiae of organization, are now universally admitted by competent judges to possess a higher value than those *adaptive* characters drawn from external configuration, which have reference only to the purposes of the organ. It is true, we must extend our ideas of the dimensions of the flying reptiles, which took the place of birds in the atmosphere of the ancient world. But this will not be a real difficulty in the apprehension of any one at all conversant with the other gigantic forms of reptilian life now extinct. Some future palæontologist, whose first ideas of the marine birds of our epoch had been formed upon the fossil remains of a Gull, might, with equal reason, object to the idea that a bird, of the dimensions of an Albatross, ever soared over our ocean. We cannot doubt but that the general application of this test will prove most advantageous in the determination of the true nature of fossil bones, whose external characters are ambiguous; and we may hope thus to see the termination of those conflicting statements, which have in so many instances obscured the truth, and led to acrimonious discussion.

The researches of the microscope into the organic structure of *teeth* have been equally successful ; not only for the purposes of the physiologist, but, most unexpectedly, for those also of the zoologist and palæontologist ; scarcely any means for determining affinities and recognising imperfect fossil remains being so precise and certain as the minute diversities in teeth. The real structure of teeth was first noticed by Leeuwenhoek. In the Philosophical Transactions of 1678, he described the human tooth as 'made up of very small, straight, and transparent pipes,' and in a subsequent paper he calculated that the number of these 'pipes' in a single molar amounted to nearly *five millions*. He spoke, also, of their existence in the cod and in the haddock. But these observations were so completely overlooked by later writers, that the controverted question, whether teeth possessed an organic structure, was very generally decided in the negative until a recent period. Teeth were considered, in fact, as mere stony exudations from the surface of the tooth-pulps, and so far assimilated to shell. The achromatic microscope, however, had not been long in the hands of anatomists, before the investigation of the structure and development of teeth was taken up anew, under more favourable circumstances ; and there is, probably, no single branch of microscopic inquiry which has been, or which is likely to prove, so fertile in valuable results. Into the troubled question of priority we have no desire now to enter ; but, content with expressing our obligations to Purkinje, Retzius, Müller, and Agassiz, among continental anatomists, and to Owen, Nasmith, and Tomes, among our countrymen, we shall proceed with our endeavour to convey a general idea of their labours.

The greater part of the substance of the teeth in the higher vertebrata, and the whole of it in the lower, consists of the substance commonly termed *ivory*, but which has been more appropriately termed *dentine* ; meaning by the word 'dentine,' what is essential to the composition of the dental structure, and restricting the word 'ivory' to certain varieties of the substance. Dentine, like bone, is made up of an apparently homogeneous substance, composed of animal and mineral matter in intimate union. Like bone, too, it is channelled-out by innumerable pas-

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sages of extreme minuteness, which, though incapable of admitting blood, seem to convey the nutriment absorbed from it. There is no system of cavernous excavations, however, in true dentine; the tubuli passing continuously onwards, instead of merely traversing the spaces between successive chambers as in bone. In human teeth, and in others whose dental structure is equally simple, the tubules originate from the central pulp-cavity, and radiate outwards with great regularity; their course being slightly sinuous, but having a constant direction towards the exterior of the tooth. The diameter of their calibre near their central commencement does not exceed $1\cdot10,000$ th of an inch; and this gradually diminishes, as the tubuli pass outwards, and send off lateral branches, until it is reduced at their terminations to the smallest channel that can be distinctly traced through the solid substance. In the teeth, however, of many animals, there is no single central pulp-cavity, but the whole substance is excavated by vascular canals, very analogous to those of bone. We find, in such cases, each canal the centre of a system of radiating tubuli, so that the transverse section of the tooth strongly resembles that of bone, except in the absence of the cavernules. This type of structure prevails chiefly among fishes: and it is a curious fact, that in this group, the lowest in which true bones and teeth are found, the characters of the two structures should approximate so much more closely than in the higher classes, where both are elaborated, each in its own fashion, until they become distinct. In other instances, again, where a central pulp-cavity does exist, it sends vascular prolongations for a certain distance into the dentine: the outer layers of this substance, however, are very seldom thus penetrated by blood-vessels.

The dentine is capped, in the human tooth, by a layer of a harder substance, familiarly known as *enamel*. This is the hardest of all the animal tissues; and is indeed so completely mineralised, that the organic basis does not form above two or three per cent. of its components; yet it presents a very distinct organic structure. It is composed of a series of prismatic membranous *cells* (resembling those of a honey-comb in miniature) arranged side by side with great regularity. Their lower extremities

rest upon the surface of the dentine, whilst their upper ends form the crown of the tooth; and the extraordinary density of the tissue appears to be occasioned by a deposit of calcareous matter, with which the cells are completely filled, and in which phosphate of lime predominates. The strength of these enamel-prisms is increased by the wavy curves in which they are arranged. By this means their alliance is much more dependent and complete, than if each of them were a straight column supporting its own separate share of pressure. The disposition of the enamel varies greatly in different tribes of Mammalia, according to the purposes to which the teeth are to be applied. Thus in the long front teeth of the Rodents, we find it only upon the front surface, where, owing to its superior density, it constantly projects beyond the ivory, and maintains a sharp cutting edge, however much the tooth may be worn down. In the herbivorous Mammals, the surface of the grinding teeth is merely penetrated by vertical plates of enamel, instead of being covered with a continuous layer: and their superior density and resistance are the cause of those ridged inequalities of the grinding surface, which enable them to triturate their tough vegetable food. In Sloths and other edentate Mammals, the enamel is altogether wanting.

A third substance, the 'cementum' or 'crusta petrosa,' has long been known as a constituent of the teeth of herbivorous animals; but it is only lately, by means of the microscope, that its existence in human teeth has been detected. The intimate structure of the 'cementum' is the same with that of bone. It has the same system of cavernules and tubuli communicating with the nearest vascular surface; and its thick layers, whenever they exist, are penetrated by vascular canals. As it invests the fang of the tooth, it forms a bond of vital union between the denser structures of the tooth itself, and the bone in which it is implanted. In herbivorous Mammals, on the contrary, it penetrates, like the enamel, the substance of the grinding teeth; the vertical folds in which it is arranged, being softer than the dentine, are most rapidly worn down; and the inequality produced by the superior density, and consequently slower abrasion, of the enamel, is considerably increased.

Such being the structure of teeth and their three component parts, it is evident from our verbal sketch, that they deserve a far higher character than that of mere inorganic exudations. Without entering into the history of their development, by the consolidation of the soft tissues forming the *pulp* of the tooth, the knowledge of the fact is of the utmost importance in interpreting the phenomena of disease, and has already led to great improvements in dental surgery.

The varieties of dental structure produced by differences in the arrangement and relative amount of these three components are in themselves very numerous; and they are vastly increased through the diversities exhibited by the minuter characters of each tissue. To some of these we have already alluded; and instead of formally detailing others, we will adduce a few examples, by way of proof, of the assistance which microscopic research has already rendered to the Naturalist.

There have been few questions in palæontology more fruitful of discussion, than that of the precise zoological affinities and habits of life of the great extinct Megatheroid quadrupeds of South America. They present the strange phenomenon of a skeleton more closely resembling that of the sloths than any other; not merely expanded to a colossal size, but developed with a massiveness unparalleled in any other animals of similar dimensions. The feet, on the other hand, were constructed rather upon the plan of those of the ant-eaters and armadilloes; being obviously capable, in virtue of their long, curved, sharp-edged claws, of being used as efficient instruments for digging or excavating the soil. In consideration of these peculiarities of conformation, as long as attention was not paid to the characters furnished by the teeth, an opinion was entertained by many distinguished palæontologists, that these strange beasts must have burrowed in the ground, like the pigmy armadilloes of the present time, and have fed upon the roots which they there met with. From the examination of the minute structure of their teeth, however, ample evidence was obtained by Professor Owen, that the food of the Megatheroids must have been of the same description with that of the existing sloths; that is, it must have consisted of vegetable matter capable of being easily reduced

to a pulpy state, such as the leaves and young shoots of trees: for the teeth are entirely destitute of enamel; without which it is impossible that tough fibrous roots could be ground down. The greater part of their substance is made up of coarse vascular dentine; the exterior being composed of vascular cementum, and the harder non-vascular dentine forming only a hollow cylinder between the two. The conformation of the skeleton having been re-investigated by Professor Owen under the guidance of this most important indication, he succeeded in obtaining a most satisfactory solution to the problem of their mode of existence. They prove to be Sloths in all their essential characters—but adapted to live upon the ground, instead of climbing trees; which could not have sustained their enormous weight, even had it been possible to endow them with the climbing power. Not only were their limbs expanded to a colossal bulk, but, from its size and strength, their tail also was obviously designed for an organ of support; forming a firm tripod with the hind legs. Upon this tripod we may conceive the gigantic *Myiodon* or *Megatherium* to have reared itself, after having excavated with its trenchant claws the earth around the roots of the trees on whose leaves its hungry eyes were fixed; thus, raising itself upright, and placing its fore-feet against the trunk, it would sway the tree to and fro, until it had brought it down, and so provided itself in its foliage and tender shoots with a supply of food.

The 'Odontography' of Professor Owen will afford us another example of the value of the microscope in determining the nature of a doubtful fossil. This work contains the results of the laborious and accurate observations of its distinguished author upon almost every principal tribe of the three classes of vertebrata in which teeth are present; and must constitute the foundation of all future researches on this subject. In the case in question, a few scattered teeth were almost the only indications of animal life throughout an extensive stratum: and they happened not to be characterised by any peculiarity of external form—so that their real nature would have remained doubtful, unless the microscope had enlightened us on their internal structure. Some years ago, certain detached teeth were found in the keuper-sandstone of Wirtemberg, and were described

by Professor Jaeger as the remains of a gigantic Saurian reptile, to which he gave the name of *Mastodonsaurus*. Other fossil fragments of jaws and teeth from the same formation were described under the name of *Phytosaurus*. A third remarkable and characteristic fossil discovered in the keuper-sandstone, consisted of a fragment of a cranium having certain peculiarities of the Batrachian reptiles; and on this fossil Professor Jaeger founded his species called '*Salamandroides giganteus*.' In a sandstone deposit in Warwickshire again, certain teeth or fragments of teeth, at first supposed to be of saurian character, had also been discovered. Whether this sandstone was the equivalent of the keuper or of the bunter division of the new red sandstone formation, as developed in Germany, was an important question. Accordingly, it became also of importance to determine whether the Wirtemberg and the Warwickshire fossil teeth were of identical or of allied species, or whether they were altogether dissimilar. Now the external forms of the teeth of reptiles are seldom so characteristic as in Mammals, whose teeth are much more adapted to their several kinds of food. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that Professor Owen was unable to pronounce upon this question, from the comparison of their external aspect alone. But, on procuring a thin section of one of the Wirtemberg teeth, and placing it under the microscope, a most wonderful and complicated structure presented itself to his astonished view. Of this structure we almost despair of conveying an idea by words alone. We will, however, try with the assistance of some of the forms which connect it with the ordinary types of dental structure. Our readers must first picture to themselves a hollow cylinder of dentine, covered externally by cementum, and enclosing the soft pulp of the tooth; and then imagine the cylindrical wall to be thrown into a regular series of wavy folds arranged vertically: they will thus understand the formation of the lower part of the tooth of the extinct *Ichthyosaurus*—and also that of the tooth of the *Lepidosteus* or Bony Pike, one of the few sauroid fish still existing. But let them further suppose these folds to be deepened, so as to become a series of plaits, all directed towards the axis of the cylinder, and in contact with each other at their sides; and afterwards, suppose

the plaits themselves to be thrown into secondary folds and convolutions, so as to present very much the aspect of the surface of the brain ; they will then have some idea of the extraordinary structure of this tooth, the original possessor of which has since received the very expressive designation of *Labyrinthodon*, the former name of *Mastodonsaurus* being no longer appropriate. It was only after making sundry sections of this tooth in various directions, and frequently comparing them with numerous examples of the teeth of Saurians, Batrachians, and other animals, that Professor Owen at length comprehended the cerebriform convolutions by which every portion of the tooth of this most singular reptile of the keuper-sandstone is so remarkably distinguished. Once fully comprehended, however, all this complexity was found to be apparent only : for each wavy fold has on one side of it an extension of the central pulp-cavity, from which its dentinal tubes proceed ; whilst its other border properly forms part of the external surface of the tooth, carried in by this extraordinary duplication towards its centre, and thus everywhere in its usual relation with the cemental layer.

The next step was, of course, to make a similar examination of the teeth from the Warwickshire sandstone. The result left no doubt but that they belonged to the same genus with the German specimens ; and this, in connection with other evidence, sufficiently proved the equivalence of the German and English deposits. A most interesting zoological problem now came under consideration ; —what was the nature of the animal to which these teeth belonged ? They had been referred, from *external* characters, to the Saurian order ; but these characters were by no means conclusive, owing to the general similarity of form which prevails through that entire class. As the nearest approaches to the peculiar *internal* structure of the teeth are presented by Fish-lizards, and Lizard-like fish, it might be reasonably expected that the *Labyrinthodon* would combine with its reptilian characters an affinity with fish. This turned out to be the case on an examination of the fragments of *the skull* of the Warwickshire fossils, with which the teeth remained in connection ; and the analogy was confirmed by comparing them with the Batrachian remains in the keuper-sandstone. All things considered,

there can be no question, we think, but that the *Labyrinthodon* was in reality a gigantic Batrachian or frog-like animal, five or six feet in length, with some peculiar affinities to fishes, and a certain mixture also of Crocodilian characters.

Now, it happens that, in various localities, where beds of the new red-sandstone formation have been exposed, and especially in the Stourton quarries, near Liverpool, *foot-prints* are found, which afford unmistakeable evidence of the former existence of an air-breathing animal, whose posterior extremities must have been of most disproportionate size, and its foot of a singular hand-like shape. The provisional name of *Cheirotherium* had been bestowed upon this unknown quadruped, and more than one palæontologist suggested that the creature must have been a Batrachian reptile. But it was objected that the gigantic dimensions of the hypothetical frog were without a precedent; and that its feet were unlike those of any existing Batrachian, or, indeed, of any reptile whatever. We have now seen, however, that in beds of the very same formation, there have been found the teeth and bones of a gigantic Batrachian reptile, whose dimensions and proportions would agree with the foot-prints in question; and which differs from all other Batrachia,—indeed from all other reptiles,—in the structure of its teeth, and therefore (it may fairly be inferred) also in the structure of its extremities. It appears to us, therefore, that a very satisfactory case is made out by Professor Owen in favour of the identity of the *Labyrinthodon* and the *Cheirotherium*; and we cite it, for the purpose of observing that the most important link in the chain of evidence was furnished by microscopic examination of the teeth.

Though we have dwelt so long upon this example, before leaving it we wish to notice a curious fact connected with it. Very shortly after the publication of the second part of Professor Owen's *Odontography*, containing his beautiful delineations of the dental structure of this fossil, a pocket-handkerchief was made in Manchester, with an enlarged copy of the section of the *Labyrinthodon* tooth for its pattern! It would be well, we think, if our manufacturers had recourse more frequently to Nature for suggestions. The sections of the spines of the *Echinus*, whose remarkable

structure we shall presently notice, would supply a vast variety of patterns of wonderful delicacy and beauty, both of form and colour.

We will instance only another application of the microscope to this branch of inquiry, in a recent example of great interest to economy as well as science. A continuous rock-formation extends over many parts of Russia, bearing a strong resemblance in its mineral characters to members of the Permian and Triassic systems,—the magnesian limestone and new red-sandstone of our own country. But so great was the difficulty of obtaining from stratification any evidence of its proper place in the series, on account of the prevalent horizontality of the strata, that the only hope of settling the question rested upon the organic remains which might be discovered in the formation. Unfortunately these were few and fragmentary,—consisting chiefly of teeth which are seldom perfectly preserved. From the gigantic size of these teeth, together with their form, it was at first inferred that they belonged to Saurians. But the microscopic investigations of Professors Asmus (of Dorpat), Agassiz, and Owen, have proved them to be the teeth of gigantic fishes, and to belong to a genus (*Dendrodus*) whose presence is restricted to the Palæozoic formations. The deposit in question is therefore a representative of the *old*, not of the *new*, red-sandstone,—a determination of the greatest practical moment; for, on the former supposition, that the teeth were the remains of Saurians, coal-measures would have been expected to lie below; and extensive borings might have been carried on, involving great expenses. The discovery that the remains belonged to fishes of the Devonian epoch put an end to all such expectations.

The line of inquiry which was opened by these and similar discoveries has been successfully followed up by Dr. Carpenter. He has demonstrated the organic structure of the *shells* and other external skeletons of invertebrated animals; and has shown that the diversities are, in many instances, sufficiently definite in their characters to determine the family, sometimes the genus, and occasionally even the species—from the inspection of a minute fragment of the shell, fossil as well as recent. The most recent conchological writers had been of opinion, on the contrary, that shell was not merely destitute of blood-ves-

sels, but was completely *inorganic*,—composed, in fact, of an exudation of calcareous particles, cemented together by animal glue. Even the celebrated geologist and palæontologist Von Buch, when first informed of the result of these observations, exclaimed that it was ‘impossible’ that shells should possess any organic structure. An *a priori* probability, however, in favour of their possessing a certain degree of organization followed the discovery of the organic structure of the epidermis or cuticle of higher animals; and the progressive elevation of physiology as a science, which now enables it to *predict* phenomena, as well as to record and generalise them, is well illustrated by the fact that Dr. Carpenter had published in 1841, some time before the commencement of his direct investigations, the following anticipation of their results: “From the analogy which the shells of Mollusca and Crustacea bear to the epidermic appendages of higher animals, there would seem reason to believe that the former, like the latter, have their origin in cells, and that these are afterwards hardened by the deposition of earthy matter in their interior.”*

Indeed, the shells of Mollusca may be regarded as strictly *epidermic* in their character; since they are formed upon the surface of the *mantle*, which answers to the true skin of other animals. They appear to be always composed, in the first instance, of epidermic cells, consolidated by the deposit of carbonate of lime in their interior; and in many cases such is the structure, distinctly exhibited in the fully formed shell, and visible in the membranous residuum, after the removal of the calcareous matter by dilute acids. It often happens, however, that the original cellular organization is obscured through subsequent changes, by which new forms of tissue are produced; and we sometimes lose all traces of it. Certain shells have a very elaborate *tubular* structure; the tubes being disposed in an irregular network near the internal surface, with which they appear to communicate, and sending off long straight branches at intervals which pass towards the exterior. These tubes are usually much larger than those of teeth and bone—their diameter being frequently as much as 1/4000th of an inch. Still it does not appear probable that they receive blood;

* Principles of General and Comparative Physiology, 2nd edit. p. 33.

though they may be well supposed to imbibe nutritious fluid from the surface of the mantle for the reparation of the exterior of the shell; more especially as most of the species in which they abound are remarkable for their foliated or sculptured surface. The peculiar group of bivalves, known under the designation of *Brachiopoda*, is of the greatest interest to the palæontologist. Their proportion to the ordinary bivalves is at present quite insignificant; but it includes nearly all the bivalve shells which were most abundant in the earlier part of the Palæozoic series. A most unexpected structure has lately been discovered in them. Not only is the texture of the shell itself so peculiar, that almost any species may be recognised as a Brachiopod, from the microscopic examination of even a minute fragment; but in a considerable section of the group, the soft organs of the animal within are seen to be actually prolonged into the substance of the shell, passing though it to its external surface.

The real structure of *nacre*, or mother-of-pearl, to which its iridescence is owing, has also been determined by a similar method of inquiry. The peculiar lustre of this substance was long since discovered by Sir D. Brewster to be due to the striation of its surface by a series of very shallow grooved lines, which usually ran parallel to each other; and it was found that impressions taken from it on sealing-wax, gum, or any other similar material, would exhibit the iridescent colours. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the fact, that it has been found possible to communicate similar prismatic hues to metallic surfaces, by ruling them with lines by means of a diamond point, at the distance of $\frac{1}{10,000}$ th of an inch from one another. Indeed, if such lines be ruled upon a die of hardened steel, the iridescence is developed in every metallic surface which receives its impress. As the lines upon nacre are not obliterated by any amount of polishing, it is evident that their presence depends upon something peculiar in the intimate texture of this substance, and not upon any merely superficial arrangement. Sir D. Brewster supposed this peculiarity to consist in an alternation of layers of mineral membrane and calcareous matter,—the grooves being produced by the wearing away of the former. Now, supposing every line upon the nacreous surface to indicate a distinct

layer of shell substance, a very thin section of mother-of-pearl ought to contain many thousand laminae, in accordance with the number of lines upon its surface. But what is the fact? When the calcareous portion of the nacre is dissolved with dilute acid, no such repetition of membranous layers is to be found. On the contrary, if the piece of nacre be the product of one act of shell-formation, it furnishes but a single layer of membrane. In the investigation of this curious problem, Dr. Carpenter availed himself of the peculiar facilities afforded by the well-known *Halotis splendens*, the remarkable variety of hues in whose shell is produced by the alternation of layers of nacre with laminae of a horny substance like tortoise-shell. And he was thus led to the discovery that the iridescence may continue in the *membrane alone*, after all the calcareous matter has been removed by acid,—provided that this membrane retain the folds or plaits in which it was originally disposed, and to which the lineation of the nacre is evidently due. On the other hand, if the membrane be extended, so as to obliterate the folds, its prismatic lustre entirely disappears. The conclusion is, a complete confirmation of Sir D. Brewster's optical discovery of the dependence of the iridescence upon the lineation of the surface, and at the same time a correction of his explanation of the cause of it.

As in the case of bones and teeth, the peculiarities of intimate structure displayed by many shells have enabled the microscopist to identify even minute fragments, which had nothing characteristic in their external forms. For instance, there are certain tribes, both recent and fossil, whose other characters leave a doubt respecting their true place in the series—such as the curious extinct group of *Rudistes*—where the results of a similar examination appear to furnish the decisive evidence required.

The shells of *Crustacea* are shown by the microscope to be even more highly organised than those of *Mollusca*. A section taken across the black end of the claw of the common crab exhibits a structure exactly resembling that of dentine; the dense homogeneous substance being traversed by a multitude of tubuli radiating from the central cavity towards the circumference. The same structure is found in other parts of the shell, but the texture is less dense;

the extremity of the claw obviously requiring, for its prehensile purposes, a special degree of firmness. The surface of the shell is covered by a layer of flattened cells, fitted to each other by angular borders, so as to form a continuous layer. These cells have the power of secreting colouring matter; and it is from the secretions which they elaborate, that the hue of the surface, with all its variations, is derived.

The minute structure of the skeleton in the class of *Echinodermata* presents features of peculiar interest. This class includes, not merely the *Echinus* (sea-urchin) and *Star-fish*,—its best known forms,—but also the *Holothuriæ* (sea-cucumbers), and the vast group of *Crinoidea*, which are scarcely at all represented at the present epoch. The forms and conditions of these animals have apparently nothing in them common to all. What is the similarity, for example, between the zoophytic *Encrinite*,—an animal somewhat resembling a star-fish, but attached by a stony stalk to one fixed point during its whole existence,—and the free-moving, soft-bodied *Holothuriæ*, which, as their vernacular name implies, are sometimes so elongated as to present an entirely worm-like aspect, and in which we frequently lose all trace of the radial symmetry by which the group, as a whole, is characterised? Notwithstanding this apparent absence of a community of nature between the extremes, the groups in question are united by such a continuous series of intermediate forms, that no naturalist has felt any hesitation in placing them together in the same class. To this class, however, it has been hitherto impossible to assign any precise general character. The character conveyed by the designation *Echinodermata* (prickle-skinned) is of very limited application. For the prickles or spines which cover the surface of the *Echini* and the like, are scarcely developed in the star-fish, and are entirely wanting in others. By some naturalists the possession of *cirrhi* or tendril-like tubes proceeding from the skin has been thought to approach most nearly to a criterion of the class. But Dr. Carpenter has pointed out a more extensive agreement in the minute structure of the skeleton,—whether it consists of polygonal plates united at their edges so as to form a complete envelope to the body, as in the *Echinus*,—or of a solid stem and branching arms, as in the *Crinoidea*,—or of a jointed flexible framework within a

thick skin, as in the *Star-fish*,—or is only to be discovered in the rudimentary condition of scattered patches of calcareous deposit, as in the *Holothuria* and its allies.

The elementary structure of the skeleton in this class may be described as a *network*, composed of calcareous and animal matter intimately united; the former, however, being greatly predominant. In this network, the interspaces or openings, and the solid structure which surrounds them, may bear an extremely variable proportion to one another. The predominance of the latter gives great solidity and strength to those parts of the skeleton where strength is principally required; whilst the texture is very loose and porous, with but a small amount of solid materials, in those parts where the object is rather to fill up space. In either case, however, the strength of the whole is much greater than would be inferred from the apparent slightness of its intimate structure, as seen in a thin section. For the network is not on a single plane, but extends in all directions, every part supporting every other part, and being supported by it in turn.

But this structure is seen to most advantage in the *spines* or prickles, with which the shell of the *Echinus* is beset. The strength of these organs is so increased by being connected with solid ribs or pillars, as to constitute a regular and distinct pattern, which appears to differ in every separate species. The spines are, for the most part, cylindrical or conical in their form; their transverse sections, therefore, are usually of a circular shape. Reduced to a sufficient thinness, and examined with the microscope, they exhibit a regular concentric arrangement, resembling that of an Exogenous stem, and proceeding from the same cause—the addition of successive layers, each on the outside of the preceding one. Each layer of the calcareous network is surrounded by a row of solid pillars or ribs, which may be seen running from end to end on the external surface of the spine; and as these are composed of a very transparent substance, their cross-sections might be mistaken at first sight for open spaces, in those species at least in which the substance is colourless. In most cases, however, it is tinged with some decided hue. The brilliancy of these hues, when shown in a strong light, and the marvellous regularity and variety of the pattern, render these sections,

unattractive and even uncouth in external appearance as are the bodies from which they are derived, perhaps the most beautiful objects which the microscope has revealed to us. As much of beauty is found in the infinity of shapes and hues, as of exquisite fitness and harmony in the forms and structures of the new creation thus brought within our survey.

We have already alluded to the importance of the microscope to the geologist; how it has verified the true nature of fragmentary remains of the animals and plants of former epochs, and how it has shown us vast stratified deposits almost entirely made up of the accumulated remains of animals and plants which, even in their living state, were of microscopic minuteness. We still look forward to further discoveries in other cases, from a microscopic examination of rocks, at present believed to be inorganic. At the request of Mr. C. Darwin, Dr. Carpenter minutely examined the physical composition of the extensive calcareous deposit which covers the surface of the Pampas, and in which the remains of the great Megatheroid quadrupeds are imbedded; and compared it with the composition of the calcareous tufa now in progress of formation along the coast of Chili. The latter was found to be obviously composed in great part of fragments of shells, distinguishable by the naked eye: and the dense matrix in which they are imbedded is chiefly made up of minuter fragments, only distinguishable as such by the microscope; while the amorphous deposit of calcareous particles that cements the whole together has every appearance of having been the result of the attrition or decomposition of the same organic structures. On examining the Pampas deposit, the principal part of it was found to be composed of amorphous particles, so similar in aspect to those of the Chilean rock that their identity could scarcely be doubted; whilst, scattered at wide intervals, were discovered particles of shell, distinctly recognisable by the microscope, though invisible to the naked eye. From these indications it seems a probable inference that the sources of both deposits were the same; but that the materials of the Pampas deposit had undergone a much greater degree of comminution than those of the Chilean rock. This inference agrees with Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, "that the Pampean formation was slowly ac-

accumulated at the mouth of the former estuary of the Plata, and in the sea adjoining it ;” and appears to render it much more probable than M. D’Orbigny’s theory of a great debacle, or Sir Woodbine Parish’s idea of a fluviatile deposit.*

We observe also in Mr. Williamson’s microscopic analysis of the Levant mud, already alluded to, that he has been able to recognise minute fragments of the shells of Mollusca and Echinodermata, mingled with the Infusoria and Foraminifera, of which that deposit is chiefly composed ; and it further appears, that fragments of this description form no inconsiderable proportion of some varieties of chalk. Dr. Carpenter’s attention has recently been given to the minute examination of those vast deposits of Nummulitic Limestone in different parts of the world, which have been represented by many geologists as equivalent to the higher beds of chalk of Northern Europe ; but which are now generally regarded as belonging to the earliest ages of the tertiary period. In a paper on this subject recently communicated to the Geological Society, Dr. Carpenter has not only described an entirely new type of structure, presented by bodies which have been hitherto, for want of microscopic analysis, classed among the Nummulites ; but he has also proved that the calcareous matrix in which the Nummulites and their allies are imbedded, and which forms continuous strata of hundreds of miles in length and breadth, and sometimes of three thousand feet in thickness, is itself composed of the comminuted remains of similar bodies, mingled with the shells of minuter Foraminifera.

Similar illustrations of the importance of microscopic inquiry in adding to our knowledge of *details*, in every department of the science of organization, might be multiplied indefinitely. But the microscope has in fact wrought a complete revolution in the *general aspect* of the science ; and we are desirous of laying before our readers a sketch of what may be termed the Philosophy of Physiology, as this fine instrument has now enabled us to understand it.

• Darwin’s Geological Observations on South America, p. 77.

We have already pointed out how microscopic investigation has demonstrated, that the simplest form of a living independent structure is a solitary *cell*; and that this cell lives for and by itself—drawing its nourishment from the elements around, converting them into the materials of its own growth, multiplying itself by self-division, and originating an entirely new generation by the union of its contents with those of another cell of a similar kind. Now if we analyse the structure of the most complex and perfect plant, we shall find that it may be reduced to an assemblage of the same elements; among which the whole series of vital actions is distributed, in such a manner that each cell, whilst going through its own succession of changes, at the same time performs some office which is essential to the existence of its fellows, and which is thus subservient to the common life of the whole fabric. A great part of that fabric, in the long-lived forest tree, consists of a structure whose offices are rather mechanical than vital;—namely, the woody fibre, which constitutes the chief portion of the solid axis of the stem, roots, and branches; and which also enters the leaves and fruit, forming a skeleton for the support and protection of the softer parts. Yet this woody fibre is itself made up of lengthened cells, whose cavity is filled with a hard deposit, just in the same manner as the cells of shell are consolidated by carbonate of lime. We find, too, that the higher plants are provided with a set of vessels, for the rapid and uninterrupted conveyance of fluid from one part to another; while these vessels are themselves formed by the coalescence of cells arranged in a linear series, the partitions which originally separated them having disappeared.

Thus even in these two portions of the fabric, which seem to depart most widely from the simple type of vegetable life presented by the Cryptogamia, there is no real infraction of the general principle that the entire organism is composed of an assemblage of cells; and the modification has reference solely to the mechanical purposes to which these tissues are to be subservient. In those parts of it, however, in which active changes of a strictly *vital* nature are taking place, we uniformly find these operations effected by the instrumentality of cells, which retain their original simplicity and independence of character, and

which go through their term of life with comparative rapidity. Thus it is well known that the chief agent concerned in the first absorption of fluid through the roots, is neither the woody fibre which forms the principal mass of their fabric, nor the vessels they contain; but the succulent cellular tissue at the growing extremities of their ultimate ramifications. This fluid undergoes no essential change during its ascent to the leaves. But in these organs it is completely transformed,—a large part of its superfluous water being set free by exhalation, and its solid matter receiving great addition in the carbon fixed from the atmosphere. It is through this process of elaboration, effected by the cells of the leaves, that the crude watery fluid which is brought up to the leaves, is converted into the viscid descending sap, which now contains all the organic substances necessary for the extension of the fabric, as well as those numerous materials, known as vegetable secretions, so essential to animal life and human welfare. We usually find these products separated from the general current of the circulation, and stored up in some particular part of the fabric. Thus, the nutritious properties of the seeds of the grasses and leguminous plants, are derived from the combination of azotised compounds and starch: in other cases, the seeds are valuable on account of the quantity of fixed oil contained in them; essential oils, again, are usually kept apart in special receptacles, either in the seed-coats, or in the envelope of the fruit, or in the leaves; colouring matters, though sometimes obtained from the general mass of the soft tissue, are very commonly preserved in the wood, as also resinous compounds; while the medicinal properties of plants in their vast variety are discovered hidden, some in one part of the structure, some in another, but nearly all in particular situations appropriated to them. Now the cavities of *cells* are the storehouses of these several products; from every class of which a certain group of cells procures the peculiar nourishment required for its development.

In the higher plants the enlargement of their fabric, by the growth of new parts, is always effected by the production of new cells, in continuity with those previously existing, and in fact generated from them by the same process of multiplication as in the lowest forms of vegetation;—

the difference in the two cases being simply this,—that, whereas every cell among the latter possesses the same attributes, and is accordingly capable of sustaining its own existence, and of living independently of its fellows, the component cells in the higher plants are so diversely endowed, as to be mutually dependent upon each other. Thus the cells of the leaves will not grow, unless the due supply of fluid be imbibed by the cells of the roots; the secreting cells cannot separate their characteristic deposits, unless these have been already prepared by the elaborating agency of the leaves; and every fresh development, or growth, presupposes the due performance of their functions by all the organs which supply the requisite material.

In this manner the nutritive operations of plants, however varied their nature and complicated their relations, essentially consist of *cell-life*; the tendency of which is to build up and sustain a fabric to whose extent and duration no definite limit can be assigned. In the meantime it is observable that the growth of the more permanent substance of the structure is only attained by the continual development, decay, and renewal of other parts. The elaborating cells, which compose the soft tissue of the leaves, are a striking proof of this. They obviously have a fixed and definite term of life, during which their powers are exerted for the benefit of the remainder of the plant; and when this has been accomplished, they die and are cast off. The death of the leaves is not, as is sometimes supposed, the consequence of their fall; nor is it occasioned by their nutriment being cut off, in consequence of the vessels of the leaf-stalk becoming clogged-up towards the end of the summer. The truth is, they have lived their time; have completed the term of functional activity allotted to them. We may always notice that, when this activity has been peculiarly great, in consequence of an unusually high temperature, the death of the leaves takes place earlier. They have ceased to perform their special function—that of fixing carbon from the atmosphere—some time before they decidedly change colour: and their subsequent exuviation is in accordance with the general tendency of all living parts, to detach from themselves such as are dead. But the correspondence in all essential particulars between the simplest Cryptogamia and the highest forms to which

vegetation can attain, is not confined to the nutritive process. The complex phenomena of reproduction in the flowering plants appear mainly to consist in a repetition of what occurs in the lowest instances of vegetable life. According to the latest and most exact observations on the interesting problem of the nature of the fertilising action, the formation of the embryo is the result of the mixture of the contents of one of the pollen-grains or cells, with those of the embryo-sac, which is a large cell contained within the ovule or immature seed ; in which case it essentially corresponds with the *conjugation* of the lower algæ. The differences presented by the comparison of the two products, are quite subordinate to their essential conformity. Thus, while it would seem that *any* two cells of a palmella or a protococcus may conjugate for the production of a new generation, the action is restricted, in the flowering plant, to certain groups of cells specially endowed ; an arrangement quite in conformity with the general plan of the 'division of labour,' peculiar to the higher groups. Again, whilst the new product of the simple cellular plant can readily provide for its own livelihood, and soon develops itself into the form and constitution of its parent, the embryo of the flowering plant passes through a long series of progressive phases before the parental form is evolved, and during the early part of the series it is dependent upon its parent for the materials of its growth. In *all* instances, however, the vegetable embryo has at first the condition of a simple cell ; this cell multiplies itself by subdivision, and the new cells continue adherent to each other, so that a cluster of cells is generated, strongly resembling in their condition some of the lower algæ or fungi. From this cluster, a rudiment of the cotyledon or seed-leaf is evolved ; and then the development of the stem and root begins. During the whole of this process, the young fabric consists of nothing but cells ; and it is not until the end of the period of germination, when the true leaves are unfolded and come into play, that the woody tissue, vessels, &c., are generated.

Thus the condition of the highest forms of vegetable life is ascertained to be the same at their origin with that of the lowest. And, we are entitled to affirm that the whole history of the growth and reproduction of the most perfect

plant is essentially a repetition of the development and propagation of that simple cell, to which we have so often referred as the type of all organization.

Of the facts which constitute the basis of this generalization, the greater number have been, for some time, familiar to vegetable physiologists. But it has been only within a very recent period, that their mutual relationship has been completely developed, by the discovery of the essential conformity between the process of reproduction, in the highest and lowest forms of vegetative existence. That some conformity would be found to exist between the instrumental structures concerned in the growth and propagation of plants, and those by whose agency the corresponding functions of *animals* are effected, was a speculation in much favour with those physiologists who had the clearest view of the intimate connection subsisting between these two great hemispheres of the world of organization. But no one, we venture to say, was in the least degree prepared for the surprising discoveries which the microscope has recently brought to light, with regard to the elementary structure of the animal tissues, and the early stages of embryonic development. These discoveries have followed one another in such rapid succession, that but a few years elapsed between the announcement of the first of the series, and the completion and generalization of the whole. Various inquirers had detected the existence, in several parts of the animal body, of true *cellular* tissues; and had shown that the history and offices of the component cells were, in all essential respects, the same with those of the elementary parts of the vegetable fabric. These, however, were usually considered exceptions; and it was still the rule, that the elementary tissues of animals are entirely different from those of plants. The first great step in advance was made by Schwann. In the work, whose title we have placed at the head of this article, he first announced it as a general fact, that the animal tissues are all developed from cells; although the various metamorphoses which these undergo, in their progress towards their complete form, more or less obscure their original character. A host of followers immediately devoted themselves to the re-investigation of these elementary tissues.

His statements, limited and corrected on some points, have been so greatly extended and confirmed on others,—and his generalization, premature in some respects, has been so fruitful in novel results and widely-extended applications,—that he must be acknowledged to have done more than had been previously attempted or even conceived, towards elevating Physiology in the scale of sciences. Some of the general results may be made intelligible to all our readers.

The animal body contains many parts which are subservient to its *mechanical* functions alone. Thus the office of the *bony skeleton* is simply to afford support and protection to the softer parts,—to supply points of attachment to the muscles, by which the motive force is generated,—and to act as a system of levers, by which that force may be advantageously applied to the movement of the entire fabric. So, again, the purpose of the *teeth* is purely mechanical; and their solidity and durability are such, as almost to remind us of the homogeneity and permanence of inorganic masses. Further, in order to hold together the parts of the bony skeleton, and at the same time to allow them free movement upon each other, *ligamentous* cords and bands are interposed; which are composed of simple homogeneous *fibres*, some of them elastic, others non-elastic. The *tendinous* cords, by which the muscular power is brought to bear upon the bone; and the various *fibrous membranes* which are introduced among the muscles and other organs, for the purpose of binding them in their places, are of the same materials; as is also the case, though worked up in a different manner, with the tissue, so widely diffused through the body, which was formerly called *cellular*, but is now more correctly distinguished as *areolar*. In this tissue, the elastic and non-elastic fibres are woven into a network, the meshes or *areolæ* of which freely communicate with each other; and the one or the other kind of fibre predominates, according as an unyielding resistance to tension, or a certain measure of elasticity, is required. Its office is to hold together the elementary parts of other tissues (as bricks in a wall are held together by cement), and to form a sort of bed for the passage of the vessels and nerves, which it everywhere accompanies in their course and distribution. The same tissue, in a more condensed

state, forms, with blood-vessels, nerves, and lymphatics, the substance of the *true skin* which invests the exterior of the body; of the *mucous membranes*, which are prolonged from this into the alimentary canal, the respiratory cavity, and many other passages in the interior of the body; and of the *serous membranes*, which line the cavity of the chest and abdomen, and other 'shut sacs.' Now the function of these fibrous tissues is purely mechanical. We do not find them in plants, because plants, not being constructed for active movement, have no need of them; and we may regard them as superadded in animals, merely to bring their structure into conformity with the *physical* conditions of their existence. They possess no properties which can be properly designated as *vital*; and it need not surprise us, therefore, if they should constitute an exception to the general rule of the development of the tissues from cells. In fact, the solid homogeneous fibres of the fibrous tissues are decidedly beneath cells in the scale of organization; and it would even seem that the solid material of bone, possibly also of dentine, is formed by the chemical union of calcareous salts with similar gelatinous fibres. The complex apparatus of cavities and tubes, however, by which the *nutrition* of these tissues is provided for, is probably generated (as we should expect) by the growth and transformation of cells.

Turning now to those portions of the animal fabric which are the instruments of the truly *vital* functions; and first, directing our attention to the phenomena of organic life, which are essentially the same with those of plants; we have no difficulty in tracing out the general fact that all these functions are performed, in animals as in plants, by the agency of *cells*. Thus the selection and absorption of the liquid aliment which has been prepared by the digestive process (itself a truly chemical alteration), is effected by the agency of the multitudes of cells contained within the extremities of the *villi*, which act as so many little roots,—not spread out, indeed, through the soil in search of food, but suspended from the walls of the cavity containing it. The food so taken up is delivered over to the absorbent vessels, which, like the vessels that carry upwards the ascending sap of plants, convey the crude aliment to the organs in which it is to undergo concentration and

elaboration. Owing to the differences between the food of animals and that of plants, these processes are by no means identical in their character, but they are analogous in their general relations to the economy. For their respective products, the blood and the descending sap, although chemically different, agree in being the nutritious fluids of their respective organisms, and in containing all that is essential to the maintenance, reparation, and extension of each, and to the formation of their peculiar secretions. Now, the elaboration of the crude materials of the absorbed fluid appears to be effected in animals, partly by the cells (blood-discs and chyle-corpuscles) which float in the stream of fluid, and partly by the cells of which the peculiar glandular bodies, connected with the vascular system, are chiefly made up. Of these glandular bodies, some are placed in the course of the absorbent vessels, so that every particle of fluid is intercepted as it passes along them. Others (as for instance the spleen) are connected with the blood-vessels, and appear to be continually drawing from them the least perfect portion of their fluid, which they pour back into the circulating current, after having subjected it to an elaborating action by the instrumentality of their component cells. The nutritive fluid, thus completely prepared, is appropriated by the several tissues of the body, each selecting that class of materials which it requires for its own growth or renovation; and excepting in the simple fibrous tissues, which appear to be formed by the mere *fibrillation* (or coagulation with a fibrous arrangement) of the plastic element, every act of development and reparation essentially consists in the production of cells, and in the functions which they perform.

So far, then, there is an essential conformity between the constructive operations of the animal and the plant. And there is this further point of correspondence,—that, in the animal, as in the plant, the more durable portions of the fabric are formed by the means of cells, whose term of existence is comparatively brief. This production of cells, which, as in the case of the leaves of plants, are destined to serve a temporary purpose only, is peculiarly remarkable in animals, from the rapidity of their growth, and the equal rapidity of their decay. A new set of absorbent cells would appear to be developed in the interval between every meal;

and the generation and growth of the elaborating cells can be scarcely less rapid, considering that they all die as soon as they have discharged their products.

We find, however, that there is a limit in animals (save in the Zoophytic tribes) to the extension of the individual structure. As soon as the adult form and dimensions are once acquired, the nutritive operations are for the future concerned solely in their perfect maintenance. This difference is the consequence of the fact, that whilst in living plants there is little or no waste by decay (except in the death of the leaves), a constant decay of tissue is going on in the animal body, with a rapidity proportionate to the energy with which the animal functions are exerted. This fact, though not unrecognised by preceding physiologists, was first brought prominently into notice by Prof. Liebig. An important difference between the animal and vegetable fabrics depends upon it. If the products of these changes were allowed to accumulate in the blood, they would speedily act as deadly poisons: it is requisite, therefore, that they should be regularly eliminated or removed from the body. For this purpose a complex respiratory apparatus is provided. It acts by setting free the carbonic acid,—one of the products of decomposition,—at the same time that it introduces the oxygen which is required for the energetic action of the nervous and muscular tissues. But this interchange of ingredients between the blood and the air is a physical or chemical, not a vital, operation;—being simply accomplished by the exposure of the blood, in a very finely divided state, to the atmosphere, through the medium of a very thin membrane. It does not involve, therefore, the necessity for cell-agency. But another class of products is separated from the blood in a liquid state, by the agency of the cells, which make up the essential part of all glandular structures. Thus the substance of the liver (with the exception of its blood-vessels, absorbents, nerves) and excreting ducts, and some connecting areolar tissue, consists entirely of such cells; and it is their important office, in their growth and development, to separate from the blood the biliary matter which constitutes their appropriate food; and afterwards, on their dissolution, to deliver up their product to the duct, by which it is conveyed into the alimentary canal. All the other glandular structures

of animals are formed upon the same plan ;—whether their purpose be to separate from the blood a material which is to answer some special purpose *in* the economy, such as the gastric fluid for the solution of the food ; or whether, like the kidney, to separate those products of decomposition, which are to be at once carried forth *from* the body. In every case, the *selection* of the particular ingredients of the circulating fluid is an act of cell-growth, analogous in its own nature to that by which nutritive matter is introduced into the body, though differing in the purpose it is to serve in the general economy. The only secreting function in the animal at all resembling the separating process by which nutritive material is stored up in the cells of the vegetable fabric is the growth of *fat*. This substance consists of an assemblage of cells resembling those of plants in all essential particulars, but held together by areolar tissue, and surrounded on their exterior by blood-vessels. They separate from the circulating fluid its superfluous fatty matters, selecting these from it, just as the cells of the liver select bile, and those of the kidney urea. But instead of discharging these selected products, they keep them stored up in their cavities until there is a demand for them in the system ; when they are again taken back into the current of blood, to be used accordingly.

In this manner, the whole series of the nutritive actions of animals is seen to be but a repetition, under various modifications, of the phenomena of that cell-growth which is also shown to be the life of the simplest plant. It remains to consider, how far the functions peculiar to animals,—those of the nervous and muscular systems,—may be included in the same general expression.

The *nervous* system consists of two different forms of elementary tissue ; namely, the tubular fibres of which the nerve-trunks are composed, and the cells which are found in the central masses or ganglia. The tubular fibres are now well understood to be merely concerned in the transmission of nervous agency, their function being analogous to that of the conducting wires of a voltaic battery ; they consequently bear some analogy to the vessels by which blood and other fluids are conveyed through the system. An uninterrupted continuity is indispensable to the performance of their function ; and the function itself seems

at least as much allied to physical, as it is to vital agency. On the other hand, the nervous power, whatever may be its nature, is *generated* by the agency of the cells, which are the essential components of the ganglionic centres, and which are also found at the origin of certain nerves that proceed from the organs of sense towards these centres. Here, then, in that class of actions which seems the most removed of all the animal functions from the simple operations of vegetation, we find that the life and growth, the death and succession, of *cells*, still constitutes the essential part of the phenomena.

And, lastly, the most recent inquiries have shown that the *muscular* system forms no exception to the general rule; for this, too, in its ultimate analysis, is reduced to the same organic elements. There is no difficulty in showing that any muscle may be unravelled, as it were, into a vast number of bundles of fibres; and further, that, in the most perfect form of muscular structure, these fibres are tubular, and contain fibrillæ of extreme minuteness, which are, in fact, the real elements of the tissue. The peculiar markings upon these fibrillæ have been a source of much perplexity to microscopists, and many discrepant opinions have been entertained regarding them. Not only on this account, but also as being the last tissue which remained to be resolved, a peculiar interest attached to the question of its intimate nature. This interest was yet further increased by the consideration that, if it should prove to be cellular, the generalization, which had previously included only the organic or vegetative functions, might now comprehend the animal functions also. The problem was resolved simultaneously and independently by Professor Sharpey and Dr. Carpenter. Each fibrilla of muscle was discovered by them to be in reality a series of cells arranged in a linear series, like those of a *Conferva*; and the contraction of the muscle was shown to be simply due to an instantaneous change in the form of the component cells of the fibrillæ. The motions of the leaf-stalks of the sensitive-plant and *Dionæa*, those of the filament of the berberry, and others of like nature, all result from a change in the form of the component cells of the tissues of these parts, the change being due to the direct action of the stimulus by which they are called forth. The contrac-

tion of a muscular fibre may, in like manner, be excited by a mechanical or electrical stimulus immediately applied to it. The peculiarity which distinguishes it is its connection with the nervous system, and, through the nervous system, with the mind.

Thus, then, in all those material changes through whose instrumentality the mind is rendered conscious of the impressions of external objects; in those, too, which seem essential in our present state of being to the workings of the mind itself; and in those by which it reacts upon the world around it, by means of the movements which it excites in its corporeal framework; we have still the same agency at work.

With regard to the *reproductive* functions of animals, we must content ourselves with the simple statement that, whether in the extension of the parent structure by gemination, in the detachment of buds capable of maintaining an independent existence, or in the origination of an entirely new generation, the foundation is invariably laid by the growth of cells, which may subsequently undergo more or less of transformation, according to the nature of the fabric to be evolved. Of the last-named of these processes—the origination of an entirely new generation—it would appear that here too, as in plants, the essential part consists in the mixture of the contents of two distinct cells, out of which combination the embryonic structure is built up. The embryo, when first distinguishable within the ovum, consists of a pair of cells. This soon multiplies itself, precisely after the fashion of the simplest cellular plant, so as to form a mass resembling a mulberry in shape and appearance, when highly magnified. And the component cells of this mass, which are at first precisely similar to each other in size and aspect, after a time present indications of the commencement of those changes by which they are gradually to be converted into the diverse organs and tissues of the complete creature. During the whole history of embryonic development, however, as in the nutrition and maintenance of the adult fabric, we recognise the same agency in continued operation;—every stage of the process being referable, like all the other manifestations of life, to the act of cell-growth.

Thus, then, the same simple and comprehensive expres-

sion of *cell-life*, which suffices to designate the course of the humblest and most short-lived being, through its growth, development, decay, death, and reproduction, includes, also, the whole series of phenomena presented by the most elaborate organised body, putting aside those which are strictly chemical or physical. Further than this it would seem impossible for any generalization to carry us. The physical philosopher has his laws of mutual attraction, laws of motion, and other similar comprehensive expressions of facts common to all matter ; and it is indifferent to him whether he applies them to masses or to component particles, the laws being the same alike in both. But the existence of such laws is an ultimate fact in his science, of which he can give no other account than by referring it to the will of the Creator. So, in his law of cell-growth, the physiologist has a general fact common to all forms of organised being, under which he is enabled to arrange all the manifestations of life, however complex. Beyond the simple cell, however, he cannot go ; for to attempt to separate this into its component elements, would be to destroy its character as an organised body. The *atom* of matter, whether real or hypothetical, represents the mass, because it has all the properties of the mass ; but nothing less than a cell can represent an organised being, the essential idea of whose structure supposes a diversity of parts, and whose peculiar train of actions is destroyed by further division. The *cell* in Physiology, therefore, is what the *atom* is in Physics.

It is natural, however, that the physiologist should be asked to account for the diversities in the action of the cells, of which any single organism is composed. Thus he may be expected to inform us, why one of the cells of the embryonic mass develops itself into bone, another into muscle, and another into nerve ; or why one set of cells in the adult structure absorbs nutritious matter, another converts it, and a third removes it when it has passed into a state of decomposition. He is constrained to reply, that he can give no reason for this at present ; and that it is doubtful whether he will ever be able to furnish one. All that he can say is, that this variety of functions in the cells of a single organism does but repeat the variety which is met with in those elementary forms of vegetable life in which each cell

is a complete plant. For instance, that one group of cells in the human body should appropriate bile, another fat, another urea, and so on, is obviously a parallel fact to the production of red colouring matter by the simple *Hæmatococci*, of green by the *Chlorococci*, or of an azotised compound by the *Torula cerevisii* or yeast-plant. Such phenomena are the elementary facts of his science; of which he can give no other explanation, than the chemist and physical philosopher can give of the different properties of his inorganic elements,—as, for example, *why* one collection of atoms should possess the assemblage of properties which constitute it potassium, or *why* another should have the properties comprised under the designation of oxygen, or *why* these two should have a strong affinity for each other. To have arrived at a set of ultimate facts, so simple and comprehensive in their character as to be entitled to take rank with the ultimate facts of physical and chemical philosophy, is the great triumph of modern Physiology: and for this triumph Physiology is entirely indebted to the microscope, and the skilful use which has been made of it.

We shall not weaken the force of these statements by any commentary of our own. We undertook to demonstrate that the microscope, as an instrument of scientific research, is now fully entitled to take rank with the telescope; in virtue of its perfection as an optical instrument, of the new facts which it has brought under our cognizance, and of the comprehensive views which it has opened to us. The grandeur of these views must not be estimated by the space over which they extend, but by the conceptions to which they give rise in our minds. There is something indeed in the extremes of minuteness, which is no less wonderful,—we might almost say, no less majestic,—than in the extreme of vastness. If the mind loses itself in the contemplation of the immeasurable depths of space, and of the innumerable multitudes of stars and systems by which they are peopled, it is equally lost in wonder and admiration when its eye is turned to the countless multitude of living beings which a single drop of water may contain—to the wondrous succession of phenomena which every individual amongst them exhibits, and to the order and constancy which these phenomena present. Or, still

more, when we direct its scrutiny to the penetration of that universe, which may be said to be included in the human body, (and now said with a meaning unknown to those ancient philosophers who first designated it as a *microcosm*,) and survey the innumerable assemblage of elementary parts, each having its own independent life, yet each working in perfect harmony with the rest, for the completion of their most significant yet most mysterious whole. In the study of the one class of phenomena, no less than in the survey of the other, are we led towards infinity; and in both alike do we discern the orderly, uniform, and effectual ministration of a wise design, evolving the most varied and astonishing results from the co-operation of the most simple means.

ART. II.—THE RACES OF MAN, AND THEIR GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION.

The Races of Man, and their Geographical Distribution.

By Charles Pickering, M.D., Member of the Scientific Corps attached to the United States Exploring Expedition. 4to. London: John Chapman. 1849.

THIS splendid volume justly claims a place in every public library. Its price puts it beyond the reach of all but the rich, yet the materials which it contains ought to be accessible to all the studious, and will have much to interest even the superficial reader. The volume is in fact only part of a larger work, which contained an account of the Exploring Expedition sent out by the United States, in the years 1838-1842, under the command of Captain Wilkes, U.S.N. His ship was named the *Vincennes*. Dr. Pickering was associated to the scientific corps, in the capacity of Naturalist, as our own countryman Mr. Charles Darwin to the English explorers in the *Adventure* and *Beagle*. Mr. Darwin's peculiar taste and talent lay in Geology, and the sciences which minister to it: Dr. Pickering's attention chiefly rests on Botany, and on the varieties of the Human Species; though Zoology is not entirely thrown out of view by him. To Mr. Agate, a member of the Expedition, we owe most of the characteristic and ably-executed paintings of human specimens, with which this volume is adorned and illustrated. One plate, however, is from Mr. Drayton's pencil, and two from Mr. Prisse, in Egypt and Nubia.

In the course of this five years' voyage, Dr. Pickering visited Brazil, Patagonia, Fuegia, Chili, Peru, California, interior Oregon, various islands of the Northern Pacific, Southern Polynesia, Australia, the Philippines, Singapore, Bombay and the Deccan, Muscat, Mocha, Suez, the valley of the Nile, Zanzibar, Cape Town, St. Helena, Madeira, and the Cape Verd Islands. To condense the results of his researches would be a more elaborate and responsible task than we can take on ourselves, nor do we feel compe-

tent to pronounce scientifically on the very difficult problems which he takes in hand. It will suffice to indicate to our readers the direction of his investigations and the character of his work.

Dr. Pickering appears to have no doubt whatever of the original derivation of the whole human race from a single stock, nay, and from a single locality; in so far that he occupies himself with a scientific inquiry into that locality. He assumes that primitive man must have lived where clothing was unessential and art needless to life; and he finds these conditions in the Equatorial Regions only. Assuming further that no great change in the form of the earth's surface and the distribution of land and sea has taken place since a human population has existed, he inquires from what part of the tropics migrations might take place to people the whole globe, so as to produce phenomena most agreeable to the existing distribution of races. If we understand him (pp. 304, 305), he believes that the geographical problem would most easily be solved by supposing *two* primitive centres,—one in the East Indies and one in Africa,—whence two different human species diffused themselves: but physiology resists the doctrine of *two* species, and demands either *one only*, or certainly not less than eleven. Under this difficulty, he appears to acquiesce in the belief that the islands of the Indian Ocean are the truest home of the human family; where also the orang-utangs abound, “which in physical conformation, and even in moral temperament, make the nearest approach to humanity.” Nay, in central Borneo, the realm of the pongo, it is known that a race of actual wild men and women exist, who make nests in the trees, and in external life, as in food, differ little from apes. Their adult males are often shot by the Dayaks, and their females and little ones captured; and there is no doubt whatever that the race is strictly human.

From the region of Sumatra, Borneo, and New Guinea, the islands of the Tropical Pacific would be gradually peopled. In how very rude a stage of barbarism an art of navigation is attained, adequate to such an enterprize, we are apt to be imperfectly aware. Especially coral-bound shores afford a profusion of animal life for man's support, in water, the temperature of which is delightful to the

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human skin, and formed into lagoons where the violence of the surf is broken. Here the savage learns an amphibious life, becomes active in swimming, trusts himself to a simple log, defies the fiercest waves in a *catamaran*, or by a grooved trunk of a tree with a rude outrigger and sail. Before Forster and Cook visited the Society Islands, its natives were accustomed to make voyages to the Marquesas on the north-east, and even to the Samoan (or Navigator's) and Feejeean groups eastward; of which they constructed maps that have proved intelligible. One of the headlands of Hawaii has been found to bear the name of "the starting-place for Tahiti:" and, according to the account of the natives, the canoes used in former times to leave at a certain season of the year, and direct their course by a particular star to this very distant northern goal. Dr. Pickering believes that the Papuans, who reach from New Guinea to the Feejee islands, are (from unknown peculiarities in their past history) wholly indisposed to migration; while the inhabitants of the cloud of little islands to their north,—the Caroline Archipelago,—have all the enterprise and roving seamanship of the Polynesians. The Carolines therefore seem to be the bridge connecting the Philippines with the Central Pacific.

The MALAY race, in Dr. Pickering's view, extends from Sumatra eastward into Polynesia. In fact, the natives of Hawaii, as well as of Tahiti and the islands south of the line, and the New Zealanders, are included in it by him. The Californians also approximate remarkably to the Malays, so that no one need doubt by what route America was primitively peopled. The Atlantic is in apparent extent very inferior to the Pacific; but it is far less passable by barbarous man, in consequence of its want of islands. From Hawaii to California is indeed a vast gap, unbroken by islands in our best maps; yet the distance is considerably less than from Tahiti to Hawaii. Not the countenance only, but the softness of skin in the Californians, is regarded by Dr. Pickering as strikingly similar to that of the Polynesians. To the same race he refers the primitive Mexicans on that side of the Pacific, and on the other the Japanese, the Philippinians, the Cochin Chinese, Siamese, and Madagassians; possibly also the Cingalese, and a part of the population of India and

Arabia. On the whole, he regards the Malay race as the most widely diffused, though not absolutely the most numerous.

Where and how the MONGOLIAN race branched off from the Malay, we do not find in him any very precise hypothesis: but from the Cochin Chinese, who are Malays, we pass to the Chinese, who are Mongolians. This same race spreads northward over the whole terrace-land of eastern Asia, and reaches out over the wide levels of Siberia. It crosses the Pacific by the Aleutian islands, and is found to people north-western America, where the *Chinooks*, who abound on its shores, and the whole population of interior Oregon, have a most decidedly Mongolian character. The Chinooks are rather more advanced in the arts of life than the Polynesians: their canoes are more elaborate, their mode of fishing more enterprising: while in most points they are superior to the hunting tribes of North America. In Oregon, from some unexplained cause, game is wholly wanting; so that hardly a wolf can live. The multiplicity of languages in that single country testifies to a wonderful isolation in human families, and perhaps implied a rapid dispersion across the breadth of the continent. The Aztecas (or native invaders of Mexico from the North) are referred by Dr. Pickering to the Chinook race; also in Yucatan, he believes the aborigines to have been decidedly Mongolian. Those of the United States excel the Chinooks greatly in size; yet appear "in every respect physically identical" with their brethren west of the Rocky Mountains. We thus trace the Mongolians from China to Virginia. Dr. Pickering indeed avows the conviction which he had formed before his voyage, that the aborigines of North America were fundamentally of the Chinese variety: and he informs us that a Feejee Polynesian whom they took with them in their roamings at once identified the Chinese at Singapore with the Chinooks of N.W. America. On the quick observation of savages, Dr. Pickering thinks much stress may justly be laid.—The great similarity of the Hottentots to the Mongolians of N. Eastern Asia has been much insisted on by some writers. Dr. Pickering complains, that, during his very short stay at the Cape, he was unable to get a sight of a Hottentot whose purity of breed he could trust: and he abstains from giving an opinion as to the

relations of this race, which seems once to have spread over the breadth of all Southern Africa.

The PAPUAN race is a third, of very marked character, but of very limited diffusion. They may seem to have been made for a continental life, as indeed their principal home (as far as hitherto known) is in the greater islands, New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland, New Caledonia, —to which Borneo and Van Dieman's Land were probably once to be added. They are very indisposed to migration. Eastward, they reach only as far as the Feejee islands, which, in many respects, form a meeting place between the Papuan and the Malay races. The Papuans are characterised by Dampier, as tall, bottle-nosed, mop-headed negroes. The hugeness of their forms, the enormous size of their periwigs, which are often three feet in circumference, and the deep blackness of their skin, make it impossible for voyagers to describe them inaccurately. Their hair is so wiry and massive, that they cannot sleep comfortably without a wooden neck-pillow. Every filament has a spiral twist like a corkscrew, and will grow, if not cut, to the length of a foot. Their beards are long and bushy.

In the Papuans of Borneo (who are not numerous there) Captain Brownrig ascertained, what is probably true of this whole race, that the hair grew in small tufts separated from each other; so that when it was cropped close, the head looked like an old shoe-brush. The same peculiarity is attested concerning the hair of the Hot-tentot, who is, in most respects, very unlike the Papuan. The great quantity of hair on the lower limbs of the Papuan are thought to assimilate him more to the European than to the Negro race.

It was only in the Feejee islands that the expedition fell in with the Papuans; and to these accordingly Dr. Pickering limits his account. The hugeness of size attributed to this race might be received without wonder, if details were not given; but when Dr. Pickering adds, that the measure of a Feejeean's leg was found "to encircle *three* united of three of our men," we are set questioning whether American crews have preternaturally spindle shanks, or how the heart, stomach and lungs of the Feejeeans can, without exhaustion, feed limbs so uselessly big.

We wish Dr. Pickering had given us the measure in inches, and aided our weak imagination by a drawing of such a pair of legs. The tallest Feejeean whom he saw, was, he says, 6 feet 6 inches high. D'Urville remarks that in this people there is "*no obesity*:" "they are tall, well made, active, and muscular." Our author describes the tinge of their skin as showing purple in the sun, their countenances as apparently vertical like ours, and highly impressive, notwithstanding something negro in its outlines. The painting which he exhibits of Kom-beti, a Feejee native, unites indeed immense physical energy with something intellectual, majestic, and morally fearless: and in spite of the slaughter of parents, cannibalism, and human sacrifices existing among them, their extreme ferocity, and the desperately bad opinion formed of them by the missionaries,—yet the entire account seems to show that they are, after all, the noblest race of those parts.

The loyalty of Europe feebly represents the devotion of the Feejees to their king. At his simple word the bravest warrior resigns himself to death without resistance, or obeys the mandate to become the executioner of his friend. Yet a time generally arrives, when this loyalty is overstrained and suddenly snaps; so that the king ordinarily dies at length by assassination. Indeed, as no old people are allowed to live when their strength fails, but it is the duty or privilege of every son to kill his aged parents,—the king, who ought to be their leader in battle, could hardly expect exemption from this common law. The wars of the different islands are often horrible in slaughter; but certainly not to be criticised by the European races. The skill of the Feejeeans in all the arts strikes every resident as far surpassing that of the Polynesians in general. "In architecture they have made no mean progress," says Dr. Pickering: they excel in domestic economy, (having an infinite number of ways of cooking human flesh!) cultivate a far greater variety of esculent plants, and are more skilful in navigation. They use the bow, and are dextrous with the javelin; but the club of Hercules is their favourite weapon. They play the panpipes and "nose-flute," and appear to have taste in all the fine arts. Indeed Dr. Pickering is persuaded that

they form the centre, from which the cultivation of Polynesia has spread. Every village has its temple, from which women are excluded; but in which strangers are entertained and lodged, and public feasts held, with "grace," toasts, and compliments. At Levuka is a high-pointed building, containing an Oracle. They have a fixed system of mythology, and a regular series of priests. Circumcision is practised by them. Everything appears to indicate an older and more consolidated state of the whole national institutions, than is generally found through Polynesia. D'Urville first observed that the Feejeeans are "the common limit of the copper or Polynesian, and of the black Oceanic race." Since then, the conclusion has been independently reached, as well by the resident missionaries, as by the highly accomplished and acute Secretary of the London Asiatic Society, Mr. Edwin Norris, that the Feejee is properly a Polynesian language. Mr. Norris believes that Tonga blood is mixed in the Feejee islands; but the order in which the population was introduced, remains as a problem for future inquirers. That the Papuans are an eminently improvable people, capable also of originating a various civilization, seems to us clear from this account.

Next to the Papuans, Dr. Pickering ranges the *Negrillo* race, or "puny blacks" of Prichard. They dwell in the New Hebrides, New Guinea, Luzon, the Andaman and other islands, and are of all human races the most monkey-like. Mr. Drayton has given us an amusing countenance of an Aramanga lad, as a specimen of this race. The moral expression is decidedly pleasing, and he is described as active, intelligent and docile. To distinguish between this race and African negroes, appears to us a work of great superfluity: nor does it appear that any chasm can be established between Negroes and Ethiopians on the one hand, or, on the other, between Ethiopians and Western Indians.

Dr. Pickering proposes a scheme of *eleven* races, as a minimum: viz., a. (White) Arabian, Abyssinian; b. (Brown) Mongolian, Hottentot, Malay; c. (Blackish Brown) Papuan, Negrillo, Indian (or Telingan), Ethiopian; d. (Black) Australian, Negro. The objections to this, as a scientific scheme, appear to us most obvious and decisive: but we

gather, that by a *race* he barely means what we would rather call a *form*. He sees a man with striking peculiarities, among other very different men; and he pronounces at first sight, "This man is of such and such a *race*." Yet he does not mean that his peculiarities must all have come from distant ancestors, running back indefinitely; for, we have seen, he believes all the races to have been propagated out of one primitive stock. A person who admits this, ought, we think, to give more weight to climate and localities than Dr. Pickering does. For instance, when he finds black Ethiopians on the lowlands, and fair men with features half Indian, half European, on the very elevated table-land of Abyssinia, he ought to attribute something to their local position. If Papuans and Hottentots can have been once propagated out of Arabs or Persians, it seems irrational to confine ourselves to the idea that such changes happened once only, and once for all. Dr. Pickering seems tied fast by the difficulty that three hundred years have not altered the European races in America, although this space of time has altered the plants and some of the animals imported thither. This surely proves too much for him. If it proves anything, it shows that mankind is of many original breeds; and of how many, it is then impossible to guess; they are to be counted by hundreds. But it appears obvious to reply, that civilized man shields himself from the elements, artificially preserves his habits, and with them much of his native type for many centuries longer than in the savage state would happen. On the other hand, it is too obvious to insist, that we must, on any theory, claim not hundreds, but tens of thousands of years for a Persian or Arab race to grow into mop-headed Papuans and square-faced Chinese. Give us but a geologist to mete out the age of the human species, and physiologists will probably feel no further difficulty about the *possible* origin of man from a single stock.

At the same time, it seems to us there is extraordinary confusion of thought among our best writers on this whole subject. They assume that "unity of species" *can mean* nothing else but derivation from a single pair of human progenitors, and, therefore, derivation from a single spot in the earth's surface. But this is not at all what we mean

when we attribute unity of species to any of the inferior animals. Indeed, it seems unimaginable, in the case of those weak races on which the stronger feed, that the Creative Power should have originally produced a single pair only, so as to expose the species to inevitable destruction by the loss of one life. No one who speaks of rabbits or sparrows as "all of one species," means to express any opinion concerning the past history and origination of the breed; he speaks of a present fact, unembarrassed by speculative difficulties. So, too, when we call mankind a single species, we mean to assert that this group of animals has certain intimate similarities, which associate it into one, and put a chasm between it and all others. These similarities of body and mind are such, that men and women, of any two races that can be picked out at random, are capable of entering into family relationships and common interests. They not only may have common offspring, but a common sense of Right, and Duty, and Religion—a common understanding and sympathy: so that there is neither physiological or mental impediment to any two races being fused into a single nation, possessed of all the attributes of humanity. This intimate congruity of body and mind is an undeniable fact, the moral importance of which is pre-eminent, and the moral influence of which ought not to be risked upon any theory or mythological opinion concerning the origin of Man. The unity of the species, and the moral rights of the individuals who possess its moral nature, remain unaffected, whether mankind have sprung from one or from a thousand pair of progenitors—whether these were brought suddenly into existence by a supreme fiat, or were gradually developed out of an inferior race, which had as yet no self-controlling moral faculties whatever. The fears of philanthropists on this matter have risen out of an ill-grounded and superstitious morality, according to which (it seems), if some antiquarian could prove that the most ancient Celts were a species of monkey, it would at once be legitimate for us to shoot the Welsh for winter sport, and pickle their little children as delicacies for the table.

The numerical estimate formed by Dr. Pickering of the eleven races is as follows, in *millions* :—

The White*	350	Negro . .	55	Negrillo .	3
Mongolian .	300	Ethiopian .	5	Australian	$\frac{1}{2}$
Malayan .	120	Abyssinian .	3	Hottentot .	$\frac{1}{2}$
Telingan .	60	Papuan . .	3		

But we hardly think he has given evidence that these eleven can, on his own theory, comprise the whole human race. Concerning the Kaffirs and other people of Africa (as Congo and the neighbouring regions), also concerning the primitive inhabitants of South America, nothing that we can remember appears in his pages. A map of the world is intended to exhibit, by various colours, his views concerning the dispersion of these eleven races; but, as often happens, the tints are so like one another, and so ill-exhibited in the very minute patterns, that we can make nothing of it.

Dr. Pickering does not appear to value much the aid of Comparative Grammar in assisting these researches: or, perhaps, rather we should say, that he looked to other minds, especially to a Mr. Hale, to discuss this side of the extensive discussion. Marsden, we believe, was the first to enter on the interesting question of the relation of the Malay and Polynesian languages; and since his day it has become increasingly manifest that the district of Oceanica contains more materials than any other part of the globe for elucidating the vexed problem concerning the diffusion of Man. One broad fact of contrast strikes us as deserving attention. Ever since Marsden, it has been recognized,—and, in spite of Crawford's objections, the conclusion has been reinforced by Humboldt,—that a single tongue, with only secondary modifications, reaches from Madagascar to Easter Island, through the space of 200 degrees of longitude. Contrast this phenomenon with the infinite multiplicity of languages in North America, where no two neighbouring tribes can understand one another! We can only explain this, as implying that in the former case human nations migrated in considerable masses, so as to retain their primitive speech; in the latter, single families plunged into the forest, and became so isolated as to lose all restraint on the tendency to re-invent language, and

* This epithet, with him, includes *black* Brahmins and Arabs, and (here) excludes *white* Abyssinians.

lose the old stock of words. May not this throw light on the great multiplicity of tongues which have astonished investigators in the region of the Caucasus? Vast mountains, like dense forests, which afford facilities for solitary life to single families, so that a single tribe may break up into ten in the course of a century, must be expected to produce in barbarous ages an immense variety of tongues mutually unintelligible.

The mythology of nations is as liable to change as their language; identity of mythology is, therefore, so much the stronger proof of relationship—except, indeed, where it can be accounted for as a speculation suggested by their physical circumstances. The Tonga islanders plant their gods in an oceanic “island of the blessed,” similar to that described by Pindar, and believe earthquakes to be caused by the gigantic god Muwi, the earth-supporter and earth-shaker, who, however, does not, like Neptune, strike it with his trident, but, like the Typhos of Pindar, turns on his side when uncomfortable. Once upon a time, the ocean covered all the earth, and the god Tongaloa came down to fish. Having let down from the sky his hook and line, he caught something of immense weight, which resisted his efforts to raise it. Believing that he had hooked an enormous fish, he exerted all his strength: at last his line broke, just as he was heaving his burden above the surface. He had raised a vast mass of rock, the points of which projected above the water, and formed the islands of Tonga.—Compare this with the Greek story of Delos and other islands. Altogether, we are not sure that inquirers make sufficient allowance for the tendency of man to invent like tales under like circumstances. Yet it is not by accident that Mawi is also the name of a Tahitian god (Prichard calls him the *Prometheus* of the Tahitians);—Mauwi also is the mythical ancestor of the New Zealanders, who, with his brothers, is believed by them to have fished up New Zealand. Maui also appears as the name of an island close to Hawaii; but this, perhaps, is a coincidence which denotes nothing.

It has been known, since the time of Sir William Jones, that many Sanskrit roots enter into the Malay. Marsden showed that the phenomenon existed on a very great scale, and Dr. Leyden remarked that the Sanskrit words are far

purser in the Malay than in the Pali and in any modern Indian languages. Hence it has become a curious problem to decide on the nature of the relationship indicated. Bopp has boldly maintained that the Malay is to an earlier Sanskrit only what the Romance languages are to Latin; but this conclusion is not as yet substantiated, and the theory is more plausible which attributes the Sanskritism of the Malay to an Indian influence proceeding from Java. In all this, a field of wide research appears, where it may be anticipated that the phenomena will be found more and more numerous, and more and more fruitful of results, in proportion to the zeal and accomplishments of the inquirers.

Dr. Pickering subjoins to his work a number of curious and elaborate tables concerning the introduction of various plants and animals into America,—the islands of the Pacific,—Equatorial Africa,—Southern Arabia, Hindostan,—and Egypt. These last seem to warn us that an element of mere hypothesis enters his tables, and that they are not pure fact of observation or of testimony. Nevertheless, the mass of absolute information in them is great, and we suppose is hardly elsewhere accessible. We look on it as so praiseworthy a zeal in a London bookseller to furnish the English public with the rare scientific works of the United States, that we earnestly hope the reception given to Dr. Pickering's volume by our libraries will encourage similar importations.

ART. III.—THE RELATION OF THE THIRD TO
THE FIRST TWO GOSPELS.

*Jo. Jac. Griesbachii Commentatio quo Marci Evangelium
totum a Matthæi et Lucæ Commentariis decerptum esse
monstratur.* (Opuscula Academica, Vol. II., ed. Gabler.
Jenæ, 1825.)

WE may seem to be assuming to ourselves the province of *Retrospective* reviewers, in calling attention to an article so long before the world, as that of which we have just written the title. But as we intend to controvert the opinion that Mark has epitomized Matthew and Luke, and to claim for him the character of being the earliest of our Lord's biographers, we know not how we could proceed more fairly than by giving our readers notice that we have against us the judgment of one of the most eminent of modern critics of the New Testament. We do not, however, intend to enter into a minute examination of Griesbach's arguments. He has proved, what the inspection of a Harmony is sufficient to show, that nearly the whole of Mark is to be found either in Matthew or Luke; but the more important question, which has been the borrower, he passes over very lightly indeed. He seems almost to have taken it for granted that the shorter Gospel must be an abridgment of the longer. Yet if Mark, with the other Gospels before him, really designed to make an abridgment of them, he entitled himself to small thanks from those into whose hand his work came to the exclusion of the originals. The authors of Abridgments have never held a very high place among literary labourers; but we should be sorry to think that they could plead such a precedent as the Evangelist would in this case have afforded them. Let us conceive of an author sitting down to abridge Matthew, and leaving out the whole of the Sermon on the Mount; or with Luke before him, omitting the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, and Dives and Lazarus, the raising of the Widow's Son, the cure of the Ten Lepers, and the scene in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Never was parchnent or papyrus more injudiciously

economised. Griesbach has not indeed overlooked the fact that Mark, whom he supposes to be the epitomater of Matthew and Luke, relates the same events as they do, often in a manner the most opposite to that of an epitome, adding minute circumstances to their more general narratives. In replying to the hypothesis of Storr, that Matthew and Luke had the Gospel of Mark before them, and copied from him the passages in which they coincide, he actually argues that this cannot have been the case, because "Mark sometimes surpasses Matthew in the perspicuity and distinctness of his narrative; nay, even is more accurate, and approaches nearer to the truth of facts, so that it is inexplicable why Matthew should in these instances have deserted him, while he elsewhere follows his footsteps." The superiority thus assigned to the non-apostle over the apostle, the second-hand relator over the eye-witness, is extraordinary, and very little accordant with the character of an epitomater. The hypothesis of which it is a necessary part will lose all probability, if we can show, as we trust we shall, that Matthew had a reason for his variations from Mark, in cases where, as Griesbach admits, Mark has related most accurately.

We are not about to discuss the question respecting the origin of the verbal harmony between the three first Gospels. We confess ourselves not satisfied with the original hypothesis of Eichhorn respecting the *Urevangelium*, nor its modifications by Marsh and others, nor with Mr. Norton's, of an oral tradition, formed by repetitions of the Gospel-history, in the apostolical preaching, and finally consigned to writing.* No doubt, if we can establish the priority of Mark's gospel to the others, it will go far to confirm the opinion that he was copied by his successors. But what we shall endeavour is to show from internal evidence, that his narrative, whenever published, was at least written before the other two, and represents therefore a tradition or recollection of our Lord's actions and teaching nearer to the time of his ministry than either Matthew's or Luke's. In conducting our inquiry, we must deal with the Evangelists as human biographers, not only possessing no supernatural sources of knowledge, nor

* Genuineness of the Gospels, I., p. 239, Ed. 2.

guarded from error by any divine superintendence, but men of "like infirmities with ourselves," and exposed to the influences of their age, their country, and their personal connections. Unless this be allowed in its fullest extent, there is no scope for our criticism. The *Deus e machina* puts an end at once to all human agency, and all reasoning upon human probabilities.

The very opening of the Gospel of Mark suggests the idea that it was written by one who had not acquired a notion of the relation in which the events he records stood to the history of the world, and therefore takes no pains to connect it with that history. Beyond its internal connection with the preaching of the Baptist and the procuratorship of Pilate, things essential to the narrative, there is nothing to fix the date of our Saviour's ministry. Nothing either in its opening or elsewhere has any reference to a future reader; it appears more like a private record of facts which the author wished to preserve, than a book to be given to the world. How different in this respect are all the other gospels! Matthew* fixes the birth of Jesus to the reign of Herod the Great, and by implication the latter part of that reign, a date sufficient for the Jews, for whose special benefit according to the most credible accounts his gospel was written. The introduction to Luke's gospel on the other hand reveals a time when the ministry of Christ had become an event in the world's history, and therefore needed to be attached to the great chronological chain by a fixed and formal date. He not only tells us who was governor of Syria when the enrolment took place which caused his mother's visit to Bethlehem, but his own age at the beginning of his ministry, and enumerates all the rulers civil and spiritual of Judæa and the adjoining countries at the commencement of the Baptist's preaching. He writes at a time, too, when many had already taken the same subject in hand, and is anxious to impress his readers with the idea that he has used all diligence in preparing his own work. John's gospel is equally devoid with Mark's of all reference to chronology,

* That is as his gospel now stands. As far as we can make out from the confused account of Epiphanius (see Norton, i. 201), his original gospel began at the third chapter, with the words, "In the days of Herod came John the Baptist preaching," &c.

but from a very different cause. He regarded the ministry of his master altogether in its spiritual, not at all in its external relation. "The kingdom God or of Heaven," which forms so prominent a topic in the other Evangelists, and to which some ideas, more or less refined, of an outward and visible manifestation of divine power, was always attached, occurs only once in his gospel, where, in the discourse with Nicodemus, our Saviour teaches that a man must be born again, and of the Spirit, or he cannot enter it. He assigns to him no human parentage, but traces the Divine Word which dwelt in him to the bosom of the Father and the beginning of Time. For this reason we apprehend, not because a chronology was to be found in the other Evangelists, whom he could not reasonably presume his readers to have in their hands, he has said nothing of the time of Christ's appearance.

The termination of Mark's gospel bears the same character of a private record, rather than a book written for the public. As it stands in our Bibles indeed it appears to be finished off after the manner of a history, the subsequent fortunes of the gospel and its preachers winding up the whole. But critics are generally agreed that the last verses from the 9th inclusive to the end are not genuine, the weight of authority being against them, and the style obviously different from the rest of the gospel; at all events we may take this for granted, in examining Griesbach's opinion, since he distinctly admits their spuriousness. Is it then conceivable that any one sitting down to epitomize the gospels of Matthew and Luke, both of which relate (and Luke at great length) events subsequent to our Lord's resurrection, by which his history was brought to a natural close, should break off his own abridgment with the mention of the female disciples flying in terror from the sepulchre? Taking the commencement and the close of the gospel together, we cannot regard it in any other light than as a document carried on from day to day during our Lord's ministry, and terminated with the visit of the female disciples to the sepulchre, by which the fact of his resurrection was ascertained. The first verse as it stands in our Bibles reads, it is true, like the title of a book, "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God," the more so as the false pointing of the common

version connects the first verse with those which follow ; whereas it should stand alone, and is merely a summary of what is afterward related more fully (v. 14), the beginning of our Lord's preaching.*

How early the composition of this document must have taken place, is evident from the circumstance that *Apostle* had not yet become a title. In Luke and in the Acts it is repeatedly given to the Twelve, just as at the present day ; in Mark never. It occurs once, and only once, in his Gospel, but in circumstances which clearly mark the difference of usage. The manner of their first mission is related with no important difference, by the three Evangelists (Matt. x. 1 ; Mark iii. 14, vi. 7 ; Luke ix. 1), except that Mark mentions their being sent out *two and two*. When they return from their mission, Mark (vi. 30) gives them the name of οἱ ἀπόστολοι, but evidently in the sense of οἱ ἀπεσταλμένοι, "those who had been sent out," the name having a reference only to this special mission ; and, accordingly, he never again applies it to them. In Matthew's account also, though some precepts and warnings are represented as given to them, which belong not to this temporary mission, but to their subsequent office as preachers in a hostile world (Matt. x. 16), no mention is made of the title of Apostle being conferred upon them. Luke, on the other hand, says he *named* them Apostles (vi. 13), and accordingly gives them this title in the subsequent history (xvii. 5 ; xxii. 14). The order in which we suppose the Evangelists to have written, will explain these differences. Mark, writing nearest to the time and with the most exact recollection, represents the mission and the name as temporary, and the instructions as adapted exclusively to that mission. Matthew here, as elsewhere, has brought together things said by our Lord at different times, as if they were parts of one address. Luke, writing when the name had become the recognised title of the Twelve, represents our Lord as giving it them when they were first sent out, and proleptically applies it to them during his ministry. At the same time he transfers to a later and more appropriate part of the history, the warning of the persecution which they might expect (xii. 11), and the

* Mark xiii. 14 (ὁ ἀναγινώσκων νοεῖτω) contemplates a reader, but it is evidently an interjectional remark.

promise of the suggestions of the Holy Spirit to enable them to defend themselves; which Matthew represents as preceding their first mission, in which they might look for unbelief or neglect, but not persecution. To the same head of priority of composition, and consequently more lively recollection, we should refer the numerous passages in which Mark, relating the same event as Matthew or Luke, accompanies his narrative with those minute circumstances which impress an eyewitness, and, when the event is recent, are as distinctly remembered, and therefore as naturally set down, as the more important matters for the sake of which the story is related. As the same narrative passes from a contemporary journal to a formal biography, and still further to a history, these circumstances, the adjuncts rather than the essentials of the story are gradually dropt. Where the same events are related Mark is more circumstantial than Matthew, and Matthew than Luke, though the difference is not so great between the last and the second, as between the second and the first. We shall give some examples, following the order of our Gospels.

In the account of the calling of James and John, Mark (i. 20) says, that they left their father in the fishing vessel "with the hired servants;" Matthew (iv. 22) omits this last circumstance, but mentions their father Zebedee; while Luke (v. 11) makes no mention even of the father. In the history of the preaching of the Gospel, such as it was his purpose to write, it was of no moment who was left behind in the vessel; the important point was that the Apostles immediately obeyed the call of Christ, left all and followed him. In the account of the crossing the Lake to the country of the Gadarenes, Mark (iv. 35) mentions that other small boats accompanied the vessel in which our Lord embarked. It was a circumstance which would strike a journalist recording what he saw; but it was of no importance as a link of the narrative, for these boats gave no aid in the storm which ensued, nor are their crews ever mentioned again; and no notice is taken of them by Matthew and Luke, though in other respects they closely agree with Mark. In the narrative of the cure of the paralytic man, Mark (ii. 1, 3) begins by saying that when it was known that he was gone into a house, great numbers

came together, so that there was not even room to get to the door, and then proceeds to relate how the cripple was let down through the roof. Luke (Matthew ix. 1) is here very concise, says nothing of the *assembling* of the crowd, but alleges its existence (v. 19), as the reason why the bearers carried the cripple up to the housetop. This difference is instructive. The journalist sets down circumstances in the order in which they occur, the historian introduces them when necessary to explain the connection of events.

After his transfiguration our Lord descends from the mount and cures a lunatic boy. Mark (ix. 14) thus describes the transaction: "When he came towards his disciples he saw a great multitude about them, and scribes disputing with them; and the whole multitude was struck with awe when they saw him, and ran towards him and saluted him." This is the style of the eyewitness and contemporary recorder. Matthew simply says, "When they came to the multitude a man approached him kneeling" (xvii. 14). Luke only, that the "multitude was waiting for him" (ix. 37). But the eager rush of the crowd towards Jesus on his appearance is clearly no circumstance added by Mark to enliven the narrative: the disciples had failed in their attempts; and therefore it was that the appearance of the master was hailed with such emotion. Twice it is recorded that our Lord had children before him, and in both cases Mark mentions that he took them in his arms (*ἐναγκαλιζάμενος αὐτὸν*, ix. 36, x. 16), a circumstance not noticed by the other Evangelists (Matt. xviii. 2; Luke, ix. 47; Matt. xix. 13; Luke, xviii. 16). It was not necessary to the lesson of humility in the one case, or the benediction in the other, that he should take them in his arms; and it is dropped by the historians: but who that enters into our Lord's character can doubt that Mark's is the true and full account? Nor was it important to the moral of the story of the young man who inquired what he should do to inherit eternal life, that we should know that when "Jesus looked on him he loved him;" a circumstance which Mark alone mentions (x. 21—comp. Matt. xix. 16; Luke, xviii. 19), but in which we recognise the Saviour, observed by a living witness, who records his impression while the colours of memory are yet warm and glowing.

Mark (x. 32) thus describes our Lord's disclosure of his approaching sufferings to his disciples: "And they were on the way going up to Jerusalem, and Jesus was going before them, and they were filled with awe, and were afraid as they followed; and Jesus again taking the twelve began to speak to them of the things which were about to happen to him." This graphic description of the disciples lingering behind their master in perplexity and dread while he goes boldly onward towards the scene of his suffering, Matthew (xx. 17) reduces to the simple announcement, that as "Jesus was going up to Jerusalem he took the Twelve apart on the way, and said to them."—And yet Mark is called an epitomater of Matthew. As Jesus enters Jericho, blind Bartimæus, the son of Timæus, sits by the way begging; and hearing that Jesus was passing, cries aloud for aid. Our Lord passes on, and the crowd reprove the blind man; but he cries the more loudly, and our Lord halting, when he was beyond the reach of his own voice, commands those about him to call Bartimæus.* The command is repeated to him; and casting away the incumbrance of his upper garment, he rises from the ground and comes to him. This is the account of Mark (x. 46); that of Matthew (xx. 29) is substantially the same, except that he speaks of two: but he has dropped the circumstance, that Jesus called him by the medium of others, and the throwing aside his garment, which marks so strongly the eagerness of his hope. We shall mention but one contrast more under this head. In the introduction of the prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, Mark says (xiii. 1), that as he was going out of the temple one of his disciples said to him, Master, lo! what large stones and what large buildings!—a remark most naturally suggested by the unusual size of the substructions by which the Temple was supported, precisely at the place where they must have descended in order to cross the valley and reach the Mount of Olives. In Matthew it is said (xxiv. 1) that as he went out from the Temple "the disciples came to him to show him the buildings of the Temple;" as if the whole body, or a considerable part, had gathered

* Elsewhere Mark is more precise than Matthew in regard to names (v. 22), and a remarkable instance (xv. 21).

round him for the express purpose of drawing his attention to the Temple architecture, instead of its being the passing remark of one, suggested by the special locality. Luke's description is still more vague: "When some said concerning the Temple, that it is adorned with beautiful stones, and offerings, &c.;" a remark which might have been made anywhere. Matthew omits the interesting circumstance, that when our Lord prophesied the destruction of the Temple, he was "right over against it" (Mark xiii. 3). Luke says nothing of the locality in which the prophecy was delivered.

If we compare the accounts given respectively by Mark and the other Evangelists, especially Matthew, of our Lord's actions and discourses, we shall generally find those of Mark recommended by their internal evidence. We take the example of the conversation between Christ and the Syrophœnician woman (Mark vii. 25-30; Matt. xv. 22-28). When she prefers her request for the cure of her daughter, our Lord answers, according to Mark, "*Suffer the children to be filled first of all*; for it is not right to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs;" but according to Matthew he says only, "it is not right to take the children's bread, and cast it to the dogs." Between the two expressions there is all the difference of a harsh refusal and a gentle putting aside of the request. Our Lord's mission was primarily to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; this woman was, as Mark informs us, a Gentile (Ἑλληνίς), and he therefore intimates to her that the time was not yet come when those of her nation could partake of the benefits of his divine power. There is no humiliating contrast drawn between the two classes, as if the food destined for the children would be profaned by being cast to the dogs, but the children of the house must *first* be served, and the food prepared for them not given away till they are filled. And this brings out the beauty and aptness of the answer which affection suggested to the mother, "True, Lord, for *the dogs* (κυνάρια) *under the table* eat of the children's crumbs." Adopting his own illustration, she makes good her petition; "the dogs" (not unclean animals banished from the house, but favourites admitted to the same apartment with the children) "are not condemned to wait till the children have finished, but, as the meal goes on, gather the

crumbs. And so, while thou displayest thy beneficent powers profusely among thy countrymen, deign to let fall one blessing on the head of a Gentile." Mark has been charged by Strauss with a disposition to exaggerate the statements of the other Evangelists. We think the reverse is the case—certainly in the following instance. In reporting the simile of the grain of mustard-seed, Matthew and Luke represent our Lord as saying, "it becometh a great tree, so that the fowls of heaven lodge in its branches." We need not inform our critical readers with what fruitless labour the botany of the East has been explored for a plant bearing the name of *σίβανι*, which grows into a tree, and yet can be reckoned among potherbs (*λάχανα*). The passage in Mark (iv. 31) presents no difficulty: he does not call it a tree, nor does he say that the birds of the air lodge *in its branches*, but *under its shadow*.* This is true of the plant even in our climate, much more in the East. If there is exaggeration here, it has not been on the part of Mark. So, in the account of the resurrection, Mark's "young man clad in a white robe," becomes in Matthew "an angel, whose countenance was as lightning, and his garment white as snow."

It may be said these contrasts prove that Mark retained more faithfully or repeated more judiciously his master's words and actions than Matthew or Luke, but not that he wrote before them. But there are other passages in which the difference has evidently proceeded from a desire on the part of the later Evangelists to avoid what to popular apprehension might seem to derogate from the character and dignity of the subject of their biography. Now the whole history of the doctrine respecting our Lord's person, character, and office, from the time when Peter described him as "a man approved of God," to the concoction of the Nicene Creed, was one of gradual exaltation. Hence a presumption arises that of his own biographers he who speaks of him with the greatest freedom and plainness

* Wetstein on Matthew xiii. 32, quotes a Rabbinical author. "Dixit R. Simon f. Chalaptha: Caulem Sinapis habui in horto meo in quem ascendi, sicut ascendere quis solet in summitatem ficus." We fear this mustard-plant belongs to the same department of botany as a well-known beanstalk. It is, however, a good illustration of the passage in Matthew, only not exactly in the way that the commentator has taken it.

wrote before the others. This quality certainly belongs to Mark. There is a rough simplicity in his phrase which those who followed him seem to have thought hardly respectful enough. Mark (i. 12) says of Jesus, "the spirit driveth (ἐκβάλλει) him into the wilderness;" Matthew, "he was led up of the spirit;" Luke, "he was led in the spirit." When he had withdrawn himself from the multitudes, Mark says (i. 36), "Simon and those with him pursued him (κατεδίωξαν), and told him, all men are seeking thee." Luke says, "the multitudes came to him and urged him not to depart from them." Mark (iii. 21) relates that on one occasion the connections of our Lord attempted to lay hold of him, apprehensive that he was beside himself. Matthew and Luke omit this circumstance, as if derogatory to their master; though by so doing they deprive their reader of the key to the sarcasm of the Pharisees, that he cast out dæmons by the prince of the dæmons, i. e. that he was himself mad (Matt. xii. 22; Luke, xi. 14). In the account of the cure of the man who had a withered hand on the Sabbath-day, Mark says (iii. 5) that Jesus "looked round with anger" on the hypocrites who were watching him (comp. x. 14, Ἰησοῦς ἡγανάκησεν); Matthew and Luke omit the circumstance of his anger (Matt. xii. 11; Luke, vi. 8). In the narrative of our Lord's seeking fruit upon the fig-tree and finding none, Mark tells us plainly (xi. 13) that it was not the time of figs;* apparently not thinking it derogatory from his master's honour, that with his mind full of thoughts of infinite moment, he should have forgotten that it was not the season when edible figs were to be looked for. Matthew makes no mention of the season. Mark represents Peter as saying the next day, "The fig-tree *which thou did curse* hath withered away." In Matthew the disciples simply observe, "How suddenly hath the fig-tree withered away" (xxi. 20). The people of Nazareth, astonished at the teaching of Jesus,

* So δ καιρὸς τῶν κάρπων (Matth. xxi. 34) is the time of the grapes being ripe, as the owner of the vineyard would of course not receive his rent in green grapes. The time of gathering and the time of being ripe are one and the same. The circumstance of the fig-tree having leaves, was a proof that it was alive; had there been neither fruit nor leaves it might have been dead already; and there would have been no proof that it had perished in consequence of the imprecation. There is no ground for the usual epithet of the barren fig-tree.

exclaim, according to Mark (vi. 3), "Is not this *the carpenter*, the son of Mary?" but in Matthew (xiii. 55), "Is not this *the son of the carpenter*?" According to Mark, our Saviour, speaking of his second coming, says, "of that hour knoweth no one, not even the angels who are in heaven, *nor the son*, but the Father only" (xiii. 32). Matthew (xxiv. 36) repeats the declaration, but omits the emphatic acknowledgment which Christ makes of the limitation of his own knowledge. Taken singly, these instances might be explained away: but it is difficult to resist their cumulative evidence.

The strongest proof, however, to our minds that Mark's Gospel was prior in order of composition to the other two, is the different manner in which they represent the performance of miracles. There are repeated instances in Mark in which the use of natural means is recognised. When the mission of the Twelve is spoken of (Mark vi. 13), it is said, "They *anointed many sick with oil*, and healed them;" in Luke (ix. 6), it is, "They went through the villages, healing everywhere." In Mark's report (vi. 2), the people of Nazareth say, "What is this wisdom that is given him, that these mighty works are done by his hands?" In Matthew's (xiii. 54), it is simply, "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works?" Mark, in the same chapter, says, "He *could not* do any mighty work there, on account of their unbelief, except that he put his hands on a few sick, and healed them;" Matthew, that he *did* not many mighty works there. Mark relates, that when a *κωφὸς μογιλάλος* was brought to Jesus, he took him apart, put his fingers into his ears, spat and touched his tongue; of all which nothing is said by Matthew.* In the account of the blind man cured at Bethsaida (Mark viii. 22), we have the same description of our Lord taking him apart, and restoring his sight by degrees, and by the employment of his hands upon him; but as there is nothing corresponding to this section of Mark in the other two Evangelists, we are deprived of the means of comparison. The difference of tone, however, in the narration of miracles, is evident throughout the Gospels. Thus, in the account of the cure of the lunatic boy, Mark represents our Saviour

* Our Saviour's employment of natural means is recognised in John ix. 6.

as questioning the father respecting the duration of the malady, and describes the violence of the paroxysm which followed the command to the evil spirit to come out, and which left the child to all appearance dead, till Jesus took him by the hand, and raised him up. According to Matthew, he says, "Bring him hither to me; and he rebuked him, and the dæmon came out of him, and the boy was healed from that moment." In the case of Jairus' daughter, Mark represents the father as saying that his daughter was at the point of death (ἐσχάτως ἔχει); Matthew, that she was already dead (ix. 18). In the scene at the house, Mark dwells on the address to the maiden, the selection of the witnesses, the direction to give her food; Matthew sums up all in "The damsel arose." Mark only says, that when the Syrophœnician woman returned home she found her daughter lying on the bed, and the dæmon gone out; Matthew, that our Lord said, "Be it unto thee as thou wishest; and her daughter was healed *from that moment*." Mark describes the fig-tree as being found dried up the next morning, when the disciples passed that way again; according to Matthew, it "withered instantly." We repeat, that a single instance of this kind would prove nothing; but a phenomenon running through the whole of two parallel histories must have some cause in the peculiar circumstances of the writers. We can conceive no cause why Mark, if he had Matthew's narrative before him, should insert such circumstances as we have pointed out, but can readily imagine why Matthew should omit them. Mark wrote simply to record; Matthew and Luke to impress and convince. We have already said that we could argue this question only on the ground that the Evangelists were human biographers; and who ever undertook such an office without a leaning to that which exalted the power and worth of the subject of their biography? The accounts of Mark do not bring our Lord's miracles within the compass of natural causes, but their effect is more striking when all mention of natural causes is omitted.

It may be remarked that, although there are many precepts and parables in Matthew which are not found in Mark, there is hardly one *historical event* which they have not in common. The most remarkable exception is the

entire absence of the history of the conception, birth and childhood of our Lord. Without entering into the question respecting the authenticity of this portion of the Gospel, we have no difficulty in regarding its absence in Mark as a proof of the earlier origin of his work. Not only is it inconceivable that if he had Matthew and Luke before him he should have deliberately omitted all this part, but he could never have published a history of his own without some equivalent for it, had he written after the time when curiosity was directed to the early years of our Lord, and the facts recorded in Matthew and Luke had been discovered or imagined. We should apply the same argument to the details and scenery of the Temptation in Matthew and Luke, which Mark passes over with a brief notice of the fact. Our Lord's retirement into the Desert took place before the calling of the Apostles—before he had done anything to cause his actions to be watched. An authentic account of it, therefore, could only be derived from himself and his subsequent communications to the Apostles. We are aware that he uses the established language of the Jews respecting Satan, but to our feelings this is widely different from his describing to his followers the bodily appearance of the principle of Evil, with whom he holds conversations, and by whom he is transported from place to place. It seems far more probable that Mark represents the whole extent to which the belief of his followers had reached when he wrote—the simple fact of a temptation, and that the rest is the expansion of a subsequent though still very early age. Even the fact as stated by Mark must be considered as resting on a very different basis of historical credibility from those to which the countrymen of Jesus were witness.

Some events related by Matthew alone do not carry with them the same credibility as those in which the other Evangelists agree. Thus his account of Peter's walking on the sea (Matt. xiv. 27) is not only rendered doubtful by the silence of Mark (vi. 51), but seems to be contradicted by John (vi. 21), who says that the vessel reached the shore immediately after they had taken in Jesus. The narrative of the fish caught to pay the trifling sum of fourteen pence tribute-money is found only in Matthew, and is little in accordance with the ordinary

character of our Lord's miracles. The account of the sleeping saints who came forth from their tombs, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many (Matt. xxvii. 52), has been a stumbling-block to thoughtful readers. The saints, we presume, are those who had believed in Christ between the commencement of his preaching and his resurrection. Such a collective epithet for believers, though common in the Epistles, would not, we think, have been applied to them by any contemporary recorder, nor indeed by any one who did not write after Christians had become a separate community.* When we speak of the Gospel of Matthew, it should be remembered that it is a very doubtful question when it received its present Greek form. One of the few facts respecting the Gospels which the tradition of the church has preserved, and which we can receive with confidence, is that the original was in Hebrew, and that it had not the introductory chapters of our present copies. But as that Hebrew original is lost, we have no means of judging in what other points it differed from the translation.

We do not recollect an instance in which, Matthew and Mark differing, the account of Matthew recommends itself as more credible—there are many of which the reverse holds true. In the narrative of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem, Mark, supported by the independent testimony of John, describes a single colt as fetched and used. But there was a prophecy in Zechariah (ix. 9), believed to refer to the Messiah, in which, by the ambiguous rendering of the Hebrew *vau*, it appeared to be predicted that he should ride on an ass *and* (instead of *even*) a colt the foal of an ass. Now in this case it is impossible to deny that the account of Matthew, who represents both as being fetched and both ridden upon (ἐκάθισεν ἐπάνω αὐτῶν, xxi. 7), has been modified by the prophecy. The whole difficulty of the history of Judas has arisen from the same source. As Mark and Luke relate it, he bargained to deliver up his master for a sum of money (not the paltry sum of thirty pieces of silver), and, according to Luke in the Acts, pur-

* A similar remark applies to the use of the word *ἐκκλησία*, which is of perpetual recurrence in the Acts and Epistles, but is found in the Gospels only in Matthew xvi. 18, xviii. 17. It is clearly inappropriate to the age of our Saviour's ministry.

chased with the price of it a small property (*χωρον*), and soon after falling down headlong, was so miserably mangled, that the place retained the name of the Field of Blood. The neighbourhood of Jerusalem abounds with precipices ; but as the spot on which he fell was the very same which he had purchased with the wages of his iniquity (Acts, i. 19), no doubt the Christians saw in it the hand of God. They were open to all the influences which dispose man to see in extraordinary coincidences of crime and calamity the marks of a divine judgment ; the moral was made more impressive in popular report ; it was not enough that Judas should have perished on the field which he had purchased ; he must be the victim of remorse, and avenge his crime upon himself (Matt. xxvii. 5). Is not this what passes every day before our eyes ? Is it not equally accordant with our experience that various explanations are devised of names compounded of significant elements, such as *Aceldama* ? The mention of the thirty pieces of silver we owe to the misapprehension of a prophecy (Zech. xi. 13) ; and as some very striking examples of this are found in the introductory chapters, which we have reason to believe were not in the Hebrew original, we think it may be set down to the account of the translator, who must have lived when popular tradition had had time to attain to maturity : For we are far from imputing to him the invention of facts to accord with his own views ; no doubt he found the tradition which he adopted. We need only open a volume of a popular interpreter of prophecy to perceive how much the foregone conclusion that a prediction must have been accomplished in a particular series of events, predisposes the expounder to acquiesce in forced interpretations and accept doubtful statements. Yet who would call Newton or Keith dishonest men ?

The attack made by Strauss upon the evidences of Revelation was like that of the red Republicans and Socialists on the institutions of society—blind and furious, and short-lived in its effects. Yet there is something to be learnt in both cases from the assailants whom we have repelled. The distinction between myth and history cannot be fixed by any line chronologically drawn ; the so-called apostolic age, within which all miraculous agency is credible, and beyond which all is fabulous, is a period not to be defined.

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The tares and the wheat, the true and the false narrative, sprang up together, the occurrence of the true wonder being indeed the excitement to the production of the false. It is not therefore by the wholesale denial of the possibility that mythic narratives should have gained belief in the Christian community, or even found admittance into our canonical histories, but by discrimination, that Strauss must be encountered. The probability of such a mixture increases in a rapid ratio with the time that intervenes between the supposed occurrence of a fact and its record in writing. If the earliest extant history of Christ's ministry had really been written no earlier than the middle or end of the second century after his birth, it would not have been easy to dissipate the haze in which Strauss has invested it. For this reason we have endeavoured to show that the second of our Gospels (we have called it Mark's for convenience, without assuming anything respecting its authorship) contains a very early if not a contemporaneous record. And we do not fear that what we have written will be considered unfavourable to the evidence of Christianity, except by those who are more concerned about the extent than the solidity of their structure, and prefer a wide area of sand for its foundation to a narrower basis of rock.

ART. IV.—MILL AND WHEWELL ON THE LOGIC OF INDUCTION.

1. *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation.* By John Stuart Mill. In 2 vols. Second Edition. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1846. Book III. Of Induction.
2. *Of Induction; with especial reference to Mr. John Stuart Mill's System of Logic.* By W. Whewell, D.D., Author of the "History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences." London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1849.

It is not without reason, that original speculation in physical and metaphysical science is so seldom pursued with any very considerable success by the same mind. The process by which laws of nature are first detected, differs in one respect so essentially from that which attempts the analysis of mental phenomena, that the very habits of thought most favourable to the physical discoverer may only impede or defeat the efforts of the mental philosopher. The difference alluded to is this, that while we can recognise no ties of necessary connection between the causes and effects of the physical world, mental investigations are performed on our own minds, through the agency of a conscious reflection, which brings conviction in the very process of a true analysis, without waiting for the subsequent verifications from experience. All proofs of physical connection are only indirect; the hypothetical causes having no *intrinsic* evidence in their favour, but owing their reception either to the absence of any other possible cause, or to the overwhelming presumption afforded by new and correct inferences that verify the guess; but antecedent to all verification, or rather *as* its verification, the mental philosopher has the evidence of his own consciousness as to whether his analysis be correct: the cause and consequence being connected in the same fact of

consciousness, he has with him the same kind of intrinsic evidence that belongs to deductive reasoning; he can tell at once whether it could or could not produce a similar effect, without recourse to experiment;—he carries some criteria of truth along with him even while he reasons, and so accustoms his mind to expect at once at least apparent presumption, a conscious perception of *some* internal relation between the supposed cause and the effect, even before he begins to judge. The mind of the physical discoverer, on the other hand, must be governed chiefly by general and slight analogies in its first suspicions concerning causes; analogies drawn from the physical sciences themselves, and which would have no force with a mind not already familiar with the general resemblances that they afford. By the very same consciousness by which we are cognizant of a mental effect, we have also been cognizant of the mental antecedents which produced it; but when we perceive a physical effect, we have no data whatever given us to trace the history and mode of its formation. Hence the analysis of direct inspection which serves the mental philosopher, is wholly different in its requisites from the processes of physical investigation, and he who should take to it the habits of thought he had acquired from them, would miserably fail.

This remark may, perhaps, serve to explain why so eminent a scientific philosopher as Dr. Whewell has failed so remarkably in his attempt to create a philosophy of science; why the *History of Physical Science*, which he wrote with so much ability, prepared him so little to analyze its mental processes, and expound its logic. A study of sciences where the mind can discover no *necessary* connections between cause and effect, and has to look for the indications of probability, and follow out the traces of analogy, were but little likely to discipline a mind, apparently never very subtle or exact, for the close analysis of its own actions, and the detection of its own laws. Dr. Whewell could not have shown more completely his utter incompetency to estimate the difference in kind between the various sources of moral certainty, than by classing together, as he has done, the laws of motion and even the laws of chemical composition, with the truths of mathematics, and the variously stated principle of universal causa-

tion itself. We regard it as unfortunate for the truth and perfectness of Mr. Mill's able work, that he should have had so feeble an antagonist (in its purely philosophical part) as Dr. Whewell. It will be said, perhaps, that Mr. Mill's powers of analysis might be regarded by his opponents with as little esteem as those of Dr. Whewell, because he also has classed *a priori* with *a posteriori* truths, referring them equally to the influence of constant association in experience: but there is this distinction. The theory which assigns experience and association as the source of all our knowledge, does at least provide for different *gradations* in moral certainty in proportion to the constancy and universality of experience; but those who would drag down all certainty to the level of empirical truths, who assign the highest degree of human certainty to the mere known succession of physical facts where no necessary connection can possibly be perceived, only show that they are utterly unable to estimate the highest degree of certainty at all, because they can discern within themselves no necessity of belief more stringent than the habits of thought which they have gained from their particular range of experience. While Mr. Mill does allow some room for our different degrees of conviction, by ascribing them entirely to various degrees in the uniformity of our experience, Dr. Whewell allows no such room, and thus puts it into Mr. Mill's power to use the very obvious argument, "as you show me what you mean by necessary truths, by adducing what is to me entirely contingent, I am quite justified in finding for them the same source, which is, on all hands, allowed to be sufficient for the latter." However, we have no business, at present, with the controversy between Mr. Mill and Dr. Whewell, to which we have alluded; it is not touched upon in the pamphlet on Induction, in which Mr. Mill's book on that subject is criticized and replied to; and only in connection with the inductive canons which Mr. Mill has reduced to system from Sir John Herschel's little book, will it be requisite to consider how far Mr. Mill has established a consistent theory of causation as their basis. These remarks have been made, however, to illustrate the degree of philosophical sensitiveness which we may expect to find in the minds of our authors. Dr.

Whewell's mind is better fitted, as it seems to us, for an inductive philosopher, than for a philosopher of induction; he examines mental processes as he would physical facts, and seems to aim only at giving an account which would *describe* them, not putting his mind *into* them to tell how they do really arise within; he regards them like an observer, *ab extra*, as needing classification and explanation, but does not take his own consciousness through the actual history of their formation, and so has no sensitiveness as to the different relations of kind, and internal authority, in which they stand to his own judgment. Mr. Mill's intellect, on the other hand, is one subtle enough in analysis, and that delights in deductive inference, but which can yield no belief to anything that is not capable either of direct perception, or of stringent deduction from facts of direct perception. He is inclined, therefore, to attribute any degree of influence to *known* causes, i. e. to facts capable of direct observation, rather than to assume any, even the slightest, cause, not capable of such perception, however perfectly it may account for the facts, and however disproportionate those facts may be to the hitherto observed results of any observed antecedents; in short, his tendency is rather to ascribe the very greatest degrees of influence to perceived causes, than the very smallest to those which are only assumed. Of this characteristic tendency in Mr. Mill's mind, his rejection of all *a priori* truth, his utilitarian creed in morals, his strong leaning to the doctrine that men's minds differ, *not* from different original constitution, but from the various influences to which they are subjected, and his remarks on Hypotheses, are perhaps sufficient indications. These remarks will make it clear why we cannot concur in Dr. Whewell's expectation that the Philosophy of Induction will become at all more lucid "in a controversial than in a didactic form," at least while the controversy is one between two minds so little able to catch each other's point of view; and while one of them monopolises nearly all the analytic power, so that he is confirmed rather than shaken in his own views by the learned, but ill-conceived, and ill-arranged objections of his opponent. In reviewing this controversy, therefore, we shall find it convenient to give first the theory of Mr. Mill, and in our review of that

theory to interweave the conflicting views (so far as they are systematic at all) maintained by Dr. Whewell.

At the very outset we are met with the question (so uniformly debated till a science has reached a very perfect state), what exactly are we to understand by the mental operation that is called Induction?—assuming meanwhile as a practical rule to guide us in seeking the answer to the question, that it is that operation (performed in all practical reasoning) by which we infer from particular data what is *not* contained either implicitly or explicitly therein, and what we cannot therefore arrive at by either deduction or analysis alone. Mr. Mill very properly therefore excludes from his definition of Induction, the formal syllogistic Induction, the ἐπαγωγή of Aristotle, which gives no new inference, but only predicates in a fresh proposition of a whole class, what has been predicated severally of each individual contained in that class,—and also the deductive mathematical processes (as the formation of new terms in a series according to the analogy of the old) which only assume the appearance of Induction from the omission of a demonstration which might be supplied (viz., that successive terms must follow each other, according to the same law). Mr. Mill then goes on to exclude a process from Induction proper, which he afterwards places amongst the operations subsidiary to Induction, the process of combining, through some essential property common to them all, the particular facts or data from which the inference is to be drawn. Thus, for example, that all the observed points in a planet's motion are points in an ellipse of which one focus would represent the position of the sun, is only a description of observed facts, obtained by comparing them with the relative calculated positions of points in an ellipse; and as there is no new inference made here, but only a comparison between facts deduced from the laws of a mathematical curve, with facts noted by observation, Mr. Mill rightly denies to such a process the name of Induction.* This is however violently contested

* We may note that there is no dispute between Mr. Mill and Dr. Whewell as to the conclusions that the remaining *unobserved* points of the planet's orbit would also coincide with the ellipse, and that the planet would continue to move in the same ellipse. These are of course strictly inductive inferences, but so obvious, that Kepler's discovery is scarcely thought of as including them.

by Dr. Whewell, who does not distinguish in any way this preliminary process, viz., the happy guess (suggested, no doubt, generally to a mind full of guiding analogies) which picks out the essential property that unites the particular facts, from the inferences which may be drawn from those facts. Now here, as elsewhere, Dr. Whewell betrays an entire inability to seize and hold fast the thought which alone can determine such a dispute. Induction is an inferential process. Is the introduced conception of the ellipse an *inference* or only a guess? Had Dr. Whewell seen the true point in debate, he might have maintained that the introduction of this new conception *might* at least have been an inference. Had Kepler, on examining the determined points in the orbit of Mars, reasoned with himself that he had formerly found similar relative distances in examining the relation of points known to belong to an ellipse, and so inferred that this curve might be itself an ellipse, the process would have been really inductive, an argument from that looser kind of induction that is called analogy, which, as Mr. Mill himself says, consists in the argument, "Two things resemble each other in one or more respects; a certain proposition is true of the one, therefore it is true of the other."—(C. xx. § 2.) So the inference in this case would have been in the form, "These distances resemble the distances I obtained previously for points similarly situated on a known curve. That curve was an ellipse, therefore this curve also may perhaps be an ellipse." Nor is there anything to prevent such an inferential process from being actually applied to obtain the true *description* of phenomena. When Snell was examining the relations of the angle of incidence to that of refraction, and endeavouring to determine their law of connection, he might very well have noticed that the variations in the angles of incidence and refraction resembled those in two angles of a triangle, whose opposite sides are varied so as to maintain a constant ratio to each other; and noting this resemblance, he might have been led to suggest as an hypothesis, that this would be the law describing the variations required; and such a process would have been analogical and therefore strictly inductive; "these variations remind me of certain others: those others were reducible to a certain rule, hence these

may perhaps be reduced to the same or a similar rule." * Mr. Mill would not, we are sure, deny to such a process as this, the name of Induction:—and this, or something of this sort, it is, which makes Dr. Whewell contend so strongly and strangely for the inductive nature of a mere guess; he feels that these tentative guesses *might* be suggested by analogical reasoning which would make the trial really an inductive inference; also that possibly this was really the case with Kepler† and other such discoverers of the true description of related phenomena, resulting in their reduction to a single class; and hence he has concluded that in all such cases, even where the process is purely tentative, the true description, when gained, must have been gained by induction.

But, says Dr. Whewell, Kepler "bound together particular observations of separate places of Mars by the notion, or, as I have called it, the *conception*, of an *ellipse* which was supplied by his own mind," and this, others, who knew the facts, could not do; therefore it was an Induction. Now suppose the trying an ellipse to have been purely a speculation, and not inferred from any conscious analogy with Kepler's former experience; what is the real process?—registered observations are compared with certain other known facts, and they are found to agree. The mental judgment that they *do* agree, is obviously deductive, not inductive. There is no inductive inference at all, unless the conjecture itself is no *guess*, but results from a real inference, which, though probable enough, Dr. Whewell nowhere asserts. He might say, indeed, none but a mathematician and an astronomer could have known *what* curves it would be useless to try, and what might be successful; therefore that it is not in any case a mere guess, but inferred from scientific experience; the determined

* This may have been the real process followed by Snell. He did not give the law of the sines, but "expresses the law in a geometrical form more simply."—*Whewell's History of Philosophy*, Vol. II. p. 503.

† That this might have been the case with Kepler, seems probable from what Dr. Whewell tells us in his *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Vol. I. p. 450: "When Kepler's first hypothesis was enveloped in the complex construction requisite to apply it to each point of the orbit, it was far more difficult to see where the error lay, and Kepler hit upon it only by noticing the coincidence of certain numbers, which as he says raised him as if from sleep, and gave him a new light."

points might have belonged (as far as Kepler knew) to any one of certain curves, but to no others: then in such a case it may be admitted, that there might have been an inductive inference, viz., that the points would be found to belong to *one or other* of these curves. This inference however was not peculiar to the discoverer of the ellipse, but common to all the astronomers of his day: if to try the ellipse was a mere consequence of Kepler's determination to try all possibilities, till he found the truth,—then there was absolutely no *new inference* from the particular data at all (no induction) in the introduction of the conception of the ellipse, and the discovery was due to persevering labour, not to the application of an inductive process.

We may add that this mistake has no doubt been strengthened in Dr. Whewell's mind by neglecting to distinguish between the *unconscious suggestions*, and the *conscious inferences* that take place in every mind. The mere guess of Kepler, even though he could have assigned no analogy whatever for its probability, would be very different from the guess of any unscientific man. Still it would not be an induction, for induction implies conscious inference. This discussion would be of little importance in itself, did it not take up so large a portion of Dr. Whewell's very short reply to Mr. Mill, and did it not introduce a discussion, in which Mr. Mill seems to us to have involved himself and his science in some confusion. In reasoning against Dr. Whewell's doctrine, that the mere introduction of the new conception which binds together the phenomena into a single class is an act of Induction (an operation termed by Dr. Whewell, and, after him, by Mr. Mill, the colligation of facts), he uses an argument which, we think, Dr. Whewell rightly rejects as erroneous. As this is almost the only theoretical point which Dr. Whewell seems to us to have made good against Mr. Mill, and as it is in itself a point of some interest, we shall extract the whole of Dr. Whewell's reply.

“There is another argument which Mr. Mill employs, in order to show that there is a difference between mere colligation, which is Description, and induction in the more proper sense of the term. He notices with commendation a remark which I had made (i. 364, Mill's Logic), that at different stages of the progress of science, the

facts had been successfully connected by means of very different conceptions, while yet the later conceptions have not contradicted, but included, so far as they were true, the earlier; thus the ancient Greek representation of the motions of the planets by means of epicycles and eccentrics was to a certain degree of accuracy true, and is not negatived, though superseded by the modern representation of the planets as describing ellipses round the sun. And he then reasons that this, which is thus true of Descriptions, cannot be true of Inductions. He says (i. 367), 'Different descriptions therefore may be all true; but surely not different explanations.' He then notices the various explanations of the motions of the planets—the ancient doctrine, that they are moved by an inherent virtue; the Cartesian doctrine, that they are moved by impulse and by vortices; the Newtonian doctrine, that they are governed by a central force; and he adds, 'Can it be said of these, as it was said of the different descriptions, that they are all true as far as they go? Is it not true that one only can be true in any degree, and that the other two must be altogether false?' And to this questioning the history of science compels me to reply very distinctly and positively, in the way which Mr. Mill appears to think extravagant and absurd. I am obliged to say—Undoubtedly all these explanations *may* be true and consistent, and would be so if each had been followed out so as to show in what manner it could be made consistent with the facts. And this was in reality in a great measure done. The doctrine that the heavenly bodies were moved by vortices was successively modified, so that it came to coincide in its results with the doctrine of an inverse-quadratic centripetal force, as I have remarked in the History (B. VII. c. iii. § 3). When this point was reached, the vortex was merely a machinery, well or ill devised, for producing such a centripetal force, and therefore did not contradict the doctrine of a centripetal force. Newton himself does not appear to have been averse to explaining gravity by impulse. So little is it true that if one thing be true, the other must be false. The attempt to explain gravity by the impulse of streams of particles flowing through the universe in all directions, which I have mentioned in the Philosophy (B. III. c. ix. § 7), is so far from being inconsistent with the Newtonian theory, that it is founded entirely upon it. And even with regard to the doctrine that the Heavenly bodies move by an inherent virtue; if this doctrine had been maintained in any such way that it was brought to agree with the facts, the inherent virtue must have had its laws determined; and then it would have been found that the virtue had a reference to the central body; and so the 'inherent virtue' must have coincided in its effect with the Newtonian force; and then the two explanations would agree, except so far as the word 'inherent' was concerned. And if such a part of an earlier theory as this word *inherent* indicates is found to be untenable, it is of course rejected in

the transition to later and more exact theories, in Inductions of this kind, as well as in what Mr. Mill calls Descriptions. There is, therefore, still no validity discoverable in the distinction which Mr. Mill attempts to draw between 'descriptions' like Kepler's law of elliptical orbits, and the examples of induction."—P. 23, § 23.

Dr. Whewell is not very happy in making his own views clear to others at all, much less to an opponent who has the faculty of detecting the least looseness of expression in others, and then persuading himself, that all the difference of view may be referred to the confusion that such looseness implies; but we take it that what Dr. Whewell means to assert is substantially correct, and to this effect, that in all cases where we cannot witness to a cause by direct observation, but are obliged to extend its agency from known cases to unknown (as in the case of gravity), by reasoning from analogy, Induction can *never* give us *more* than the simplest explanation of phenomena, the simplest account of what *would* produce them, not what actually does. And when Mr. Mill asserts that it is and can be only a constant central force combined with an original force of projection, which keeps the planets in their orbits, all that he can possibly mean is, that the only way by which *we* could have created a machinery of that kind to go on *without our personal superintendence*, would have been, by tying a body to a fixed centre, and then projecting it *in vacuo*; but to apply such a theory to the system of the universe at large, necessarily assumes that force is really propagated without any active power beyond the first impulse, and this is, at least, clearly without proof. The first law of motion is true to us, as a law, but no one ever proved, or ever could prove, that motion *in vacuo* could continue uniform *ad infinitum*, without any agency beyond our own; and once admit that it is not so, that the constant propagation of force is due to a power constantly sustaining all the forces of the universe, and you admit at once, that our *modes of conceiving* the motion of the planets, though the simplest to us, are not either the simplest, or the necessary modes of actually maintaining them in their orbits to the creator and sustainer of all force: for, which would then be the simpler, to maintain constantly the uniform motion of projection, and the accelerating force of gravity at each point of

the planet's course, or to guide the planet (according to the same laws certainly, but) *without* any such resolution of effort in two distinct directions, through space? We put this case simply to show that Mr. Mill's assertions of these distinct forces as existing facts, is not only entirely unproved, but even unlikely, on the spiritual hypothesis of force; and, however lightly Mr. Mill may think of that hypothesis, he must at least admit that the mere *possibility* of an opposite belief at once reduces his high assertion of fact down to one of mere explanation. To us, indeed, it is inconceivable that dead force could continue unsupported for a moment beyond its creation, as we cannot even conceive of change or phenomena without the energy of a mind: we know the kind of reply that Mr. Mill would make to such a notion; we know that he would say in his majestic, judicial way—"Inquiries of this kind have no relation to Logic; they belong to the science of Transcendental Metaphysics; but I must renew my protest against adducing as proof of a fact in external nature, any necessity which the human mind may be conceived to be under, of believing in it." We shall hope hereafter to show that Mr. Mill is under the necessity that he so often and so authoritatively repudiates; but at present we are only concerned to show that he cannot establish any distinction between the case of *causal* explanation, and simple description, where the hypothetical cause or force cannot be separately observed. All that is *known* is, that the planets do move in ellipses round the sun; whether they do so by means of two distinct forces (capable of producing such a motion) or by means of a guiding power which results in the same visible orbit, Mr. Mill has no power to decide; and any other inductive explanation (such as Des Cartes's vortex) would be just as plausible as the Newtonian, did it give us as simple a mode of calculation, and contradict no observed phenomena.

Before proceeding to examine what the true ground of Induction is, we may remark that we think Mr. Mill has omitted to exclude one kind of Induction, improperly so called, from his scientific use of the word;—an omission which, more than any other cause, has tended both to confuse his own book, and to render still more mysterious to Dr. Whewell the precise nature of the inductive

inference, which he represents as so darkly thrust upon the mind: we mean that both Mr. Mill and Dr. Whewell, continually speak as if the mere *suggestion* of a cause or explanation to the mind, were an act of Induction. Dr. Whewell, indeed, at the beginning of his little reply to Mr. Mill, makes some very sensible remarks on the wide distinction between practical instincts and rational inference, and charges Mr. Mill (with some justice, we think) with confounding the two. Nevertheless, he himself is wholly unable to distinguish between the two; and while claiming Induction exclusively for speculative thought (which seems to us quite unwarranted,* as it is, beyond all question, the only ground of practical inference in common life), he often identifies it with the process of habitual association. When he calls the mere guess of a scientific man Induction, he merely confuses the effect of the law of association acting on a mind stored with analogies, with true inference justified by known analogies or observation itself. That Mr. Mill is not free from the same error, we may see by his speaking of the notion that eclipses were the forerunners of calamities, and several other mere cases of associated thoughts, as a kind of Induction; that it was a mere *suggestion* of the fearful superstitions of men, and not an *inference* of any sort, seems at least highly probable; and though, of course, the supposition is possible that some loose empirical connection was established, it seems unlikely and needless: and Mr. Mill would never have used such examples of insufficient generalizations,—where there is in truth no proper reasoning at all,—did not his theory oblige him to identify in their ultimate foundation, the associative and the reasoning faculty. This remark then, that no mere suggestion or association has any right to the name of *inference*, leads us to the discussion

* To say as Dr. Whewell does in this little pamphlet (p. 8, § 6)—“If from habit or practical skill, I make one billiard-ball strike another so as to produce the velocity which I wish, without knowing or thinking of the general law, the term Induction cannot rightly be applied,”—seems to us utterly untrue. By what are we taught to expect the common consequences of life, if not by Induction? Is it meant that a generically different process of mind is employed when a *physician* suspects poison from the same symptoms which suggests the same idea to another man, simply because the one is able to fill up the intervening links of causation between the action of the poison and the symptoms, while another concludes directly to the remoter cause? No assumption could be more unwarranted.

of the true basis on which our faculty of inductive reasoning rests.

Dr. Whewell has no view on this subject at all, so that we are fortunately saved the trouble of criticism. He gives us his last and most complete view of the inductive process in his *Philosophy* (Vol. II. Book xiii. c. i.), where he analyzes it into six processes,—(1) Decomposition of facts, (2) Measurement of phenomena, (3) Explication of Conceptions, (4) Induction of laws of phenomena, (5) Induction of Causes, (6) Application of Inductive discoveries. Of these, the first three are strictly processes subsidiary to Induction, and though containing excellent practical rules and helps, for observing and detecting the relations of phenomena, not touching the philosophical problem at all. And in the last three, he deliberately slips the act of Induction itself, neither asks after its ground nor its justification, and proceeds quietly to show that the cause or law inferred may be believed in provisionally, if it leads to true results; with more certainty, if it opens out new truths; and positively, if different effects lead up independently to the same hypothetical cause or explanation as the ground of each. This is the *whole* of Dr. Whewell's analysis of the mental process of Induction: he gives us his view indeed as to the origin of the principle of causation; but how he applies that view to visible antecedents, why we are to select any particular antecedent as cause, and what are the laws of right inference, he leaves so utterly unnoticed, that we do not suppose he had any misgiving that he had missed anything, or had anything to miss. Even this little pamphlet contains as much of the actual philosophy of Inductive science, as the two large volumes through which he so industriously hunts a system in the forlorn hope that something will turn up, but finds only history, and is obliged to content himself with noting what he finds in its original unanalyzed shape. It is curious how instinctively Dr. Whewell falls back upon the history of science, even while professing to unfold its rationale: with him it is the instinct of Genius; and we only regret that he so mistook his own powers, as to add so miserable a commentary as his *Philosophy*, to so great a work as his *History of Inductive Science*.

Mr. Mill's theory of Induction is shortly this. All in-

ference is inductive (deduction being only the interpretation of formulæ originally established by Induction), and is, in its ultimate nature, simply the result of past association. A is a mark of B, because A and B have been conjoined in our experience; that is, the one *suggests* the other. Reasoning therefore is always from particulars to particulars (so, however, that wherever one inference is warranted, a general inference as to a class resembling that particular in all essential respects, is equally warranted—thus, from the proposition, All our ancestors without exception have died, we infer that the Duke of Wellington will die, but have an equal right to infer that *any man*—i. e. that *all men*—now living will die); and hence, “nothing is required to render reasoning possible, except senses and association; senses, to perceive that two facts are conjoined; association, as the law by which one of these two facts raises up the idea of the other.”—(Logic, Vol. II. Book iv. c. iii. § 3.) And the canon of probable inference, for no *certain* inference is, in the first instance, possible, which alone is applicable to all kinds and sorts of reasoning, especially the primary universal inferences, which *support* all strict laws of belief, is this—“Certain individuals have a given attribute; an individual or individuals resemble the former in certain other attributes; therefore they resemble them also in the given attribute.”—(Vol. I. Book ii. c. iii. § 7.) To apply this theory to the establishment of any laws of reasoning, it is requisite to observe, that before any phenomenon *a*, we usually observe the same antecedent A, so that A becomes to us a sign of *a*, and when we see A, we *infer a*;—this was not always universally the case, so that there was a time when no one would have dared to assert that before any change, *a*, there must have been a uniform antecedent, A, of such a kind that whenever A had been seen, *a* might be *infallibly* predicted. But further observation has detected before *every* phenomenon that can be examined at all, some such unconditional antecedent, or at least traces of it, and if there had been any case where it was not so, we must have known it, because changes in every part of our universe have been observed every day since man was upon the earth, and never was it yet found [how could it have been *observed* even if it *had* really happened?] that there was a

phenomenon without such an antecedent as, if repeated, would be again followed by the same event. Hence, in the present state of the world at least, uniform and uncontradicted experience (which must, says Mr. Mill, have been contradicted, were there any experience of the opposite kind in existence) has shown us that where a change has happened, there has been some antecedent which would be invariably and unconditionally followed by that change; [*now any future change or phenomenon resembles all former changes in being a change (i. e. in one respect), therefore it (probably) resembles them also in this other respect, and will have some invariable and unconditional antecedent, i. e. will have a cause;] hence, the proposition that every change will have a cause (i. e. antecedent invariably and unconditionally followed by the same change), has the highest degree of certainty which human experience can give it.† This principle established, Mr. Mill deduces without difficulty his inductive canons; but we must pause to examine somewhat minutely the important step he has made.

The theory of inference here adopted by Mr. Mill, states that the mind is *carried on* in thought from the evidence, to the thing evidenced, that this is the whole and only operation: that if the mind be thus irresistibly carried on, the inference is certain; if only prominently, so that it remain partially open to different successions in its place, the inference is only probable; and that these different degrees of mental connection correspond to different numbers of repetitions in past experiences. What becomes then of Mr. Mill's lofty and reiterated censure of those who "adduce as evidence of the truth of fact in external nature any necessity that the human mind may be conceived to be under of believing it?" The law of association is simply and purely a necessity of the human mind, in reproducing and forcing upon it again, conjunctions which have once or oftener taken place within its observation, and any belief which rests upon this law, which expects a, after seeing A, because A and a have been previously connected in observation, does

* We put this in brackets because it is a link in the argument, apparently not supplied but only implied by Mr. Mill, yet obviously quite necessary to his reasoning.

† See Vol. I. Book iii. c. iii. and v.; and especially Vol. II. c. xxi.

not "adapt itself to the realities of things," but only to its own inward necessity. Mr. Mill entirely fails to point out any distinction between the law of association and any other laws of mind (proved to be such) justifying us in accepting the one as more *objective* than any other. A casual reader would be led to suppose, from his mode of writing in these and other places, that Mr. Mill had really dispensed with so ungrounded an hypothesis as laws of *mind* altogether, and had succeeded in identifying his mind, in every respect, with the outward world and its laws.—He might perhaps reply that the superior safety of the law of association lies *not* in its always ruling its expectations by past facts (which obviously need not necessarily be a good guide to the future), but in its self-verification in generally *coming out* right. But this must be the case with any law of evidence that could be shown to be even plausible, much more true; there is no question about inventing an imaginary law of evidence, but only about determining the true nature of the existing law: whatever it is, or has been, it must agree with the facts of human inference; and the point now at issue is *not* whether the associative law or any other law most accurately corresponds with the *facts* of human belief, but what reason Mr. Mill has for asserting that a law which *compels* us to expect the future to resemble the past, is, *per se*, in the least less liable to the charge of adducing subjective necessity as evidence for the truth of an objective fact, than any other law of mind whatever, whether *a priori* or otherwise. We are not at present arguing against the actual law assumed by Mr. Mill, but only against the unfair attempt to establish it, not by showing its more perfect agreement with the facts of belief, but by arbitrarily asserting, that it alone, of all laws, does not bring any internal necessity as evidence of an external truth. The attempt, so often made, to disclaim any law of belief different from those of external occurrence, could only come to disclaiming any possibility of belief not warranted by actual *observation*; so that no belief at all could be possible *before* an event: if the expectation of future facts is to be formed upon the experience of past facts, then this is, in itself, a law of mind, and of mind *only*, which brings as evidence of an outward fact "a necessity which the human mind is believed to be

under, of believing it ;" and is therefore protested against by Mr. Mill.

We think then that we have proved that we may, or rather *must*, put faith in the laws of our own mind, whatever these may be, if we are to believe anything about future events at all, even of those of external nature ; and that if Mr. Mill's protest is worth anything, it is directed against his own theory of evidence, quite as strongly as against any other. The next remark we have to make upon this rationale of the process of evidence, is, that its whole basis, viz. that every change has (to a moral certainty) an invariable and unconditional antecedent, i. e. one which will, in every case, be followed by the same change, is obviously founded on the theory of probabilities, and is, in truth, simply an application of that theory to a particular case. We have heard it asked why Mr. Mill has not put his chapter on Chances *before* his chapter on the ground of Induction ; and certainly we found it on consideration quite impossible to explain. He would obviously have given much greater unity to his book by so doing, and would have relieved his readers of much of the mystification which we felt, when we were suddenly introduced to the law of universal causation, without a word of explanation about its evidence, except that it was a truth grounded on familiar observation. This of course assumes that observations of the past are (according to their degree of universality and familiarity) grounds of presumption for the future ; but nowhere does Mr. Mill explain why this is the case, or even refer it explicitly to the law of association (except incidentally in a chapter of the Fourth Book quoted above, on operations subsidiary to Induction, when all the theory of the process itself is completed), nor does he explicitly refer his doctrine of probabilities to the same law, but only, in general terms, grounds them both on experience (or the absence of all experience).—Surely he ought to have considered and classed together our inferences from *uniform* or nearly uniform experience (moral certainty), and from occasional experience (moral probability) ; the law of causation, he says, rests on the one, and we therefore expect an invariable unconditional antecedent for every change with perfect confidence ; but that does not alter the *principle* of our expectation, which is identical with that of a probable

guess; and no one who considers the question for a moment, will deny that Mr. Mill ought to have prefixed to his book on Induction, an analysis of the principle of expectation, and then immediately grounded upon this his doctrine of probability, of analogy, and of certainty; and so made us to understand *why* he considers the axiom of universal causation to be morally certain. Assuredly to have done so, would materially have altered the whole of his book on Induction. Let him once have stated clearly, that the association of A with *a*, in fact, is the only ground for our expecting its association in similar cases, and that the strength of such past association is a *minimum* measure of its probability in *every* case (though of course no *sufficient* measure where A can be shown to be related to *a*, as cause to effect, because then the special probability reaches the same certainty as the general truth that every change is preceded by some invariable and unconditional antecedent), and we should not have had the confusion, of founding the whole doctrine of chances and of causation upon analogy, and then making analogy to depend entirely upon causation. Certainly when we found Mr. Mill stating as the ultimate principle of all inference that because an individual resembles certain other individuals in some one or more ways, therefore it will resemble them also in other ways (which is the principle of analogy), we were not prepared to find him asserting that analogy is worthless, unless we have reason to suspect that the inferred resemblance is connected *by causation* with the perceived resemblance. Lest our readers should doubt that so clear-headed a writer could have so slighted and reversed his own theory, we quote his own words: he says,—

“ We conclude that a fact *m*, known to be true of A, is more likely to be true of B, if B agrees with A in some of its properties (even though no connection is known to exist between *m* and these properties), than if no resemblance at all could be traced between B and any other thing known to possess the attribute *m*. To this argument it is of course [!] requisite, that the properties common to A with B shall be merely not known to be connected with *m*; they must not be properties known to be unconnected with it. If, either by processes of elimination, or by deduction from previous knowledge of the laws of the property in question, it can be concluded that they have nothing to do with *m*, the argument of analogy is put out of court. The sup-

position must be that *m* is an effect really dependent upon some property of A, but we know not upon which."—C. xx. § 2, Vol. II. p. 99.

In other words, the argument from analogy is good to prove the law of causation, to make us believe that, because we see the same consequents always following the same antecedents, it will be so in other cases also; but for any other purpose it must not be used for a moment. The association of phenomena is good ground for anticipating their association, while we keep within the sphere of causation; but once go beyond, and then the same association which was set up as a presumption for *all* unknown cases, loses its function, and becomes simply worthless. That which is Mr. Mill's ground for the doctrine of chances, upon which really the whole fabric of his system is built, ceases to be his ground directly he has got rid of the difficulty of establishing a fixed point from which to reason; and the old friend who relieved him, when in need, by lending him the whole of his logical capital, is cut directly he has provided himself with richer resources, and even talked of as a poor dependent. Surely Mr. Mill means to assert that constant experience in the past, is moral certainty for the future; and that frequent experience is moral probability, and that too, antecedent to *all* doctrine about causation (which is only established upon it). If this be the case, what right can he have to say subsequently, that such experience is no criterion whatever, *unless* there be reason to suspect causation? There *was* no reason to suspect causation in that mythical period (where does Mr. Mill place it? before the historical period? or even so late as the revival of learning?) of which he speaks when there was no conclusive reason to believe in causes at all; cause was an idea not then established, and as he says, all expectation must then have been formed from the induction *per enumerationem simplicem* merely, i. e. "because it does happen so in some cases, it will happen so in similar cases;" and this was the reason first for suspecting, then for expecting, lastly for believing, that all events would have invariable antecedents; surely this expectation was *rational* expectation?

Why Mr. Mill calls it "unreasoning" (Vol. II. p. 111, c. 21), when it has helped him to such a truth, we cannot

understand ; for reason to be founded on unreason, is most paradoxical : and it seems to us sheer ingratitude to revile a principle to which he owes his logic itself. If this principle aided us before any proof of invariable laws at all, why then may it not guide us now, whenever those laws fail to help us ? The doctrine of probability is entirely based on this principle, according to Mr. Mill (see pp. 78, 79, vol. ii.). There he is more consistent, not attributing, in words at least, our expectation to any guess at causes, but simply to an instinct that experience on the whole is uniform ; why he should reject the same principle in the exactly similar case of analogy we are at a loss to say, except indeed on the hypothesis, that his doctrine of causation contains radical errors, which confuse him at every turn. The truth seems to be that Mr. Mill (like many other able reasoners, who so rejoice in their power of both analysis and deduction that they can never be at peace if they are asked to take anything as ultimate, and simply to have faith in it) is rather well pleased, we imagine, than otherwise, at the shadowy *basis* which he gives us for Inductive science. To use one of his own terms, he has more fitness for the Dynamics than for the Statics of philosophy, and delighting in *Inference*, feels the more at ease the further he can travel from the $\alpha\rho\chi\eta$ of his science. He congratulates himself that, while it has served his turn, it is quite useless for any other purpose, and is decidedly glad to be able to warn his readers against the loose habit of unscientific inference, to which he and all of us are, according to him, nevertheless indebted for the possibility of scientific rules. He evidently hates any unproved assumption as belonging to the sphere of transcendental metaphysics, a region which he regards with mingled dread and asperity, as a kind of scientific purgatory, that must be passed in order to reach the paradise of Reasoning ; but to be shut out as soon as possible from the memory. Yet as he is too clear-sighted to think *all* can be proved, and nothing assumed, he trusts an original propensity of our nature for a while, only that he may dispense with it altogether, and thenceforth evidently owes it a grudge for ever having been necessary to him at all. We think, however, that this tendency of Mr. Mill to make the argument, from analogy (or what should be, with him, probable evi-

dence), depend wholly on causation, is not without foundation, though, in him, it is certainly inconsistent. As it is incumbent on us to suggest what seems a truer ground of induction, for that which we have criticised so freely in Mr. Mill, we will attempt to do so as shortly as possible.

We think, then, that it is a *necessary* part of the human mind to ascribe every change to an agency, power, or faculty, which is under the government of a will, just as our actions are produced by the exercise of volition, under the conditions prescribed by our limited powers : and that we are obliged to consider this producing agent as comprehending within itself the possibility of producing, under the same conditions, any number of similar changes ; i. e. as *potentially* the cause of that change whenever the surrounding limits to its voluntary power remain equally unobstructive. Thus we regard the motion of a man's arm as always possible to his will, provided no stroke of paralysis confine more closely the limits within each volition is effective. We quite agree with Mr. Mill that *phenomenal* causes, i. e. invariable antecedents in the physical world, are not required by any necessity of thought, and that it is quite possible to conceive of a sidereal world, in which phenomena follow no fixed outward laws ; but we believe that it is equally *impossible*, even for Mr. Mill, to conceive of *any* phenomena without a creating power that puts them forth, from a will conditioned by laws of its own. Thus, as far as induction goes, we seem to have no safer ground to stand upon than Mr. Mill, inasmuch as an inductive philosophy that is useless for physical inquiries, would be thought nearly futile. But this is surely not so. For once having a ground *within ourselves* (and we have shown, we think satisfactorily, that Mr. Mill has no better) to ascribe every change to a cause, and to assume the connected principle that the same force or energy acting under the same conditions must produce the same effect ; and we have a right, or are at least warranted by a very high presumption (the grounds of which we shall presently discuss), in identifying the perceived forces and conditions which are uniformly followed by the same phenomena of nature, with those which we were obliged, by an intellectual necessity, to acknowledge. We use the word *energy* in the statement of this principle in order to reconcile the facts of mind and

matter; 'cause' in mind, usually expresses the faculty of will itself, whereas it is only the *effected* volition which, under the same conditions, is *necessarily* believed to be followed by the same effect. The will only contains the energy of volition potentially; it need not put it forth; but once put forth, and put forth under the same limiting conditions, the same effect *must* ensue. Force in nature is analogous to (as we believe, identical with) energy of mind; and of that alone, amongst actual phenomena, can we conceive as having any really effective, creative power. Force creating motion, changing direction, calling out resistance, is surely no mere antecedent or token of the phenomena which follow it, but their actual producing power. When, therefore, we can perceive uniform antecedents of force under certain constant conditions, preceding every external change, we are warranted in believing on very strong presumptive evidence that these are the very same constant and *efficient* antecedents to which a mental necessity carried our thought; though we had no right to expect *à priori* that they would be accessible to observation; and though we have still no mode of conceiving (because only the production, not the propagation, of force falls within our consciousness) *how* their effects are produced. That there is a necessary efficient energy, limited by constant conditions which produces always the same effect, we take to be an *à priori* truth, that all really accept, however they may seek to explain it away. That there is a phenomenal law of causation we take to be an empirical truth; but this once established, it is natural and obvious to identify the two, and to regard the energy which must have produced the change as really exhibiting itself in the forces and conditions observed to precede it.* And on this, and this alone, we conceive, can the true theory of probabilities be based. To that we must now turn, and inquire into the basis of presumption and probability, and see whether Mr. Mill's assumptions can give us any ground for a true theory of the subject. The most obvious principle of probabilities

* Of course, the supposition of efficient causation acting *through* phenomena, rather than in a parallel series *behind* them, does not in the least affect the question of miracle; energy, as the result of will, may cease or change in the line of phenomena, just as it might if each phenomenon arose by a distinct unconnected effort. It is not that the same causes produce different effects, but the causes are *not* the same.

from which we must begin, and one admitted in his second edition even by Mr. Mill, is that we ought not to expect anything without a reason for it; in other words, that expectation is governed by positive laws, and does not act at all without indications. This principle is used to establish the fundamental doctrine of chances, that in drawing from a box containing any number of balls, any one ball is equally likely, because we have no reason for expecting one more than another. The same principle establishes our right to identify (provisionally at least) the necessary efficient agencies conceived by the reason, and the observed antecedents of forces and conditions in the phenomenal world; we have no reason to believe in more than one such series,—we require evidence (subjective or objective) to believe that there are two, and no such evidence exists. This, then, at once warrants us in expecting the same consequents from the same observed antecedents. The negative principle of expectation, however, only determines our expectation when we are required to expect nothing; we must have a certainty added (as in the case of the balls in the box), that *something* will happen, before this principle gives us the right to expect any one thing at all. But when we come to the positive part of expectation, we assert that we require the doctrine of causation, and that no theory of probabilities can have a true or solid basis without it. We maintain that when we are entitled to expect an event, it is through our having more knowledge of causes in its favour than of causes against it, or some knowledge of the former with none of the latter; and that when we reason from an event that has happened to one like it, it is through the link of suspecting a common (or similar) cause, which entitles us to infer the same effect; and that the real distinction between knowing the *absolute* probability of an event (as distinguished from our presumption of it, which is generally only the result of *imperfect* indications), and knowing the event itself, is just this, that in the one case (of absolute probability) we know (and can estimate accurately) the power of those causes or conditions which tend to produce or to prevent it, but are ignorant of those which tend *equally* to produce and to prevent it (termed, therefore, with reference to the event, accidents), while in the other case (of absolute knowledge) we know the latter as well as

the former. This last remark gives the reason why choosing balls of different colours from a box, or throwing dice, are the cases taken as the types of mathematical probabilities, because the causes and conditions tending to produce or to prevent any single choice or throw are known; while all the other and unknown causes and conditions (the motions of the arm with the dice-box, or the blind choice of the hand in the box) are strictly accidental, i.e., tending equally to produce and to prevent any particular event; at one time to produce, at another to prevent, indifferently. To take then the simplest case first; what is the reason that, in a box where there are nine black balls and one white, we expect to draw a black ball nine times as much (in other words, nine times as *often*, frequency being the gauge of intensity in expectation) as a white? obviously because the local conditions* are nine times as favourable, because the hand may alight in nine places and get a black ball, while it can only alight in one place and find a white ball; just for the same reason that we do not expect to succeed in finding a friend in a crowd, the conditions in order that we and he should come together being many and difficult. This of course would not hold to the same extent were the white balls of smaller size than the black, neither would the probability remain the same; the larger ball would be much more likely to meet the hand. But the case more to our purpose, and which represents exactly Mr. Mill's theory (so far as it can be reached), is not that where we reason directly from known causes or conditions to the consequences, but when we pass from an effect to a similar effect (in which case, we believe that the mind always reverts to the cause, and passes from the cause to a similar effect). Bishop Butler puts the real question at issue when he remarks that a very weak presumption often repeated will amount to moral certainty. "Thus a man's having observed the ebb and flow of the tide to-day affords some sort of presumption, though the lowest possible, that it will happen again to-morrow; but the observation of

* We do not say "*causes*" for reasons we shall afterwards give. But if the word 'cause' be used generally, to include all the conditions, it would not be incorrect.

this event for so many days, and months, and ages together, as it has been observed by mankind, gives us a full assurance that it will." How Mr. Mill would resolve the difficulty as to the nature of this kind of inference we do not feel sure; whether causation depends upon probability, or probability on causation, or each on the other, according to his view, is not clear: we incline to the latter hypothesis, though it is not so certain that it is so here, as in the case of analogy. But certainly it would be most consistent with his theory of reasoning, from particular to particular, to suppose that he gives his judgment in favour of reasoning directly from effect to effect. Besides, analogy is identical with this kind of probability, and the only reason we have for not believing that he has identified analogical and probable inference, is, that he has given them a separate chapter. But no inference as to Mr. Mill's permanent opinion on this subject is more than a very weak presumption; and our own belief is, that in this book the principles of causation do the work, while experience gets the credit.

We believe that in the case mentioned by Butler, the rationale of the expectation is this; we refer the phenomenon of tides to a cause, and after the first happening feel some slight presumption that it will happen again, because we know that a power is in existence which *can* produce it, and therefore *may* produce it again, and *will* if the same conditions recur (on the principle that the same cause or force acting on the same conditions produce the same effect). If this be not so, why do we feel so much more probability added by the *first* instance than by any *single* subsequent instance? why—except that the first instance gives us its possibility (a cause *adequate* to it), while every other only gives us the frequency of its conditions? If no reference to a cause be supposed, *possibility* would have no meaning; yet it is clear, that, antecedent to its happening, we might have supposed the event impossible, i.e., have believed that there was no physical energy really existing in the world equal to producing it: the word 'impossible' does not seem to us susceptible of any meaning, if the reference to a cause be denied; it could only mean that it 'never actually would happen,' which certainly might be supposed, but is not equivalent to

the other, though it is the only meaning that the phenomenal school of philosophy can give to the word.* In truth, were it possible to conceive of events happening without any cause or effective antecedents, we do not believe that any expectation about their repetition could be formed at all: there might indeed be the mere associative suggestion, but nothing that could make us really look out for it, because it could tell us of no 'why' for our doubts, and yet could not overrule them, as a necessary condition of thinking at all. While we regard a phenomenon as a loose stray event happening independently *in vacuo*, leading our thoughts to nothing else, however often it may thus please to straggle in upon us, we can form no expectation about it; but once regard it as a proceeding from a constant cause, and we immediately feel that it has a hidden root in existence, which may again put forth signs of life. After the first time of happening, which is, then, more important to the whole probability than any other single instance (because proving the possibility), the *number* of times becomes important as an index to the intensity or extent of the cause, and its independence of any particular time. If we took the case of a tremendous leap for instance, and wished to form an estimate of the probability of its succeeding a certain number of times; the first instance, by showing its possibility (before doubtful), is of the most importance; but every succeeding leap shows the power to be more perfectly under control, greater and more invariable, and so increases the probability; and no one would think of reasoning in this case straight from one instance to the next, without referring to the physical energy which each leap indicated. Is it not then clear that we do not ever conclude directly from the happening of an event to the probability of its happening again; but that we refer to the cause, regarding the past cases as an index to the cause, and the cause as our guide to the future?†

* Mr. Mill uses the word 'impossible' in the sense of 'opposed to a rigorous induction.' How any induction depending *originally* on an *Inductio per enumerationem simplicem*, could be rigorous enough to render a simple fact carefully attested *impossible*, it is difficult to see.

† Besides this, Mr. Mill's method (see Vol. II. c. xviii. p. 78), of obtaining the chance, by comparing the cases in which the event occurs, and those in which it does not occur, and regarding the numbers so found as the ratio of the chances of success and failure, would generally be wholly erroneous. It

We believe then that we have established that the theory of probabilities really depends on the two principles of causation, and with it all the inference of common life, which is merely probable inference without any help from actual calculation. When Newton concluded that because the diamond had a high refracting power, it was combustible, he guessed that those qualities would not be so often seen together, were they not connected by causation; in fact, that the refracting power was caused by something which also produced the property of combustion. If it be said, that while we refuse to admit the phenomena of yesterday as evidence for the phenomena of to-day, we yet admit the causes of yesterday as evidence for the causes of to-day; we reply that the difference is this,—the phenomenon is passed, and directly it is passed it is evidence for nothing, it is a thing no more; but the cause or force is by its very conception something that does not pass away without a counteracting force, or the withdrawal of the energy hitherto exercised, and such events we have no ground to expect; the same principle that prevents us from expecting a cause or an event without a reason, prevents us from expecting a *change* in an existing cause without a reason for it: the existing energies that produce phenomena, we expect to exist till some proof is given to the contrary; the phenomena themselves give us their own reason for not expecting them; they leave us.—When the planet changes its place in the ellipse, we do not expect it, on account of

is not the *true* theory of probability. This would regard an event as *certain* which had hitherto never failed, which is exceedingly far from the truth, even for a very large number of constant successes. The true mode of obtaining the probability from past experience, is to assume that the *antecedent probability* (before the happening) might have been anything between 0 and 1, say θ , then to calculate the chance that it has happened as it actually has, *in consequence of this particular chance* θ , from that to calculate the probability that it will happen for the given number of times in *future*, in consequence of this particular chance, (here is *assumed* that the same causes produce the same effects,) and then to sum all the chances so obtained between the values $\theta = 0$, and $\theta = 1$, since the whole chance of getting this result will be the sum of all the chances of getting it from any one of the possible antecedent chances. Now in this process, what does the *antecedent* probability of an event's happening, which has never happened before, denote?—unless it be the degree of expectation that a mind ought to have felt that could have contemplated the *causes* in favour of and against the event, without those which tend equally to produce either. It *had* a probability, before it had ever happened, and this *could* only depend on the cause. The assumption of an *antecedent* probability involves therefore the conception of a cause.

its having had that position, ever to return to it again; that position is gone, apparently for ever, and we require positive evidence to expect it to return, which we get when we know the law of the cause or force, which never passes away, and which therefore only positive evidence could induce us to suppose gone.

In this discussion we have often assumed that cause means the whole assemblage of cause and conditions, but we have said that we believed cause and condition to be distinct. This is entirely denied by Mr. Mill, but, we think, on no sufficient grounds. The cause seems to us to be the active, the conditions the limiting or restraining element in producing phenomena. Mr. Mill argues, that what is called cause in one case is called condition in another, and adduces as instances cases in physical nature, when the confusion arises from not being able to say what is the active, and what the passive antecedents of the phenomenon, from the external position in which our mind stands to all the events of the phenomenal world. The true type of cause and condition is *will* and reasons (or purposes) in the mind; that which actually produces the effect, and that without which it would *not* so produce it (ἄλλο μὲν τι ἐστὶ τὸ αἷτιον τῷ ὄντι, ἄλλο δ' ἐκείνο, ἄνευ οὗ τὸ αἷτιον οὐκ ἂν ποτ' εἴη αἰτιόν*). But to take Mr. Mill on his own ground: even in external nature, we always apply the word 'cause' rather to that element in the antecedents which exercises *force*, and which would *tend* at all times to produce the same or a similar effect to that which, under certain conditions, it would actually produce. In Mr. Mill's case of a stone falling into a well, the force of gravity is thought of as the real cause, while the presence of the stone within the region where the earth's attraction is the strongest force, is the local *condition* of the event. Mr. Mill complicates the question by asking at the same time for the cause of more changes than one. One phenomenon requires a cause and conditions; but when we take a great number at once, there naturally is no possibility of picking out *the* cause, unless we choose, like Mr. Mill, to keep the word 'cause' for the *whole* assemblage of invariable antecedents (which is certainly a convenient use of it in Logic, as it is that only which we can

* Plato, Phædo, 99 B.

ascertain by the inductive canons). But when Mr. Mill asks for the cause, when a death takes place from eating unwholesome food, and decides that the cause is the whole assemblage of conditions of eating the food, combined with *particular* constitution, and state of the atmosphere, why does he not add the conditions of having bodily organs at all, of the existence of the food, &c., &c.? These things are all connected through causation; but so many causes combine, that it would be useless to require *the* cause at such a distance from the effect; but this may be noted, that no one would ever call the existence of bodily organs the cause, simply because that has no *tendency* to produce the effect, though it is a necessary condition of it. Such cases are unfair, and only complicate the question; that we do really reserve the word and the idea 'cause' for active force, wherever that element can be detected and separated, is clear enough; the reason that in physical science this is so difficult to do, is, that *all* matter is probably resolvable into force, so that there is no phenomenon physically *caused* which is not the result of conflicting forces, and we can only select the one whose tendency is most obvious to produce the phenomenon; but there are some conditions absolutely passive, and yet absolutely necessary to physical phenomena, viz., the *relations of space and time*; and to these no one ever applies the word 'cause' without being immediately corrected by those who hear him. Thus if any one says, "the cause of an eclipse is, that the moon is in the plane of the ecliptic," every one feels that he should have said "the condition;" it was a condition absolutely necessary, but utterly ineffective and passive, and is never considered a cause. Whereas if any one said that "the cause of an eclipse is the shadow thrown by the earth," or 'the opacity of the earth,' that, being regarded as the really active element in *resisting* in some way the passage of light, no one feels the incorrectness of the phrase; and yet the passive condition is quite as *necessary* to the event as the active obstruction. So, too, every one would feel Mr. Mill's example, that "the cause of a surprise was the sentinel's being off his post," as incorrect; the allurement or force which *drew* him off his post, might be so called, because in doing so it removed a resisting power which would have prevented the surprise: but by common

consent 'cause' is always reserved for the active element, or the prominently active element, in producing an effect; and in matters of personal causation, mental or physical, where the consciousness of effort comes home, no one ever misapplies the term to the passive conditions; no one calls the *cause* of a leap the muscles or sinews of the body, though they are necessary conditions; nor the cause of a self-sacrifice, the knowledge which was necessary to it; nor the cause of writing a book, that a man has time for it (which is a necessary condition); there is quite enough consent amongst men in their employment of the term, to prove that it does denote a distinct element, the active element in the production of phenomena; and its misapplication in physical nature is easily accounted for by the impossibility of being able to perceive or understand the active element in processes quite external to our own consciousness.

But we must hasten to draw this prolix discussion to an end. Differing thus entirely with Mr. Mill as to the rationale of the inductive process, the grounds of inductive inference, and the facts of consciousness which we express by expectation, or probability, we agree entirely with him (if he really intends that this is the basis of his whole work) that the ascertainment of a cause (in the sense of the whole assemblage of active and passive conditions) is grounded entirely on probability, because the assumption that there will always be invariable phenomenal antecedents at all, is one of no necessary kind.* True, we believe that probability itself rests in our minds on the faith in efficient causes, and is only the state of mind in which we perceive the traces of causes more or less frequent in their operation; but the induction of phenomenal causes rests entirely on the grounds of probability, joined with the natural presumption (valid till anything is proved to the contrary) that these are themselves the real efficient energies.

Once having passed the establishment of the fundamental

* *Assuming* the doctrine of efficient causes, we might easily calculate the probability for uniform physical antecedents from the observed uniformity now established: but without this assumption this is impossible, as the calculation itself involves the principle that the same causes produce the same effects.

principle of Induction, the theory becomes simple enough, and the practical applications only are difficult. All the rest of the process consists in observing or obtaining the causes supposed to be possible, and excluding (as at least not *complete* causes, in the larger sense) those which are not followed by the phenomenon, and retaining (as at least necessary conditions) those whose removal is followed immediately by the disappearance of the phenomenon ; and when these methods will not apply, success may be obtained by observing the changes in antecedents which accompany the changes in consequents (on the principle that an effect cannot vary without a variation in its cause, so that anything which remains entirely unchanged while the phenomenon varies cannot be its whole cause, at least), or by removing known causes, and then effects, in order to reach more clearly the unknown residual cause. The theory of this part of the subject is stated clearly ; and even if not systematized into the most symmetrical form, yet it is given much more systematically by Mr. Mill than had been previously done. The method of residues might perhaps have been left to enumerations of practically useful rules, like those of Dr. Whewell ; there is nothing peculiar to it depending on the theoretical definition of cause, and it may be classed among the contrivances for simplifying and resolving the phenomena to be observed. Dr. Whewell criticizes Mr. Mill's *examples* with much severity, and probably not without some reason : but this does not affect the theory, which is independent of such examples, being the true rationale of operations which Dr. Whewell and every one else performs every day in judging of the matters of common life.

We must notice one point more before we conclude. Dr. Whewell and Mr. Mill are at variance as to the function of Deduction in the future history of physical science, but they both agree to maintain that deduction alone is likely to effect much in the further progress of the moral sciences, on the ground that we have arrived already at the highest generalizations of these sciences. We confess that we look on such an opinion with extreme astonishment. In political economy indeed, this is certainly true ; but in psychology, ethics, and religious philosophy, we confess that we should scarcely expect such an opinion, from any

thinker, except one who believed in the omnipotence of the laws of association, the results of Scotch analysis, or the philosophy of a Bridgewater treatise. The great failure of these sciences has been mainly owing to the difficulty of seizing fast the living phenomena of mind before they vanish, leaving only faint heavy traces on the memory; this recommendation encourages the disposition to avoid this difficulty by accepting the old rough generalizations, which would only represent the shadows of mental phenomena, and using them to deduce tight sharp systems, which (like that of the late Mr. Mill) manage to explain a small portion of our experience, by declining to believe in the greater part of it altogether. In the physical sciences it is the ascertainment of the probable cause which is difficult; the process of verification by comparison with the results of empirical laws is easy and definite: we know clearly what facts ought to be deduced, and how far they do correspond with the results of theory. The difference in the case of the mental and moral sciences is one worthy of note, and suggests we believe the true solution of Dr. Whewell's difficulty (so strangely solved in his book by quietly re-stating it in another shape) as to why the Greeks failed so entirely in physical science. That it was not anything inherent in the inductive process is evident enough; they reasoned with all the practical skill of a cultivated nation, and all practical inference involves the inductive process. Besides, as Dr. Whewell says, they observed facts accurately, and classed them with judgment: and Plato's inductions as to the meanings of words are excellent specimens of the most perfect inductions. But their stumbling-block was one as to the *nature* of the evidence they had to expect for their conviction. Accustomed to the inductions of mental science,—where no cause could even be suggested that did not contain something capable of deduction into a very *similar* effect, where the *probability* of a suggestion was seen even before it could be thrown out at all, and the mind knew before it began its search what *kind of cause* it must look for,—they looked out for the same kind of evidence for a physical cause before they even thought of trying it, and expected to find some evidence in a mental comparison, although neither the operation of the cause nor the nature of the effect were acces-

sible to their consciousness : they had not seized the idea that they must not expect to understand the *processes* of outward causes, but only to know their results ; and consequently the whole physical philosophy of the Greeks was an attempt to *identify mentally* the effect with its cause, to feel often some not only necessary but *natural* connection, where they meant by *natural*, that which would, *per se*, carry some presumption to their own mind, as the suggestion of mental causes for mental effects were accustomed to do. They wanted to see some *reason* why the physical antecedent should produce this particular consequent, and their only attempts were in directions where they could find such reasons. Thus all the Greek physical philosophy began by assuming that all changes were only alterations of form, not of substance, and attempting to indicate them by something which professed to detect the same elements in different disguises, or the same atoms in different local positions. They could not enter into the mode of real change, and so they disbelieved it ; their theories, such as they are, all strive to render obvious at once to the mind the kind of connection between cause and effect. The Pythagoreans detected mathematical analogies ; Plato, mathematical and moral ; the Ionians one single, all-pervading, physical principle ; and others the local changes of eternal atoms ; and even Aristotle gropes after phrases for physical facts (as ' natural' and ' violent,' &c.), which may help to convey a kind of factitious mental authority, from their associations with mental experience. It was the necessary absence of this kind of evidence in physical inquiries, we think, which so long shut out the Greeks from our physical knowledge ; and it is perhaps the presence of this kind of evidence in mental inquiries, that keeps our moral sciences so backward, while the physical have gained so much. Accustomed to find verification easy and safe for physical inductions, and the induction of causes difficult, we are at once misled by the *prima facie* plausibility of the inductions of mental science, and by the *apparent* agreements of deduction with empirical law ; quite forgetting that a much more stringent comparison is needed in mental phenomena to *identify* a result of theory with a fact of consciousness than is requisite in physical science. In truth, the question of *resemblance*

between the result of theory and fact must generally be at rest even before the hypothesis is hazarded, and the only question is as to *identity*, which in this case is very difficult to decide. It seems to us that there is no branch of science where the inductive process is so requisite, where so much care is required in grasping the true phenomenon to be accounted for, unmutilated and unchanged, and where there is so much difficulty in doing it, as that of mental and moral philosophy: since here the deductive process, which generally keeps off erroneous conclusions in other inquiries, is but little safeguard. This decision of Mr. Mill, as to the future progress of mental sciences, is more inconsistent in him, because he takes a very high ground, not, we think, always tenable, as to the tests of hypotheses. He says (Vol. II. c. xiv. p. 23) of a hypothetical law, that it is no argument whatever in favour of it that it should predict new results, before unknown, which turn out to be true; because if the analogy extends far enough to warrant its assumption at all, it is almost equally likely to extend further than at first perceived, and suggest new truths. What is here said as to a hypothetical law is equally true of a law established by induction, if that induction be insufficient and be applied to cases quite different from those for which it was made; and this is the case, as it seems to us, with almost all the generalizations of our present psychology; moreover, the test of predicting *new* truths by deduction is one scarcely applicable to a science of human nature, where almost all truths are empirical long before they are deduced, and where artificial experiment for peculiar cases is quite impossible.

Here we must bring this very insufficient though lengthened survey of some of the principal questions of Inductive Philosophy to a conclusion. It is a somewhat presumptuous, and not an easy task, to criticise so able a thinker as Mr. Mill, especially when his writings appear to have quite subdued the not very independent spirit of English philosophy. The prolonged silence with which his book has been received by English critics seems to imply a surrender without terms; and in fact the qualities of Mr. Mill's mind are eminently calculated to impress and frighten our countrymen into silence, even when unconvinced. The dread of mysticism in this country, or even of the mere

imputation of assuming anything that is not capable of proof, is almost morbid, and Mr. Mill's quiet contempt for any superfluity of belief is likely enough to intimidate, even where his arguments do not overwhelm. And in truth even the extreme of incredulity is more tolerable in philosophy than the tendency to admit without the strictest examination, as foreign philosophers so often do, that any psychological fact is ultimate. Still the theoretical results of the incredulous school are often more astonishing, and this, by far the ablest statement of what may be called the *multum-in-parvo* school of philosophy, constantly seems to us rather to create than deduce its conclusions. Valuable as Mr. Mill's book is, we do not think that even the *Logic of Induction* (by far its most important and, in our estimation, its least erroneous part) has received from him a really permanent form, since the principles of symmetric arrangement seldom or never reveal themselves, while the fundamental assumptions of a science remain erroneous or unfixed.

ART. V.—RECENT POETRY: KINGSLEY; TRENCH;
BURBIDGE AND CLOUGH.

1. *The Saint's Tragedy, or the true Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, Saint of the Romish Calendar.* By Charles Kingsley, Jun., Rector of Eversley. With a Preface by Professor Maurice. London: John W. Parker, West Strand.
2. *The Story of Justin Martyr; Sabbath; and other Poems.* By Richard Chenevix Trench. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street.
3. *Poems from Eastern Sources.* By Richard Chenevix Trench.
4. *Ambarvalia—Poems.* By Thomas Burbidge and Arthur H. Clough. London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. F. Macpherson, Oxford.

It has always seemed to us an assertion the most false and untenable, that as science extends its discoveries, the province of poetry must contract. As the theology of some would reduce the Deity to a great First Cause, not the immanent Spirit of all things,—would designate Him the original *Creator* rather than the all-*sustainer*,—and in every new-found law of the material world, find a fresh link in the tremendous chain that severs us from God Himself—the first of the great series—so the philosophy of others, following hard upon the same track, and by a mode of reasoning that we are unable to comprehend, has found likewise, in the increasing empire of scientific truth, a highway of banishment for the divine inspiration of the poet. What there can be in the recognition of a beautiful consistency, an harmonious order, characterizing this vast universe as the natural expression of the changeless and ever-active will of the Great Supreme, to limit the sources or confine the action of poetic genius, we cannot even surmise, although we have often heard it confidently stated, that as Science advances, Poetry must retire; as the one spreads her dominion, the other must gradually

shrink away, till Science having accomplished her work, and revealed to the world every secret of creation, gazes over her vast domains, sole monarch of the mind—beholding not even the last point of space from which she has finally dislodged the spirit that once delighted and enraptured man. The theory seems to have arisen from an idea (partially true) that Poetry draws its vitality from the sphere of the *unknown*. Now though we believe that all the sublimest poetry of man *is* connected more or less with the mysterious, it is certainly not the case that all true poetry *must* owe its interest to its choice of topics above our human comprehension. There is a vast deal of descriptive poetry, of a high order, that concerns itself only with the beautiful things of this visible earth—hill and valley, and lake, and storm, curling vapour, and floating cloud—and though there should be a sense of the mysterious in the mind of the describing poet—a feeling of reverential wonder at the beauty or grandeur he would paint (the sources and continuous existence of which he cannot comprehend), still he is not necessarily conscious of this; at all events he does not necessarily give expression to the feeling, and as he deals with visual phenomena familiar to all, every one can see the power of the poet and the fidelity of his pen, and many would confess it who had no idea that there might be in his mind something more than a mere perception of the beautiful and sublime: there *might* be or there might *not*. The pleasure we derive from the purely descriptive poetry of Sir Walter Scott depends upon its faithfulness to the real beauties described, and perhaps to that infusion of the imaginative and the romantic, which leave the mind so much to fill up for itself; and though it may be said that his poems, like his stories, owe something of their interest to the author's love of the *marvellous*, it can hardly be maintained that he deals much with the *mysterious*. Byron, too, one of the most vivid describers of Nature's beautiful and sublime features that can be cited, deals for the most part directly with the known, the visible and tangible, and not with the hidden powers beyond our reach. How did advancing Science affect his genius? Would he have written more or better, had its discoveries been fewer? We can see no reason why. But then we confess we hold mere descriptive poetry to belong decidedly

to the lowest class, and it is certainly true that as we rise thence to a higher and a higher, we find ourselves approaching nearer and nearer to a conviction of the fact, that the poetical is largely based on the mysterious. At the same time, the truth is not one that will be always realised; for when we come to dramatic poetry, though now and then (as in the case of Hamlet) the mysteries of life are distinctly recognised, few would call the vivid delineation of fine characters by Shakspeare or Schiller, poetry that dealt directly with the mysterious and unknown. We do not say that this opinion would be strictly correct; for in the play of human affections, in the fluctuation of human feelings, in the inconsistencies of human character, there lies as deep a mystery as can well be found. The life of the spirit is indeed a *hidden* life; but still this mystery is one with which all are so familiar, consciously or unconsciously, that if it is not brought prominently forward by the dramatist, his works are not supposed to depend for their interest and vitality on their reference to things unseen and unsearchable. Nor is it so, indeed, more than incidentally. He may take his observations entirely from without; his instincts may give him free admission into the characters of men, and though nothing is more strange and inexplicable than this intuitive sympathy, the mysterious means by which his knowledge was obtained does not necessarily impress his own mind, nor will it appear upon the face of his productions. Here then is poetry dealing with the actual and familiar, rather than with the mysterious and unknown; and yet this is one of the most fruitful spheres of exercise for the divine art, and though really concerned with the deep secrets of human nature, and setting forth the strange varieties of human thought and feeling, purpose and disposition, is, to all appearance, treating of those manifest relations of life which owe their interest, not to our ignorance of the laws of mind which the progress of metaphysical science has in some degree dispelled, and may dispel yet further, but to human sympathies and affections, which never change from age to age. When, therefore, it is said, that the existence of poetry is only compatible with limited knowledge, the statement can by no means receive our assent; for it seems to ignore the fact that half our finest Poets deal

with human character familiar to us all, and claim our attention through the universality of those elements of our nature, which they clothe in the beautiful garments of their inventive fancy. And what can science do here? It can never explain away the freedom of the human will, can never show us to be systematic pieces of mechanism, who are living voluntary agents, and, accordingly, the portraiture of man, with all his passions and wilfulness, his nobleness and sin, his joys and sorrows, his speculative thought and ardent sympathy, will remain for ever, and among all people, a subject of deep interest and profound study: and while the poet is penetrating the mysterious veil of the soul by a quick perception and ready experience, he may display his characters so completely in the true light of nature, as to leave no apprehension upon the reader's understanding of the mysteries which he grasps and rules: and though he is really treading in a land, the rise and growth of which he cannot possibly explain, still it cannot be called a land *unknown*, being, as it is, one which he has so carefully and so fully surveyed, though by means which he himself cannot comprehend. And, again, were the theory true that mystery must be the companion or nurse of poetry, the omniscient Creator, the great Ποιητής of the Universe, could claim no such title at all; and indeed, according to some, He is but a wondrous mechanician of surpassing science, who performs His great works by availing Himself of His perfect *knowledge* of the properties which He has Himself *invented*. We, however, are wont to look upon His creations as produced at the same moment, and by the same spontaneous exercise of volition, with which their coherent properties are first conceived. We are wont to regard the Deity as *the great and sublime poet*; for what is the bright vision of this earth's beauty but the glorious realization of His grand imaginative thought? and what are His diviner works—the spirits of heroes and of saints, but the expression of His pure desire and wakeful affection? what the great ideal of humanity himself, but the fulness of the Deity's conception and the offspring of His perfect love? And yet there can be no mystery with God. Poetry, therefore, which would seem to be, in all its higher phases, the expression of affections through the medium of imagination, *may con-*

cern itself with things intelligible and familiar, that lie immediately *within* the region of experience : it does not necessarily require the aid of mystery ; and yet we freely confess, that the noblest strains of man are those in which he rises above the actual and demonstrable to the invisible and unknown.

Now because poetry and mystery are perceived to be often closely bound together, therefore it has been alleged that the ancients only (Homer and Hesiod, e. g.) could indulge their imaginations with full freedom and success ;—that they could sing of the dusky air and the pure ether, as we cannot do, who are taught to think of the atmosphere as an elastic fluid, composed for the most part of nitrogen and oxygen, in the proportion of 79 to 21 : that Horace or Virgil could celebrate with effect the wandering moon or stormy winds, a task impossible for us to undertake with advantage, who know all about them, since we are able to predict and explain the eclipses of the former and even to describe its interior, and to account for the incursions and changes of the latter by the processes of rarefaction and condensation. But surely if the poet can no longer indulge his fancy upon these themes,—in picturing, e. g., the earth's real shape and limits (now discovered), or in conceiving brilliant theories about the stars, and their relative positions, and modes and periods of revolution, his eye is but opened to a vaster region of the infinite mysteries around him, which the discovery of nature's secrets but enables him more keenly to discern. The old bards looked on earth and man with eyes unenlightened by the now explored wonders of creation, and the constantly increasing revelations to the wakeful soul, with which our modern poets *must* be familiar. The position from which inspired men of former times looked out upon the world, was certainly one girt closely with thick clouds and dense mists, which we may say have now been swept away ; but if those clouds and mists once precluded the possibility of man's perceiving the *law* and *system* of the universe (unfavourable to poetry), of which *we* of the present day have become conscious, they also must have disabled him from perceiving, or even surmising, the power and grandeur of creation, and the vast infinitude of that realm of mystery beneath which he stood. The region of the unknown

being boundless, the changing of the point of sight of different generations can but alter the quality of their wonder and observations, and leave them still but as insect-spirits on the ocean's verge.—Indeed, so far are we from thinking that there is any truth in the idea that there is less room for poetry now than formerly, that we entertain a strong and vivid hope, nay a lively trust, that the coming ages will give to the world strains of inspiration such as Homer never sung, nor Dante wrote, nor Milton dictated in his most rapt and elevated hour. The more that man discovers thoughtfully, the more does he become conscious of the height, and breadth, and depth of being, through which no eye or penetrating mind can measure the infinitude of Deity. The further the ages bear us, the more light that is poured upon us from the growing past, just so much the more is the mind lifted up by cultivation and refinement, reading, and study and expanding wisdom, to see the smallness of visible realities, and the immensity of the unsearchable dwelling-place of God. It is assuredly the narrow and material mind that sees in the increase of our learned expositions of the congruities and consistencies and possible scheme of created things (and our science is nothing more than this) the encroaching limits of all truth.

Paley, in the utilitarian spirit of his age, could see the revelation of a God only in the recognition of contrivance and the adaptation of means to an end: he did not see that the existence of a supreme mind was still more simply shown by the evidence in creation of that same love of beauty, and order, and general harmony, which is an instinctive property of the human soul. His arguments were framed to answer the *cui bono* question characteristic of his time and (alas!) of our own also; and in the same spirit it has been reasoned, that, according as we can carry our answers to this question further and further into the visible creation, is there less and less scope remaining for the play of the imagination, the materials of the poet becoming rapidly extinct. Now we believe that this view is decidedly false. His themes naturally change their character, but become neither narrower in extent nor of a lower order; on the contrary, we believe that they become continually more and more elevated, and that far

from his being deprived of the ground upon which he stands, he is only removed a stage higher in the realm of thought, advanced another step through the daylight of wisdom, and another step into the dark cloud of unfathomable mystery.

The utilitarian habit of thought is the only real check upon the spirit of poetry in *any* age: had it pervaded Homer's country in his day, no rhapsodists would ever have preserved for us the Iliad or the Odyssey; the fact that little was known then of science, would in no way have assisted the lucubrations of genius when chilled by selfishness and bound down by mean ambition. Wherever is found a love of everything beautiful, and sublime, and pure, and good, for *its own sake*, and not because it is adapted to some rational purpose, and satisfies some definite earthly craving, there the spirit of the poet exists; and he who is inspired to weave the fair web of language into pictures, and arrange the rich notes of sound in the sweet lines of melody, failing not to do so, will find an eager response in many a breast. To our minds the theory we have been combating shows, in the first place, a strange blindness to the relation borne by humanity to the invisible world so vast and so mysterious, and also entirely ignores the action of the Deity upon the soul, which is ever constant, belonging as much to later as to earlier times; for it is by His immediate inspiration, we believe, that the poet, acting ordinarily by the influence of the Deity, though sometimes more peculiarly visited by the divine afflatus, alike with the musician and the religious teacher, and every good and earnest man, expresses himself with rare and signal success. And who shall say that when our scientific research has reached its *ultima Thule* (if the time should ever come), poets shall cease to be, not because the universal Father can no longer inspire men, but because subjects and materials will be wanting for the exercise of such inspiration? In this mechanical, matter-of-fact age of toil and acquisition, beneath the tyranny of material things, we lose sight of the sublime mysteries that encompass all mortal life, overshadowing the present time and veiling the dim lights that shoot their fitful gleams into the future: and we forget that this must ever be; that the very constitution of finite natures implies the

necessity of an ignorances ever during, that can only shift its ground. Let the most practical man in the world reflect for awhile upon his powers, origin and destiny; let him ask himself what his nature is,—how he exists,—whence he came,—and whither he is going,—and in what all his eager pursuits for wealth or comfort, enjoyment or reputation, will really end? how far his calculations of profit and loss, of to-day's receipts and to-morrow's expenditure, will turn to account, when he feels his spirit throwing off its mortal coil? and he *must* become conscious that the realities about him, which he holds at so high a value,—contemplated, it may be, under the calm eye of evening, or the serene brow of night,—when earth shrinks into its hollow shell, and eternity presses on the living soul and expands before the upturned gaze,—are as the dust upon the whirlwind,—or the shadows of summer clouds, the most insignificant semblances of things, and no veritable realities at all. While, then, our spirits move through this vast sphere of the unfathomable, and we cannot learn by what means or to what issue our struggling wills, and strange fortunes, and soaring hopes, and deep affections, bear us through the labyrinth of life,—surely the truth contained in the theory that poetry exists only where mystery is found, *corroborates* instead of disproving the fact, that we may look for poets in the present and the future, as well as in the past. So long as the landscapes of earth and the colours of air, the everlasting play of ocean and the serene deeps of the firmament, still retain the eternal traces of majesty or beauty, grace or grandeur, given them by the creative thought of the Almighty, and so long as man,—awake to a lively and grateful perception of these phenomena of the supreme will, can combine with his impression of their glory, the tale of his *human* experience,—those far deeper interests which concern the soul on its mysterious transit from silence again to silence,—the day of the poet can never wane. Fancy and Imagination have materials enough for whole cycles of centuries; Thought and Faith will always find things new and old to furnish subject for the poet's contemplation; and till Enthusiasm be quenched, and Love grow cold, there will be well-springs—fresh and deep—of poetic inspiration, to carry on the solemn symphony of the ancient world, and fill up the

pauses of toil and prayer, with melodious music and sweet praise.

But more than this, as a matter of fact, we ask, is not our modern poetry finer than that of the classic world? With all Homer's beautiful descriptions and rugged power, is his kind of poetry comparable with that of Milton? Or can you place the solemn pictures of Æschylus beside the grand and beautiful realities of Shakspeare? Tasso and Virgil may bear comparison, but then their ages are not so widely sundered. Taste, however, must decide these matters perhaps, and criticism will then be silenced.

It may be urged, however, against modern poetry, that it is obliged to seek for themes not belonging to it at all, and like the old Dutch painters, shows us the commonest utensils of the home, and the ugliest and oldest forms of human life, and demands our praise because of the skill of the representation. But this is to judge poetry by the eccentricities of poets, or the rhyming propensities of writers who are not poets at all, instead of by the manifest materials at the poet's command, and the capacities of real genius, and the inspirations of God. Because poets will stoop from their own natural sphere, and, having taken up some theory respecting their art, endeavour to prove its soundness, by giving to the world a flood of effusions only fit for the nursery, in which we suppose they find a beauty that none else can see,—we do not recognise in this anything more than a perversion of the poet's aim. Beauty and sublimity are *not* ubiquitous; and if men, whose power it is to present these as they really exist, and draw them into view when they would otherwise escape notice, *will* endeavour to *make* them, or to conceive them present, where they do *not* exist, sentimentality or childish prose must be the result. Poetry cannot be written *upon a theory* by the efforts of the will; and wherever the experiment has been tried, it has signally failed. But surely because Wordsworth has written much doggerel, and Tennyson not entirely free from affectation, it does not follow that the resources of the poet in the present day are few and unfruitful; those two just named are noble examples to the contrary. For our own parts, putting the drama aside, with the exception of old Chaucer and Spenser, and our great epic poet, we find all our best works to be of

strictly modern date. What were Butler, Waller, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Johnson, Shenstone, or Akenside? Some of them admirable satirists, but hardly poets any of them, though correct metrical writers? Dyer, Gray, Collins, and Thomson, claim a higher rank, the first two especially. There must be an enthusiasm, a glow, an affluence of beautiful thought, and fancy, and feeling; to make a poet. Verse-writing and metre-measuring do not constitute the divine work. Prose-writing has often far more true poetry in it, than whole volumes of Pope or Dryden. Two qualifications are essential to the poet—fulness of thought, imagination, fancy, feeling; and freedom of harmonious expression. The putting rhymes together with some taste may be done by almost any lady of leisure as a pastime for the drawing-room. It is quite another thing to conceive and write what shall be true poetry. The conceiving and the expressing faculty, we say, are both requisite. In the highest poets they are wonderfully combined. In prose writers too, as they are termed, because there is no metrical arrangement of their words and sentences, we often find these combined faculties in great perfection. Many passages, e. g. from Mr. Ruskin's works, are in the highest sense poetical, the most beautiful and choice language being employed to express grand ideas with exquisite imagery. And yet this is called prose, and *Hudibras*, and the *Pleasures of Imagination*, and the *Essay on Man*, poetry. We wish some new classification, and new terms, could be introduced, giving its proper rank to poetical prose, and sinking to its proper level mere metrical composition, animated by no genius of the really poetical cast.

We have heard it maintained that poets may exist without any power of expression whatever: this we hold to be simply a contradiction in terms, because the mastery of language is so essential a part of the poetical faculty, that we include it in our definition of a poet. How is *prose* made poetical, but by the writer's possession of this same talent for giving choice words to his ideas? Many a person, doubtless, has a vague sensitiveness to the beauty, harmony, or sublime character of things around him, or of the human relations in which he stands;—and because he can find no words in which to embody this sensitive apprehension, he flatters himself he is a poet without words. Why, if this feel-

ing ceased to be *vague*, grew into a full conception, fed by the fire and genius within, words *would* be found, and according as they were adequate or inadequate to realize the full feeling and thought labouring within, would the poet be deemed able or otherwise. Doubtless these faculties exist in very different proportions in ordinary minds. Of men, equally poetically constituted in thought, imagination, affection, and so forth, some will be able readily to express in suitable language the most commonplace ideas, while others cannot well express the most profound or beautiful. But it *generally* happens, we believe, that the two faculties go together in very equal proportions, so that in the great majority of cases it will prove true, that of any given number of men, he who expresses himself in prose or verse with the most facility and beauty, has in other respects the most poetical temperament. If a man be a true poet in power, and vividness, and depth, and beauty, of feeling and conception, we hold that he will not remain obscure, from want of ability to use that mother-tongue which in childhood we find it so easy to acquire. The singular power of Byron to fuse his ideas into language—the very living representative of his thought, is certainly given to few ; but when we see writers (like Miss Barrett, now Mrs. Browning, e. g.) to whom feelings, ideas and imaginations seem much more abundantly supplied than words, still succeeding in giving an expression, albeit not the best, to their thoughts, and showing us their minds in their books, we are not disposed to believe in a hypothetical class of dumb poets. This century, at all events, has had a large share of eloquent speech from many melodious voices. And if our own generation *is* grown somewhat cold and worldly, still the soul and the voice of the poet have not yet vanished from the midst of us. The real check upon the poetical spirit of an age is the tyranny of mere formal conventionalism, hollow pretence, and mammon-worship, which have somewhat signalized our times, and which our modern prophets are everywhere inveighing against. And certainly while these remain, and the dominant interests of society can be expressed by such names as Hudson and California, the old affections of the human heart seeming to have fled from the world, and to linger only in a few of the toiling and striving Brotherhood of

different lands, burning in the Hungarian's and the Roman's breast, and wakening here and there amongst us flashes of the old English fire, we may naturally have cause to fear lest poetry should shortly steal away to some planet in the sky, or some island in the distant seas, and refuse to dwell among the calculating phlegmatics of this very civilized world. But in truth we have no fear. The deep *human* interests of our life can never be lost sight of, and if they were, diviner interests would fill up the void. The trust and aspiration of the religious mind are of perennial growth, and were the lesser perceptions of *fancy*, and the lower themes of earthly joy, all snatched from the poet at once, the diviner element within him would commence a strain that would never be silent more. Inspiration cannot fail till the Deity has either severed our souls from His, or ceased Himself to be.

Look to the facts before us. Let us only glance at the list of our own modern poets, and mark their number and variety. We need not mention the particular merits of Scott or Byron, of whom we have already spoken, and who are certainly by no means among our best modern poets. But Coleridge has left behind him poems of a spiritual nature worthy of everlasting remembrance, showing, as they do, his consciousness of the mysterious, and his sympathy with the sublime and beautiful, to a degree, and in a manner, that had perhaps never been manifested before. Southey, too, has won a deathless fame. In his *Thalaba* he has given to future generations not merely a singularly vivid picture of oriental life, but a feast for young enthusiasm, and a lesson for Christian faith, that will receive the gratitude of earnest readers to the latest age. Wordsworth, in his *Odes to Duty and Immortality*, in his lines on *Tintern Abbey*, in parts of the *Excursion*, and in many *Sonnets*, has vindicated for all time the right of solemn thought to expression by the melody of numbers. Shelley's inspiration will live and move the soul for ever. His brilliant creations, his terrible tragedy, his unrivalled *Adonais*, and his many wonderful effusions of exquisite lyric beauty, can never lose their power to astonish and delight the reader of the English tongue. Keats, too, through his less inspired productions, characterised, however, by their warm glow and rich luxuriance of imagery, is neither dead

nor sleepeth. Tennyson stands unequalled for his fine fancy, his delicate perception of the beautiful, his glowing rhapsodies of feeling, his subtle discrimination of the fine shades of difference separating human characters, and his marvellous power of expressing inexpressible thoughts and states of the inmost soul by talismanic words, which, without describing at all, intuitively put the reader in possession of the oft-remembered feeling so strange and inexplicable even to the most ready sympathy. His burning truths, his pathetic melodies, his quaint fancies, his rich and refined colouring, have made his works treasures of rare hope and promise, to a country just bereft of grander genius of a more *masculine* order, in the youthful and uncompanioned Shelley!—and Tennyson is with us still, and one song in his *Princess* (Tears, idle tears!)—proves that he can still truly say,

“O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro’ all my fancy yet!”

Kirke White was but in his youth some five and forty years ago, at the time of his premature decay, and had a spirit of rare promise quite in sympathy with our own times. Burns passed away but a short time before him, and long shall Scotland and Great Britain store up and sing his matchless songs. Campbell, by his vigorous writing, his simple ballads, and glowing descriptions, has won a noble fame. Hood has bequeathed to the world a few pathetic verses, and a few sonnets superior, we think, to any in the language. Browning claims an honoured notice and true reverence for his deep thoughts, and powerful imagery, and the ease and boldness of his diction. To Procter (Barry Cornwall) we are indebted for songs of great force, and often of great beauty, and dramatic fragments no less remarkable. William Stanley Roscoe has cast upon the lap of time records of his graceful spirit, too divinely sweet, classical, and plaintive, ever to be lost. Leigh Hunt has written various pieces of real merit. Talfourd, from the cold courts of law, has given us *Ion*, with its exceeding grace, and gentle dignity, and that sculpture-like composure peculiar to the Grecian stage: and Cowper, Charles Wesley, Heber, Keble, Montgomery, and Milman, have furnished the Christian church with strains of religious

fervour and poetic genius, so moving and melodious,—arrows of the spirit anointed so potently from the tissues of their own conscious being,—that entering, they must deeply thrill the heart of the sinner and the worshipper, so long as sinners and worshippers there shall be to take these inspired words upon their lips.

Living and dead then, we have a very host of poets of our own age,—the greater and the less,—witnesses indubitable to the falsehood of the theory, that advancing time as it leads on the march of science must narrow the realm and lower the rank of the poet.

We might have cited instances innumerable from foreign countries, but surely our own affords a sufficiently ample catalogue. Nor is even this quite complete. Others live to whom we still look for greater and better works than they have yet produced. And across the Atlantic there are writers by whom the title of poet has been fairly earned, and who, using our own language, we are wont to think of as our own. Two at least we may mention,—Bryant, whose compositions are few, but some of them truly graceful, and others evincing power; and the more productive Longfellow, whose harmonious numbers seem sometimes like the wild airs of an Æolian harp, or broken melodies borne upon the night-wind, or the echoes of some sweet symphony lost floating over crested waves. If his *Evangeline* had been written in any other metre, it might have been an immortal poem; and even as it is, the awkwardness of the metre escapes you as you read, and light and beauty gather round the page. This poem, like many others, exhibits the untraversed regions of song remaining still,—regions absolutely boundless,—where human history is the subject, and all creation the theatre of action, which the poet may deal with as he will.

The name of one venerated man we have omitted from the above list of our modern poets, because we look upon him more as a man of poetic temperament, than as, properly speaking, a poet, although he has written some few lines of real beauty. The friend and frequent host of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Godwin, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, and others of well-known names, with a character more interesting than any, and a genius almost more singular, Charles Lamb claims attention, rather as the

author of the *Essays of Elia*, than as the writer of a fragmentary tragedy and a few sonnets. In his own line he can never be surpassed; his wit and humour, his quick and delicate sensibility, his large and everflowing sympathies, the vein of tender pathos that ran through his most beautiful thoughts, said or written,—the mixture of manhood's intellect with childhood's innocence, — the quaint sweetness and ineffable grace that invested his whole character, have given him a position in the literary world, isolated and remarkable; and while we cannot well class him with our poets, we could not pass, without a comment, one so eminently poetical in taste and temperament.—And when we turn from his works to his life, this judgment only gains strength. His self-devotion *there* was heroic, and yet calmly veiled; it bore the true ideal stamp; and, beside a selfish ungenue man like Coleridge, he rises up a phoenix of light and glory, and one true line of some simple verse of his, carries more poetic inspiration with it to the reader, than all that Coleridge, in his three volumes, has left behind. Unfortunately for mankind, Lamb's very *failing* connects him with the poet race. For though there have been many bright exceptions, many whom we have mentioned, and others whom we have not, bore or bear the character of men of self-indulgent habits. The many exceptions, especially in latter days, prove the weakness we allude to, to be not inseparable from poetical genius, which it so sadly blights and mars. Lamb had excuses to which none else can lay claim. One purpose the presence of this weakness seems, at all events, to answer to the outlying world. It draws an almost certain line of severance between those who *may* and those who *may not* be open to the direct inspirations of God. We cannot believe that the Father would *ever* continue *consciously* to breathe high and divine thoughts into the mind that had freely surrendered its own dignity, and yielded up the energy of will to the pressing inclination of the hour. In occasional bursts of sincere repentance He might not withhold His love,—but in cases of *habitual* weakness, we cannot suppose Him to assist with His awakened thought, the native genius He has given. Here He must act only in general laws—at a distance from the poet's mind. Hereby

we learn what wonderful resources the mind has, in itself, and in the general laws under which it acts and moves ; how the love of beauty can be cultivated, and the imagination enriched, and the feelings of the heart cherished, while still the noblest aid of God is absent. So we may give our truest love, and withhold our truest veneration ; for we cannot choose but love all human capacities in themselves attractive,—themselves heavenly gifts ; and yet we cannot look without pity and censure upon sin ; and self-indulgence in the poet, whether in the grossest form of sensuality, or in the lesser one of intemperance, is not to be excused and smiled away, because passion is strong, or sensation vivid.

And if we turn from Byron or Burns, Coleridge or Campbell, to Shelley or to Wordsworth, or go back to Milton, we find at once that we have entered on a diviner element of being. We think we see in Shelley the direct inspiration of the beautiful, and perhaps that *alone*. He was singularly devoid (as we have noticed in a former article) of that religious reverence which gives harmony to creation and unity to life ; but he had a pure and guileless soul, and lived by the light that was in him, though a wandering and mystic life it was. His intellect was peculiar ; his character was incomplete ; but he was full of noble enthusiasm to serve mankind, and was not given up to sensual indulgences or selfish pleasures ; he was a wrong-headed, but pure-hearted, man ; and the fervour of his indignation at injustice and wrong was expressed (as in his *Adonais*) with a brilliancy and power that we can think nothing less than inspired.—With Wordsworth we are upon firmer ground. Of a contemplative and quiet nature, no one can deny, we think, that his poetical *gifts*, (so to designate the natural faculty) are *decidedly*, if not *greatly*, inferior to any of the four poets above mentioned. Had he had the language of Byron, or the sensibility of Burns, or the imagination of either Coleridge or Campbell, his works would, perhaps, be less voluminous than they are, but certainly more inspiring. And had his life been less innocent and holy, unquestionably we should have none of those beautiful passages of elevated sentiment, which he has thrown off, here and there, in a rapt hour of religious musing or prophetic vision. When other

poets of this kind arise, with finer powers and more impassioned soul, walking his round of thought, and cleaving strenuously to his dignity of life, the golden age of poetry will dawn. It may, perhaps, be said that this is impossible; that the very excellences of the poets we most admire arise from that very constitution of their nature, which also works them mischief; but this, we affirm, is a *non sequitur*: that those excellences arise out of a constitution that promises or ensures *temptation*, we may admit, but nothing more: between temptation and habitual sin there is a great gulph fixed, and till we surrender up our deep conviction of man's freedom of will, we will never grant that the greatest poet may not be also a self-restrained, a chaste and temperate man. Genius was given for a great end—the uplifting of the human race towards the sublime perfection of the Unseen,—and we can never believe that God intended it to create the most exquisite delight for the intellect, and leave the moral and spiritual nature unedified and unimproved. The Deity, who is ever teaching us how to turn the forces of nature and the physical powers of man to the most account, cannot regard with complacency the perversion of our noblest mental powers; cannot but desire to see the imagination which conceives the beautiful and sublime, the fancy which lays hold of the finest combinations and the subtlest relations of ideas within or realities without us, and the affections which maintain a perennial flow in the human heart, employed to educate holy feeling, to strengthen moral principle, and lift up man to the true appreciation of his natural worth and his immortal destiny. If Religion is to be an agency of good in the world at all, it must be turned into every channel of powerful influence, and there is none broader or deeper than that of poetry.

That Poetry will become a noble channel of religious influence we firmly believe; that it is becoming so already we have more than one proof before us, albeit only advances towards that which shall be.—Some of these are the volumes cited at the head of this article, and, first, “The Saint’s Tragedy,” by Mr. Kingsley, a clergyman of the Church of England. It forms, perhaps, the most valuable addition to our dramatic poetry that it has received for many years. We are aware, however, that this is not

saying much in its praise, for with the exception of Coleridge's translations from Schiller, and his fine tragedy of "Remorse," Shelley's "Cenci," and the dramas of Byron, Mr. Justice Talfourd's "Ion," and a few plays of some merit by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, there has been no dramatic production of any kind in our times claiming the attention of the literary student. For even "The Lady of Lyons," perhaps one of the best of Sir E. L. Bulwer Lytton's writings, and remarkable for its dramatic effect, is rather interesting on the stage than valuable in the library.—"The Saint's Tragedy" is a work of quite another character; and by its very nature, its length, its class of incidents, the serious thought and deep feeling scattered through its pages, is quite unsuited, as it was evidently undesigned, for public representation. We mean, of course, by this no disparagement to theatrical performances: we are grateful to all who endeavour to raise the moral influence and dignity of the stage, for we are disposed to believe that it might be made a powerful instrument for educating and refining the public taste; but it will at once be confessed that the aspirations of religion are too sacred to be shouted into the public ear: for ourselves we must say that even where these are not approached, words are sometimes uttered on the stage that it is painful to hear there; not because they are not noble and beautiful expressions of what the mind thinks or the heart feels, but because they are concerned with thoughts and emotions whose natural privacy should never be violated. This feeling may arise from the English reserve under which we are educated, but still it must carry some weight with it, belonging as it does to the most cultivated and refined.

Mr. Kingsley's tragedy is the deeply interesting drama of a religious life.* Though our concern now is with it only as a *poem*, we may fairly give an opinion upon the characters, which seem to us admirably conceived and sustained: they prove that the author has not studied in vain either human nature in general, nor the times and persons of which he writes in particular. The character of Elizabeth, Princess of Hungary and Landgravine of Thuringia—the subject of the piece—the saint of the Tragedy—is an

* We recommend to the notice of our readers the admirable Preface by Professor Maurice.

historical character powerfully portrayed, and undoubtedly, we think, the masterpiece of the drama. Her fervid enthusiasm, her dominant piety, her uncontrollable benevolence, her fearless simplicity, and, more than all, perhaps, her strong human affection, are brought out with a vividness, force, and beauty, that could scarcely be surpassed. Her story, as here presented, contains a noble lesson on the right of natural instincts to dictate its duties to the human soul, and further reveals our nature to us with such a fearless truthfulness, that prudery might well study it, and blush to confess its own weakness and unhealthy thoughts.—The character of Lewis, too, simple, affectionate, and easily moulded,—that of Conrad, stern, ambitious, prejudiced, devoted,—and that of Walter of Varila, a man of strong sense and noble nature, but (as it is expressed in the Introduction) “exhibiting the healthy animalism of the Teutonic mind,” rather than any more spiritual feature,—all seem to us true types of character, carefully and powerfully drawn.

To these characters, and the simple air of reality pervading the history, and to the well-chosen language, the play owes its interest, for it is quite devoid of intrigue, there is no plot or counterplot, it has the even flow of a sad, powerfully-depicted drama of unvarnished human life.

We regret that the tragedy did not close with the fourth act. After the death of Elizabeth all interest is gone: and as no material end seems to be gained by the arrangement of the later acts, as the action of the play, after the close of the second act, is not marked by any obvious division, these four might have been extended into the legitimate five, or contracted into the allowable three, without adding to or taking from the poem, or breaking the continuity of the several parts.—In regard to the rhythm, it seems to us a mistake to have introduced several varieties of metre. Besides the prevailing blank verse, there are Alexandrines used (as in pages 145-6), and also those still longer lines which Tennyson, with the additional use of rhyme, has employed with so much effect in his “Locksley Hall;” there is an example of this in page 69. In pages 128-9, an irregular metre like that of an ode is employed with rhyme;—it might, however, be intended for a song. There are several songs of more or less beauty scattered through

the play ; those in pages 73 and 103 are particularly worthy of notice ; the proem, too, is spirited. We must give a specimen or two of the poetry. Here is the speech of Lewis when informed of the love of Elizabeth, with whom he had been familiar, and to whom he had been betrothed from his youth, and who for want of his protection is suffering repeated insults from the courtiers :—

“*Lewis.* Loves me ! Henceforth let no man, peering down
Through the dim glittering mine of future years,
Say to himself, ‘ Too much ! this cannot be ! ’
To-day, and custom, wall up our horizon :
Before the hourly miracle of life
Blindfold we stand, and sigh, as though God were not.
I’ve wandered in the mountains, mist bewild’r’d,
And now a breeze comes, and the veil is lifted,
And priceless flowers, o’er which I trod unheeding,
Gleam ready for my grasp. She loves me then !
She, who to me was as a nightingale
That sings in magic gardens, rock-beleagu’red,
To passing angels melancholy music—
Whose dark eyes hung, like far-off evening stars,
Through rosy-cushion’d windows coldly shining
Down from the cloud-world of her unknown fancy—
She for whom holiest touch of holiest knight
Seemed all too gross—who might have been a saint,
And companied with angels—thus to pluck
The spotless rose of her own maidenhood
To give it unto me ! ”—Act I. Scene 2, p. 54.

Here is the exclamation of Elizabeth, when she hears of this avowal :—

“*Elizabeth.* Tell him—tell him—God !
Have I grown mad, or a child within the moment !
The earth has lost her grey, sad hue, and blazes
With her old life-light ; hark ! yon wind’s a song—
Those clouds are angels’ robes. That fiery west
Is paved with smiling faces. I am a woman,
And all things bid me love : my dignity
Is thus to cast my virgin pride away,
And find my strength in weakness.”—Act I. Scene 3, p. 61.

Here is a fine passage from Act II. Scene 3, p. 76—

“*Eliz.* Oh ! contemplation palls upon the spirit,
Like the chill silence of an autumn sun :

While action, like the roaring south-west wind,
Sweeps laden with elixirs, with rich draughts
Quickening the wombed earth.

Guta.

And yet what bliss,

When, dying in the darkness of God's light,
The soul can pierce these blinding webs of nature,
And float up to the nothing, which is all things—
The ground of being, where self-forgetful silence
Is emptiness—emptiness fulness—fulness God,—
Till we touch Him, and like a snow-flake melt
Upon His light-sphere's keen circumference !”

With the two following lines beautifully descriptive of winter, we must reluctantly close our notice of this very interesting little volume, returning Mr. Kingsley our sincere thanks, and expressing the hope that he may not leave us long without another occasion for drawing attention to his great merits.

“ *Eliz.*

The storms are still.

Beneath her eider robe the patient earth
Watches in silence for the sun : we'll sit
And gaze up with her at the changeless heaven,
Until this tyranny be overpast.”—Act III. Scene 3, p. 162.

Mr. Trench's story of Justin Martyr is a short poem of great merit. It is too long to give in full, and we should be afraid to spoil its unity and charm by quoting a part of it, when it is all so well worth perusal. The truth of the feeling, the beauty of the language, and the deep spiritual meaning it contains, all claim for it a high place among the poems of the present day. It belongs to the highest kind of poetry, and is in truth of a rare quality. Unfortunately it stands alone in the volume ; no other poem having by any means equal merit. Mr. Trench belongs to Wordsworth's school of poetry, and has fallen into the same error of publishing too much. He gives us indirectly to understand in some pleasing lines which close the volume, that he does not write for fame, but for a sacred influence. We believe, however, it is a mistake to suppose that religious feeling or thought will influence through poetry, merely as metrical composition, when of an indifferent or third-rate description. Poetry is not read by every one ; only by those who would throw aside at once

serious poetry, not inspired either by the glow of enthusiasm, or the hues of fancy, or the pictures of imagination. Such a simple story as that of Honor Neale would tell much better in prose. As a tract it might be useful, especially among the poor. Here Mr. Trench, whose view of things is always spiritual, follows Wordsworth too closely : but what has not inspired himself is not likely to inspire another. "The Monk and Bird," and "A walk in the Churchyard," contain beautiful verses well worth perusal : they exhibit at once the style of the author's writing, and the religious aspect in which fiction or truth alike strike upon his serious mind.* Among the many sonnets we would refer the reader to five addressed to a lady singing (p. 136-9), and two upon the perception of beauty everywhere (p. 142-3), containing some of Mr. Trench's best thoughts, expressed in his best language. The two last verses of an Ode to Sleep are beautifully descriptive (vid. p. 152-3). At the close of the volume, where the verses are exclusively religious, the author seems to us most at home (see especially p. 260-3). There are some beautiful verses in the Day of Death, to which we would particularly direct attention (p. 264). As a specimen of Mr. Trench's descriptive power and spiritual application we select the following sonnet :—

"THE HERRING-FISHERS OF LOCHFYNE.

"Deem not these fishers idle, though by day
You hear the snatches of their lazy song,
And see them listlessly the sunlight long
Strew the curved beach of this indented bay :
So deem'd I, till I view'd their trim array
Of boats last night,—a busy armament,
With sails as dark as ever Theseus bent
Upon his fatal rigging,—take their way.
Rising betimes, I could not choose but look
For their return, and when along the lake
The morning mists were curling, saw them make
Homeward, returning toward their quiet nook,
With draggled nets down hanging to the tide,
Weary, and leaning o'er their vessels' side."—P. 68.

* We cannot understand why Mr. Trench always uses the word spiritual as one of *two* syllables, where the metre is constantly broken by its introduction : of this there are numberless examples.

The same serious spirit, the same sense of mystery, the same vivid consciousness of the Unseen in which we live and move—which characterises the poetry of Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Trench—appear in the little volume called "*Ambarvalia*." Mr. Clough's poems are generally more remarkable for spiritual than for poetical thought : his language is often stiff, and his ideas obscure and involved, which makes it difficult to arrive at his meaning. He is too fond of alliteration, e. g. these phrases occur—"mortal moral strife," "sureassured," "seem to see," "dare not dare," "wills thy will," "priceless prize," "dreamier dreams," "bloomiest bloom," "primal prime,"—and are certainly awkward and unpoetical. The first poem we like much: it expresses well that mystery in which the mind gets entangled, in endeavouring to solve the difficulties which press upon the thoughtful. "*Qui laborat orat*" (p. 18) contains a true and noble thought, and reveals (as do all this writer's lines) a lowly yet manly and aspiring soul. He has more concentration of thought and expression than Mr. Trench, more metaphysical subtlety, but less of the poetical temperament. There are some fine verses under the title "*When Israel came out of Egypt*" (p. 23). The most poetical piece of all we think is the "*Silver Wedding*" (p. 28), celebrated in Germany when a couple have been married five-and-twenty years ;—there is true poetical and deep human feeling in it, doing justice to our highest nature : it is too long to quote here. "*Qua cursum ventus*," (p. 50,) lines suggested by a common experience of life, is forcible and earnest as well as beautiful ; it is the only specimen we have space for in this short notice of Mr. Clough's miscellaneous effusions, where, it must be candidly allowed, that a want of taste is sometimes discernible:—

"As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvass drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas !
Though ne'er, that early parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze ! O rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there !”

We should say that Mr. Burbidge (to repeat an expression already frequently used for want of a better) had a more decidedly poetical temperament than Mr. Clough : his lines throughout flow more easily, and there is more fancy and imagination, and less metaphysical thought in his poems. We like his opening lines upon Florence, and others further on in the volume (p. 95 and 116), suggested also in that city, when walking in the Boboli gardens. The following lines entitled “Portraiture” (p. 71) we think must be admired :—

“ With pain her gloomy eyes did she uplift,
That woman old ; with many a tempest torn,
Of sins and sorrows spent ere we were born,
Her fallow brow appeared, o'er which a drift
Of massive snow-white hair lay dead and still,
Or flew across, by fits, without her will.

There stood before her the enquiring child :
On the frail lids of his uncentred eyes

Lay no weight heavier than a light surprise ;
 His tresses soft, like silver undefiled,
 Hung on his sunbright face, or in a (floating) wreath
 Clouding his lips, moved mildly with his breath.

A rock long-bearded with cold weeds marine,
 In whose wet womb the ocean-creatures sleep,
 Should it uplift its scalp above the deep,
 Were likest to that hellish Woman seen ;
 But he a Lily stood, caressed by eve,
 And which the morning mists are loth to leave."

The verses next following, p. 72-79, have all more or less beauty in them. Those headed "Aspiration" are in the finest style of serious thought, in Mr. Clough's manner, with more simplicity of diction than he generally employs, although we do not comprehend the fifth verse. We should like to know what Mr. Burbidge would express by "the crystal wall." He assumes rather a free poetical license (in p. 81) where he uses or rather *coins* the word "promont" for promontory—

"As I upon a promont of creation,
 Where it o'erjects the inexistent void
 Had stood to gaze," &c.

This is not like Mr. Burbidge's usual style of writing, and ought to be avoided. Some lines entitled "I would" (p. 87) are well worth perusal for the beauty of the sentiment expressed in them. From among many sweet verses, and some beautiful sonnets, animated by a lofty religious spirit, we can only further select the following specimens of the Burbidge's poetical powers (Sonnet, No. XIV. p. 143; and No. VII. p. 154), to close our review:—

"Searching the skiey depths all night in vain,
 The starry seer hath known this mystery—
 That the sky orb, which over half the sky
 Had baulked his chase and mocked his utmost pain,
 Oft (haply while the daylight poured amain
 Into the empty concave of the night)
 Has slipped into his glass, as clear to sight
 As the one Tree that stars a glassy plain.
 So is it known that some secretive Truth
 Which Thought and Patience strove in vain to find,

Just when Despair and Doubt were swallowing all,
Hath dropped into the heart without a call,
Conspicuous as a Fire, and sweet as Youth,
An everlasting stronghold to the mind."

" Lord, I will take no comfort but of Thee.
I had an earthly plant—a pleasant vine,
From whose dear grapes I pressed delightful wine,
That made my heart as merry as could be.
Thine anger hath cut down that cheerful tree ;
Or, at the least (for yet I but divine),
Thou hast cut off its joyful fruit from me,
And made its precious shade no longer mine.
Shall I then murmur ? If my road henceforth
Lies hot before me, wearisome and bare,
And no green garland, twined among my hair,
Will guard, as it was wont, my tortured eyes,
What then ? The sweeter after this stripped earth
Will be the shady rest of Paradise."

ART. VI.—SHORT CONCLUSIONS FROM THE LIGHT OF NATURE.

Short Conclusions from the Light of Nature. London :
F. & J. Rivington. 1849.

THE tendency of modern theology to recede from mere textual criticism and interpretation into the discussion of religion in its first principles is visible on the very face of the Publishers' advertisements. Here is another contribution to the ever-increasing class of works, which, while preserving a reverential attitude towards Christianity, pass behind it in quest of the ultimate grounds of faith, and aim to discover, in the structure of the universe and the course of human experience, some real traces of the leading truths verbally embodied in historical Revelation. This little volume belongs, however, to the age more in its subject than in its method. It contends for the fundamental doctrines of a natural Theism,—“the existence of an Intelligent and Personal Creator, and a Future Life for man,”—by such arguments as approved themselves to the old school of latitudinarian divines. Of that sagacious and admirable class of men the author indeed continually reminds us by his good sense, his clear statement, his humane feeling and truthful simplicity. Something more of metaphysical penetration, and an understanding differently (we do not say more wholesomely) trained, would be requisite in order to reach the subtle difficulties with which modern philosophy perplexes the great system of Theism : but the reader who is happy enough to know nothing of these, and for whom Spinoza and Hegel have lived in vain, will be pleased to revive, in the pages of this treatise, his pleasant remembrance of Paley and Crombie. As the work contains only in outline, reasonings which, in a more ample form, the author reserves for future publication, we shall take example from his brevity, and touch at present only on one or two characteristic points.

When we open a book of philosophical pretensions, we are in the habit of testing it, in the first instance, by this

inquiry ; whether the author can hold his balance between the antagonist tendencies of Idealism and Realism. If he cannot,—if he is so fascinated by the claims of either as to encroach upon the rights of the other, it is easy to foresee the entanglements into which every course of reasoning upon the nature and origin of things must lead him. Our author has not escaped the common snare. He is not only a Realist, but a Materialist,—that is, he maintains “that mind is the result of the organization of what we call matter.” With this doctrine it has always been impossible to establish Theism in any hearty and permanent union. The reason is obvious. The Materialist follows one order of deduction ; the Theist, just the inverse,—the data and *quæsitæ* changing places. The one demands material forces in order to account for mind ; the other asks for a Mind in order to account for material forces. The one sees in physical power the real ground of the actual phenomena of nature, and traces it in its ascent through the gradations of being, till it culminates in Intelligence and Will ; the other treats Thought and Purpose as the primitive reality, and follows it down in its descent through the material universe which it animates and directs. These two modes of thinking cannot co-exist except in uneasy and precarious combination. Once allow that the force of attraction and repulsion is adequate to the production of *mind*, and what more does the Atheist want ? The highest class of phenomena being made over to it, is there anything to which it is not competent ? It is a mere accident that saves this kind of Theism from complete surrender. All that *now* goes on in the universe, following the path of regular law, might accommodate itself readily enough to the atheistic theory : and if the present order, or any other on which it depends by natural links, had always existed, there would have been no opening for the admission of a Divine Will. But happily there occur breaks in the adamant chain which science cannot yet complete : and until the *origin of species* is better accounted for, and Sir C. Lyell’s geological theory more fully established, there will remain room for the Supreme agency at the *Formative Epochs*, in which the old idea of *Creation* is still permitted to take a scattered refuge. When Divine power is thus resorted to, merely to fill in a hiatus in the naturalist’s re-

cord of the world, to work the philosophers' ferry-boat till they can build a bridge, such residuary Theism appears to us to lose almost all religious value, as well as all permanent security. We are the more surprised at our author's materialistic hypothesis, because, in a subsequent discussion of the question of Liberty and Necessity, he gives his verdict in favour of Freewill. It is not easy to conceive how the contingencies of freedom should issue from the necessary developments of organized matter. Such a combination of doctrines is certainly peculiar, and deserves from our author a few pages of further exposition and defence.

"The principal object of the writer," however, "is to place in somewhat new light the evidences of a *future life*, without which hope even the existence of an intelligent Governor of the universe would be, to most minds, no more than a high, but barren speculation."—Preface, p. iv. This object is attempted, mainly, by so balancing the cases of preponderant suffering and the oppressive mass of moral evil in the world against the counteracting evidences of divine justice and goodness, that the hypothesis of a future life shall step in to turn the scale, and transfer the whole weight of phenomena to the side of positive faith. We sincerely admire and envy that openness of heart to hope and trust, which, from the very deformities and wickedness of men, from the bitterest anguish of the world, from the brutal scenes where childhood is spoiled and woman loses her nature and all human capacity is turned into corruption, can evolve the august belief in immortality. But the argument, that without a second life the arrangements of the first would be too bad to admit of any defence, is one on which, we must confess, we can never dwell without anxiety. The spectacle of sunk and degraded humanity, instead of leading the imagination from the failure of the present to the promise of an hereafter, is apt to oppress and overwhelm the faith in a divine future. It is not from the dark anomalies, but from the clear glories of this world that we are inspired with hope of another; and did all men exhibit the soul of a Pascal and the life of a Howard, every formidable plea of doubt would be removed. And the rule holds, we think, not merely of the moral deformities, but also of the external inequalities, of men. Those

who are *least* sensitive as to these inequalities, who are prone to no complaint for themselves or others, who are the last to interpret the mysteries of suffering into the semblance of injury, are just the persons most susceptible of the everlasting hope. They whose world would look best without it are precisely the souls most sure to live with it. They would not recognise the premiss from which our author's reasoning proceeds,—that every being has a *right* to a certain preponderance of enjoyment from his Creator; nor, if they did, would they admit that happiness, especially that of a free and spiritual nature, was any sort of objective quantity, dealt out upon the person *ab extra*, and capable of estimate as the graduated measure of the Divine character. We do not indeed deny that, under certain conditions, the argument from the anomalies of life may acquire a just force. Where (as in the extreme case of Christ) the divinest excellence coalesces with the saddest lot,—the lot which threatens to render the excellence abortive,—the human heart seems incapable of resting in a catastrophe so mournful, and through its own best sympathies obtains insight into the ulterior purposes of God. The argument however requires, we think, delicate handling; and will avail only when the compassionate and the reverential affections centre upon the same object.

When our author quits this ground, and contends that within our human nature itself are comprised faculties obviously *prospective*, when he traces in Conscience and the religious Affections a clearly prophetic attitude, all our hesitation vanishes, and we give him hearty assent. Features like these, which are *too good* for this world only, give us an assurance which we could never derive from those which are *too bad*. Both alike may be scientifically *out of fit* with the system in which they appear: but the evidence depends not on this character of *incongruity*, but on that of inherent *excellence and beauty*. Of this excellence and beauty we are assured by our own self-consciousness; and in carrying the appeal thither we reach the genuine sources of devout faith. It may be doubted whether criticism of the external universe and life, by rules of scientific judgment, can ever be made to yield any true religious belief. Such a process, though ultimately indispensable for every open-minded man, is in its proper place

only when subsidiary to an original personal faith subjectively evolved from the Conscience and Affections. Hence the qualified and uneasy assent which alone we can give to the Analogy of Butler, the Theology of Paley, and the Short Conclusions from the Light of Nature. The truths of religion appear to us to possess a higher certainty than that trembling balance of probabilities which the method of these treatises allows: and accordingly most readers, we believe, rise from such works with a feeling of disappointment that their faith cannot take higher ground, and has to plead for its existence with so ingenious a caution. Where however the attack is so various as in the present age, defence of every kind may find a welcome and a use: and we shall be glad to meet again,—and for a longer intercourse,—the sensible and benevolent author of the volume which has called forth these remarks.

ART. VII.—POPULAR CHRISTIANITY.

Popular Christianity. By F. J. Foxton. Letter from the Author to the Editors.

To the Editors of the "Prospective Review."

GENTLEMEN,

MY reviewer, in the last Number of the "Prospective Review," has mistaken both my meaning and my position, in supposing either that I recommend a dishonest adherence to the establishment, to those who are convinced of its vital corruption, or that I am myself in a position of such degrading compliance. I resigned my preferment in the Church more than two years ago, nor should I have considered it decent to have assailed the Church whilst I was wearing her livery.

From those who entertain the opinions expressed in my book, common honesty, of course, requires immediate secession, but there are many of the clergy of the establishment whose heterodoxy is far less pronounced than mine, and who seem to believe that "new wine" may yet "be put into old bottles." From such I have required that they should at least protest against what they believe to be false or obsolete in the doctrine and discipline of the Church, even whilst they continue within her pale. In perfect strictness there is no clergyman in the Church who does not in some way or other violate his oath of ecclesiastical obedience, either in regard to doctrine or discipline, and a further extension of this notorious laxity would involve no *fresh* violation of principle or consistency. Both the doctrinal system and the discipline of the Church are in such a chaotic condition that it has become extremely difficult to decide as to what is real and what only nominal, in the province of ecclesiastical authority.

Without doubt, there are at the present moment within the Church those conflicting elements of opinion that will insure its ultimate dissolution, and an honest expression of them is assuredly far more desirable than their suppression. I have only to add, that desiring as I do the dissolution of the Established Church, I would still prefer that it should perish by exhaustion and natural decay, rather than by a sudden and violent death.

I trust you will indulge me so far as to find a place for my letter (or the substance of it) in the forthcoming Number of the "Prospect-

tive Review." Your treatment of the literary character of my very imperfect book was only too indulgent—my present purpose is, solely, the vindication of its moral bearings.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

FRED. J. FOXTON.

Cheltenham, Dec. 8, 1849.

We are happy to receive from Mr. Foxton this statement of his views on the morality of Opinion; though we can look with no satisfaction, and no hope, "on a further extension of a notorious laxity," which "would involve no *fresh* violation of principle or consistency." We think this application of the rule, 'he that offends in one point is guilty of all,' very much like the letting out of water. We desire, however, to permit Mr. Foxton to speak for himself, and have no wish to re-cite the passages from his book which seemed to us to require grave expostulation. The ground of that expostulation was not the supposition of his own continued adhesion to the Church of England, but the advice he offers to heretical clergymen, which any one, who pleases, may see on page 497 of our last Number.

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ART. I.—EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

1. *Emanuel Swedenborg : A Biography.* By James John Garth Wilkinson. Newbery : London. 1849.
2. *Publications of the Society for Printing and Publishing the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.* London. 1840, 1841, 1843, 1847.
3. *Sammlung von Urkunden betreffend das Leben und den Charakter Emanuel Swedenborg's.* Von Dr. J. F. I. Tafel. Tübingen. 1839-44.

It is the favourite cant of a certain school, taken up at a venture from some dashing aphorism of Carlyle or Jean Paul, to abjure the whole eighteenth century *en masse* as a period of heartless criticism and mental disorganisation, devoid of all love and earnestness and creative power. One lesson at least might have been learned from that calumniated age—not to hazard sweeping assertions without the qualifications which an accurate knowledge of *facts* would have made imperative on the lover of truth. Reposing from the long exhaustion of the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and weary of controversies that had yielded no fruit, it is certainly true, that the general mind of Europe, from the commencement of the last century, was remarkable for its distrust of vague generalisations based on intuitive assumption; and

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with the great results and exquisite instruments of Newton, Huygens, Leibnitz and Locke, placed in its hands, concentrated its energies on the search after new facts, and on the devisal of fresh applications for those already known. But it is preposterous to describe the spirit of the eighteenth century as simply analytic and negative. Facts were rapidly developed into laws. In the wide range of human annals, where shall we point to a period so fertile of prolific principles? In its womb were engendered the seeds of thought and the germs of power, which are only now bearing their fruit in the middle of the nineteenth century, and whether for good or for evil are unquestionably revolutionising the entire condition of society. To that age belong the names of Adam Smith, Watt, Franklin, Gibbon, Voltaire, Beccaria, Howard, Burke, Lavoisier, Priestley, and, by his education and earliest impressions, Bentham. What incalculable influences have gone forth from the thoughts of these men! Our own time, resonant with the pretensions of querulous prophets and oracular declaimers, must furnish more names to parallel with them, ere it can be suffered to look down with disdain on that illustrious past.

The Religion of the period in all the great communions of Christendom, inheriting certain dogmas which represented the belief of a former age, and unable to harmonise them with the intellectual activity in which it was involved, shrank from the unequal contest, and with apathetic easiness, it must be confessed, settled down on that broad neutral ground of natural light and practical ethics, where learning and criticism might fully exercise their functions with impunity indeed, but with no large spiritual fruit. But even this did not take place without frequent and effectual protest. It is the reverse of fact to affirm, that the eighteenth century was without examples of a most earnest development of the Religious Life. Its phenomena in this respect are among the most striking and varied in the history of the Church. The nineteenth century has produced nothing as yet to equal them either for depth or for continuance of impression. The Protestantism of the established and recognised Churches of Europe was an imperfect birth, arrested at a particular point of its natural growth by the mere accident of political events—the

restoration of a sovereign, the casualties of a treaty, or the humour of a legislative assembly in defining the bounds of toleration. It did not even rise to the character of a *fait accompli*. It carried within it the seeds of inevitable disquietude and change. It satisfied neither the reason, nor the affections, nor the faith of mankind. Among the effects of the mental restlessness of Europe during the last century, not the least interesting are the religious movements to which it gave rise.

Out of these we may single four, as remarkably expressive of different tendencies, associated with the names of Wesley, Zinzendorf, Priestley and Swedenborg. The two former had a close affinity in sentiment, and even some co-operation in practice. Their effort was a re-action against the lifeless rationalism of the prevalent theology. They sought religion in its transforming action on the affections—in the power of a present faith to recal men from worldly pursuits, and consecrate them to the life of God. Here was the strength and beauty of their system—but here also was its danger, its liability to overset the mind so strongly possessed, and let it lapse into folly and licentiousness. Averse from criticism, and accepting without question the established faith of the land, they severally appropriated from the Anglican and Lutheran Confessions precisely those elements that were best fitted to work on the feelings and imagination, and induce the conviction of that close personal union with Christ, which might be taken as an earnest of future salvation. They showed but little interest in the science and literature of the day—or only in reference to its possible spiritual influence. Thrown back into the feelings of the primitive Christians, Heaven with them absorbed every other consideration. Their one object was to counteract the unbelief and spiritual deadness of the world—and to separate to God a peculiar people, marked off from the surrounding infidelity, by a spirit, a language, and a mode of life of their own. Schools and preaching and singularly organised societies were their great instruments of action; and the worthiest fruits of their zeal and love are still visible in an extensive reformation of the most depraved classes, and the most successful missions, after those perhaps of the Jesuits, that have been yet carried among the Heathen.

Priestley and Swedenborg present a strong contrast to the remarkable men just alluded to. Widely differing from each other in the character of their minds, and in the nature of their appeal to the convictions of mankind—they agreed nevertheless in approaching the questions of theology under the light of philosophy, and from the advanced ground of modern science—in strong dissent from existing Churches in their conception of the object of worship and of human relations to Him—and in their endeavour (though very differently applied) to establish the certainty of a Future Life on the evidence of *fact*. They resembled each other moreover in making little effort to spread their doctrines by fervent preaching and organised proselytism and the marked separation of their followers by outward tokens from the rest of the world. Priestley disseminated his views in very numerous writings, and calmly trusted to the force of truth to procure them acceptance. Preaching—never the peculiar distinction of the Presbyterian Churches, amongst which his doctrinal reformation took chief effect—was perhaps still further depressed by his immediate influence, and only revived again under a new stimulus from America.—Swedenborg was a layman, and considered it a part of his specific mission to circulate the truths of the New Church through the press. For more than a quarter of a century previous to his death, he was incessantly engaged in composition; his theological works, all written in Latin, fill about thirty octavo volumes; and now, almost eighty years since his decease, a Society is in active operation for the translation and dissemination of his writings. The circumstance is significant, as indicating the adaptation of his doctrines to a time when books are becoming the universal medium of instruction, and the press is daily encroaching on the domain once occupied with undisputed sway by the pulpit.—With these particulars, however, the parallelism between Swedenborg and Priestley wholly ceases. Priestley was a thorough and consistent rationalist (for miracles were to him a rational proof) who acknowledged no distinction, as to the ground of admission, between the belief of outward facts and faith in spiritual realities, but comprehended both in the same category of evidence—testimony that may be relied upon, and sound logical inference. He would take no man's assurance for a direct

communication with Heaven, but insisted on the outward sign in some act of superhuman power or a clear fulfilment of the prophetic word. Swedenborg made no pretension to work external miracles, and even denied their fitness to generate a free and individual faith : but he affirmed with distinct asseveration, that his own spiritual sight had been opened to commune with Angels, and to behold the wonderful scenery of Heaven and Hell. The calmness, the pertinacity and the consistency, with which a man of the world, trained in the exact sciences, familiar with Courts and Universities, and on all other subjects giving proof of perfect rationality, persisted for the last five and twenty years of his existence in declaring his immediate communication with the unseen world and daily insight into its mysteries—and with which under this conviction he separated himself from all other pursuits, sent forth volume after volume, and elaborated a very compact and minutely developed system of Theology—are phænomena which may well excite our astonishment in the history of this remarkable person. The bare assertion of such claims will be sufficient with many readers, to convict him at once of madness or imposture, and to render his character and writings unworthy of any further notice. But the case cannot be thus summarily dismissed. Whatever becomes of his supernatural pretensions, Swedenborg is the symbol of an influence which cannot be despised. His peculiar principles find defenders and representatives among intelligent and educated men in England, America, France and Germany. Churches not a few have been gathered in his name, and are said to be on the increase. He is one of a remarkable series of phænomena, running through the ages and connected with the birth of many enduring forms of religion, which the philosophical investigator of human nature will not pass over with indifference. Wholly independent of the reality of his Seership, and the intrinsic value of his doctrines, his own deep-rooted conviction, viewed as a simple question of psychology, offers a problem of no slight interest for solution. Should it be our final conclusion, that his pretensions had their source in mental disease, it must still be recollected, that a thoughtful study of pathology renders more distinct the conditions of health, and that sometimes through the rent which

derangement makes in the normal texture of the human system, we obtain a glimpse otherwise unattainable of the interior working of its marvellous organisation.

The growing interest in the character of Swedenborg may be inferred from the number of biographies that have appeared within a recent period. Between the years 1839 and 1844, Dr. Tafel, University Librarian at Tübingen, collected with true German diligence from a variety of sources, and published in four parts, a mass of materials illustrating the life and character of this extraordinary man. These were subsequently translated into English by the Rev. J. H. Smithson of Manchester, and then republished with further additions by Professor Bush of New York. Towards the close of the last year, Mr. Wilkinson gave to the world his more attractive and popular volume, setting the bare statements of the earlier narratives in a glowing framework of expository comment.—Intimately familiar with the doctrines of Swedenborg, as the translator and editor of many of his works, and imbued with religious veneration for his memory, he possesses many of the qualifications of a successful biographer; for if his strong predilection and foregone conclusion are apparent in every page, his warm and earnest colouring leaves perhaps a deeper sense of general truth and reality, than the cold and lifeless outlines that might be more accurately traced by a mind wholly dispassionate. His reasonings indeed often seem to us inconclusive, and his treatment of other philosophies assumes at times the tone of flippancy. He possesses no small share of poetic feeling; but in a too evident straining after ornament and brilliancy, his style constantly overflows in a luminous haziness of diction, through which it is very difficult to discover his precise meaning. He gives us a sparkling profusion of words, where we should be thankful for one clear idea; and after the fashion of certain French authors, when he should produce an argument, he simply turns a phrase. On the whole, however, his work is clever and suggestive, and will be read with interest.

Availing ourselves of the sources of information indicated at the head of this article, we shall briefly lay before the reader the principal events in the outward life of Swedenborg, as the best preparation for understanding his

Religious Philosophy, and estimating at their proper value the allegations of supernatural authority that he put forth in evidence of its truth.

Emanuel Swedenborg or Swedberg (for that was his original name) was born in 1688, descended from a family of credit and respectability in Stora Kopparberg, a great mining district in Sweden. His father, a man of learning and ability, distinguished for his religious fervour, and his activity in the promotion of missions among the Heathen, was bishop of Skara in East Gothland.—From early childhood Emanuel was remarkable for his devotional susceptibility. His parents wondering at his observations, often said that angels spoke through his mouth. At the proper age he repaired to the University of Upsala, where he applied with peculiar assiduity to Mathematics and the Physical Sciences. He did not however neglect the *Literæ Humaniores*, of which he gave proof by publishing when very young, a selection from Seneca and Publius Syrus, and two volumes of his own compositions in Latin.* After taking his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, he travelled for some years in England and on the Continent, and appears to have passed some time at the Universities of Oxford and Greifswalde. On his return he attracted the favourable regards of Charles XII. who had himself considerable talent for the Mathematics, and held them in great estimation. Swedenborg was employed by that Prince in several engineering operations of importance, and in particular constructed a machine for transporting ships overland to the siege of Frederickshall. In 1719 the Swedberg family was admitted into the lowest order of Swedish Nobility, and took the name of Swedenborg. He was entitled by this elevation to a seat with the equestrian nobles in the triennial assemblies of the States. At the

* L. Annæi Senecæ et Pub. Syri Mimi, forsan et aliorum Selectæ Sententiæ. Quas Notis illustratas edidit Emanuel Swedberg. 1709.

Ludus Heliconius, sive Carmina Miscellanea, quæ variis in locis cecinit Eman. Swedberg. Skaræ. 1715.

Camena Borea, cum Heroum et Heroidum factis ludens, sive Fabellæ Ovidianis Similes, &c., Ab Em. Swed. Gryphiswaldæ. 1715. (These are in prose.)

In the newly awakened interest about Swedenborg, these publications of his youth have been rescued from dust and oblivion, and recently given to the world in a new edition by Dr. Tafel.

commencement of the last century, Sweden was beginning to participate more largely in the general culture and refinement of Europe, and her eminent men travelled into the more advanced countries of the South, to make themselves acquainted with the actual state of learning and the sciences, and to impart the knowledge of recent discoveries and inventions into their native land. Swedenborg was a great traveller with this view from an early period of his life, and a certain taste for wandering always remained with him after his enthusiasm had taken another direction. The titles of some of his publications about this time will mark the bent of his studies and the activity of his mind.—Among them we find—A Proposal for a Decimal System of Money and Measures (reprinted as late as 1795)—Proofs derived from appearances in Sweden, of the depth of the Sea, and the greater force of the Tides, in the ancient world—A New Method of finding the Longitude of places, by Lunar observations (also reprinted in the latter part of his life)—Miscellaneous Observations connected with the Physical Sciences (a work in which, M. Dumas says, may be traced the first idea of the modern science of Crystallography)—On the Depreciation and Rise of the Swedish Currency (republished at Upsal in 1771).

In the unpublished portion of an introduction to Algebra, which is still extant in MS., he is said to have given the earliest account in Sweden of the Differential and Integral Calculus. During his travels he turned his attention to other objects besides science; and in the minuteness and variety of its observations on practical life, his Diary resembles that of Locke. In 1724 he was offered the vacant chair of Mathematics in the University of Upsal, but having previously accepted the office of Assessor to the Royal Board of Mines, he declined the situation.

The pursuits to which Swedenborg had hitherto chiefly devoted himself, were Geometry, Astronomy, Mechanics and Mineralogy. To perfect himself in the last with reference more immediately to the important post which he filled under the Swedish Government, was one object of his frequent travels. Chemistry, Geology and Physiology—sciences then in their infancy—had also strong attractions for him. It is curious to observe, with what felicitous divination he appears to have discerned the latent tendencies of the age

into which he had been born, and how he laid his hand, as it were by instinct, on the most improvable parts of human knowledge. Very early, however, he discovered a passion for theory and a leaning towards cosmogonical speculation; and this was strengthened by the deep religious feeling which he carried into all his studies, and which led him to seek, as their proper end, a full comprehension of the spiritual relations of the Universe. The correspondence in which at this time he was engaged with his brother in law, Eric Benzelius, afterwards Archbishop of Upsal, may also probably have quickened these aspirations after a religious consummation of his philosophy. From this time we can trace the formation in his mind of a vast plan of consecutive study—taking for its basis an exact knowledge of the great masses of unorganised matter, (with which his professional duties of course rendered him familiar)—then rising from them into the regions of mechanics and chemistry, interpreted by the laws of geometry—passing on, at the next step, to human physiology—and so bending his course inwards continually, till he should open all the doors that lead to the soul, and at length contemplate the soul herself. “His object was,” says Mr. Wilkinson—“to open a new way through natural knowledge to religious faith, and to transfer to Christianity the title deeds of the Sciences.”—(P. 49.)

The nature of the works which he henceforth published, indicate the steps of this progress. In 1734 appeared at Dresden and Leipsic, the first of three volumes folio, inscribed to the Duke of Brunswick who had liberally patronised him, under the general title of Philosophical and Mineral Works. This first volume he designated *Principia*, because in it he explained his views of the first principles of the Universe. In its aim it was more akin to the *à priori* theorising of the earlier philosophies, than to the cautious inductive methods of the eighteenth century. He adopted in a modified sense the doctrine of vortices, and placed the primal generative force, issuing immediately from the Infinite, in a *conatus* towards spiral motion, which from its being circular in all its dimensions, he regarded as one perpetual *ens*, possessed of the highest perfection, being at once most highly mechanical and most highly geometrical. This primary movement con-

necting the Finite with the Infinite he called a Simple, and the entities derived from it, he further distinguished into Actives and Finites, and lastly Composites or Elementaries compounded of the former two. The Active expressed the force transmitted from the Simple; the Finite was the limit or boundary of its operation. From their junction resulted the elements of creation; the Finite constituting the superficies, the Active filling the interiors. In these refined abstractions, which would have been as suitable to the infancy as to the maturity of Science, since they do not necessarily imply any extensive acquaintance with facts, we perceive the characteristic tendency of his mind to invest all his knowledge with a theosophic character. A work on Mineralogy did not require so metaphysical an introduction.

In the same year with the *Principia*, he put forth a small treatise intended to develope more fully some of its views, containing a philosophical argument on the Infinite and on the intercourse between the Soul and the Body—which has been translated into English with some introductory remarks by Mr. Wilkinson.* This argument advances him a step nearer to the high questions of Theology and Spiritual Psychology. He assumes the consciousness of the Infinite as a part of the original constitution of the human mind, though we are unable to comprehend it. We can show, he says, ‘*quod sit*,’ not ‘*quale sit*.’ But there is a further difficulty—to conceive the relation of the Infinite to the Finite—how one can act on the other—since they are incommensurable quantities, and one is to the other, as though it did not exist. How, then, are we to account for their connexion? There must be a *nexus* between them: and this *nexus* cannot be finite, otherwise it would be as all other finites, and the difficulty would only be thrown one step further back; neither can it be infinite, for by the supposition, the Infinite cannot act directly on the Finite. The *nexus*, therefore, to accomplish its purpose, must be of a mixed nature, and partake at once of

* The full title of the work in Latin is as follows: ‘*Prodromus Philosophiæ ratiocinantis de Infinito, et Causa Finali Creationis: deque Mechanismo Operationis Animæ et Corporis. Dresdæ et Lipsiæ, 1734*,’ which Mr. Wilkinson has rendered ‘*Outlines of a Philosophical Argument on the Infinite, etc.*’

the Finite and the Infinite. Of this *nexus*, as of the Infinite itself, we simply see that it must exist. Of its quality we know nothing. Nevertheless, we can discern thus much—that the Infinite must be the final and the efficient cause of everything that exists—the whole intervening system of means which connect the first primitive with the last effect, deriving their energy and working from it alone. Creation then exists by and for the Infinite. All other ends are subordinate to this final end. Now, viewing Creation as a descending fluxion of effects, while the Infinite has no limits, the proper Finite has two—a prior and a posterior. But the pure Simple, in which the primal force of Creation exits, has only one limit—viz. towards the Finite: towards the Infinite, it is without a limit. In this Simple, then, on the *à priori* side of Creation, we find the *nexus* of the Finite and the Infinite. If again we pursue Creation to its last effect in Man, we find that he too, on one side of his being, touches on the Infinite. For though his nature bodily and mental is finite, yet through his power of knowing, adoring and loving the Infinite, he has access to it, and is open towards it. So long as his nature is in harmony with God, he connects the Finite and the Infinite. On both sides, therefore, of Creation, *à priori* and *à posteriori*, we find a *nexus* with the Infinite. Thus far the argument of Swedenborg has kept to the ground of Natural Religion: from this point, it plunges at once into the dogmas of a traditional Theology. This union with God—he proceeds—is the normal condition of humanity. So it existed in Eden. But the union was dissolved by the Fall; and it has been taken up and knit together again through the incarnation of Christ, who by that event brought Humanity into direct contact with Deity. His redemption is available for all, whether his name be known to them or not, whose minds recognise the existence of the Infinite; for inasmuch as they recognise the Infinite, they virtually recognise Christ. Swedenborg winds up his argument in the following way. All things in Creation are subordinate to man. All effects run up into and centre in him. He is the end and crown of Creation. As Christ by becoming flesh thus outwardly and visibly links man's nature with the Infinite—we have in Revelation a clear confirmation of the previous assump-

tion of Reason—that the Universe exists for the Infinite—that it is embraced in the Infinite—that the Infinite is its first cause and final end.

This argument on the Infinite has been extolled as a masterpiece of abstract reasoning. We confess it does not appear so to us. The reasoning is more specious than solid. It yields if we touch it. We perceive on the slightest analysis of the argument, that it only disguises the original difficulty in a new form of words. For whatever be the difficulty in conceiving a direct connexion of the Finite with the Infinite, it is certainly not diminished—to us it is rather increased—by the assumption of a *nexus* between them which is at once finite and infinite, for the two predicates destroy one another, and only leave a negation where we were promised an idea. Again, we cannot but ask, how the fact of Christ's incarnation reunites the links between God and Man, dissolved by the Fall—especially for those who know not Christ, and to whom therefore he cannot furnish either motive or example. The break was a *moral* one; it cannot be made good by a historical event. There is something very mechanical in Swedenborg's conception of this transaction. He takes a type for a process, and confounds an illustration with an agency. Unless the whole of humanity past, present and to come, had been centred in Christ, his incarnation could not have been availing for universal redemption even in the mechanical sense here understood.* His argument on the Soul, though imperfectly developed, is to us clearer and more worthy of thought than that on the Infinite. The Soul, he admits, is finite, naturally mortal, and governed like the body by mechanical and geometric laws. For the laws of causes are discovered in their effects, and the visible phenomena of body suggest the invisible phenomena of mind, which are anterior to them and operate through them. In the descending order of Creation there is an intellectual agency which precedes all corporeal manifestation. In accordance with his general theory already explained, Swedenborg described the Soul as an Active enclosed within space by Finites—i. e. by

* Perhaps this *was* the idea in Swedenborg's mind; for according to him, —as we shall see, when we come to speak of his Theology in its whole extent —the essence of Humanity dwelt in Christ.

membranes. Through these membranes and what he called the *contiguum* of elemental influence, he supposed outward impressions to be conveyed to the mind, and ideas and volitions to re-act on the external world. Although the mechanism of the Soul was in his view geometric, he considered it to belong to a higher and purer region of existence, not subject to the changes of grosser matter; and though not immortal through any inherent quality, made such by the goodness of God, who permits it to unite itself indissolubly with Him, and pours into it His own divine energy. This doctrine of divine influx, here slightly indicated, afterwards assumed a more important place in his theological system.* This work was reviewed in the *Acta Eruditorum* for 1735, where its principles were charged with a tendency towards Materialism. But the Materialism of Swedenborg was refined and attenuated like that of Boscovich and Priestley, and is most distinctly reconcilable with the fact of immortality.

We request the reader's forgiveness for having detained him so long on a theme that lies remote from the present interests and sympathies of the world. But the view thus afforded of the growth and aim of Swedenborg's mind, seemed to us an important element towards forming a just estimate of the remarkable phenomena exhibited in the final development of his character. He now began to apply himself with uncommon ardour to the study of human anatomy, travelling in quest of the most eminent teachers and the best books into Holland, Germany and Italy — still looking to spiritual results and a deeper insight into the Soul, as the consummation of his inquiries. The fruit of these studies was seen in two of the most important of his earlier works—the *Economy of the Animal Kingdom*, published at Amsterdam in 1740-41—and the *Animal Kingdom*, which came out at the Hague in 1744-5. The interval between these dates he seems to have occupied entirely with pursuits of this description. His knowledge of the human frame was gained chiefly, it would appear, from books and plates. He has left, we are told, voluminous MSS. filled with notes and extracts from the

* In this treatise on the Soul, the ideas of Life and Mind (as in some of the old Heathen philosophies) seem to be in a manner confounded.

most eminent writers on Anatomy and Physiology—all digested in admirable scientific order for the apprehension and development of general truths. He was not an original observer, nor is there any evidence of his having been a dissector. He was distinguished rather for a wide and superficial range of view, than for minute exactness of investigation. But Mr. Wilkinson, who is well qualified to give a verdict in this case, assures us, that his works, though out of date as records of anatomical fact, are still inestimable for the spirit of study with which they are imbued, for their frequent suggestions, and their happy divination of comprehensive laws.

The last work which we shall mention in connexion with this period of his life, and which marks the transition from scientific studies (which however had long been gradually melting into theosophy) to a new development of thought, is his *Worship and Love of God*, published in London 1745. Judging from Mr. Wilkinson's description and analysis, which is our only means of forming an opinion, it was a strange performance to come from the pen of a man, now fifty-seven years of age, the whole of whose early life had been devoted to the severest and most exact departments of mental activity. But a new power was evidently springing up and shooting forth beneath the scientific crust that had formed over his mind. The *Worship and Love of God* is a cosmogonical myth, in which he has given scope to his imagination, and in rich poetic envelopment set forth his ideas concerning the origin of the earth, and the cradle of the human race. Mr. Wilkinson's account of this book, though in a somewhat luscious style, is written with considerable beauty.

We here take leave of Swedenborg as a man of learning and science, and his title to consideration in this character cannot perhaps be more fairly given than in the candid estimate of his admiring biographer.

"Undoubtedly," says Mr. Wilkinson, "his learning was not so thorough as to lead to danger of mere scholarship: nay, from long experience in editing his works, we pronounce his acquaintance with the ancients loose and inexact; and with more modern writers, (we speak principally of the anatomists,) undoubtedly wide and general, but by no means *verbatim et litteratim*. Theory was his joy, and so strongly did he asseverate his main discoveries, that he often based

them on citations which will not bear their weight. His ignorance, however, of philosophy, and inability to learn or remember it, were the defences of that freedom which made him what he was. In this he is like other originators, who happily did not comprehend the details of that which they departed from; had they understood these in the way in which sympathy understands, it is probable that they would not have escaped in time from their systematic fascination." *

Some time between the years 1743 and 45† (for the dates of the different accounts vary, and the state of mind now permanently superinduced, seems to have been gradually prepared), an event occurred, which from its strange character and the remarkable effects by which it was followed, it will be best to narrate in Swedenborg's own words. They are thus reported by his friend, M. Robsahm.

"I was in London, and dined late at my usual quarters, where I had engaged a room, in which at pleasure to prosecute my studies in natural philosophy. I was hungry, and ate with great appetite. Towards the end of the meal I remarked that a kind of mist spread before my eyes, and I saw the floor of my room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads, and the like. I was astonished, having all my wits about me, and being perfectly conscious. The darkness attained its height, and then passed away. I now saw a man sitting in a corner of the chamber. As I thought myself entirely alone, I was greatly frightened when he said to me, 'Eat not so much!' My sight again became dim, but when I recovered it I found myself alone in my room. The unexpected alarm hastened my return home. I did not suffer my landlord to perceive that anything had happened; but thought it over attentively, and was not able to attribute it to chance, or any physical cause. I went home, but the following night the same man appeared to me again. I was this time not at all alarmed. The man said, 'I am God, the Lord, the Creator and Redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold to men the spiritual sense of the Holy Scripture. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write.' The same night the

• P. 61. A large part of this biography is filled up with analyses of Swedenborg's different publications. A further account of one portion of them will be found in the Author's 'Popular Sketch of Swedenborg's Philosophical Works. London: 1847.'

† In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Hartley, dated 1769, Swedenborg says, that the Lord had personally manifested himself to him, and opened his spiritual sight, in 1743. According to an entry in his Diary, the same event appears to be referred to April 1745. What is certain is, that from this latter date the change of mind became decided and permanent, which has led many to regard him as a supernaturally gifted Seer.

world of spirits, hell and heaven, were convincingly opened to me, where I found many persons of my acquaintance of all conditions. From that day forth I gave up all worldly learning, and laboured only in spiritual things, according to what the Lord commanded me to write. Thereafter the Lord daily opened the eyes of my spirit, to see in perfect wakefulness what was going on in the other world, and to converse, broad awake, with angels and spirits."

He refers probably to the same event in the following passage of his diary:—

"A vision in the day time: of those who are devoted to conviviality in eating, and indulge their appetites.

"397. In the middle of the day at dinner an angel spoke to me, and told me not to eat too much at table. Whilst he was with me, there plainly appeared to me a kind of vapour steaming from the pores of the body. It was a most visible watery vapour, and fell downwards to the ground on the carpet, where it collected, and turned into divers vermin, which were gathered together under the table, and in a moment went off with a pop or noise. A fiery light appeared within them, and a sound was heard, pronouncing that all the vermin that could possibly be generated by unseemly appetite were thus cast out of my body, and burnt up, and that I was now cleansed from them. Hence we may know what luxury and the like have for their bosom contents. 1745. April."*

This impression, however produced, took so strong a hold of Swedenborg's mind, that it became thenceforth the actuating principle of his life. In the first months of his change, he says somewhere,† if he could have fallen back into his previous state, he might have taken it all for delusion: but the impression deepened the older he grew, and with the exception of a short interval (not long before his death) which again passed away, it furnished him for the rest of his days, with as firm and constant a belief as other men have of the reality of an external world. He now solicited release from his post at the Board of Mines, with a request that he might be allowed to retain half his salary, and be spared any further elevation of rank. The king graciously conceded to him the whole of his salary.

* Harrington, the author of the *Oceana*, was visited with a similar hallucination in the latter part of his life. He fancied, that small flies were emitted from all parts of his body, and would sometimes ask his friends, if they did not perceive them.

† We have mislaid the reference, but are certain of the fact.

Retiring from public life, he built himself a small commodious house, with a spacious garden attached, in the southern suburb of Stockholm, where an aged gardener and his wife were his only domestics. The remainder of his life he divided almost equally between Stockholm and London, with occasional excursions into Holland and France. But while his works and his Diary make us quite familiar with his mental history, it is not always easy to trace his course or assign his dwelling in the world of men. A sort of mysterious obscurity envelops the outward life of his latter years, like that of St. Simon. Whenever he does emerge into view, we still find in him the external bearing of the scholar and the gentleman. In his own country he retained his early friendships, occasionally took his place and sometimes spoke in the sitting of the nobles, and was honourably noticed by different members of the royal family.

Of his theology as a system, and its extraordinary pretensions, we shall speak presently. We simply notice here, as the sole incidents to mark the last seven-and-twenty years of his life, the different publications in which he propounded his peculiar views, and by which his name is principally known to the world. They were exclusively of a theological character, and are very numerous. The principal of them need alone be mentioned. Between 1749 and 1756 appeared at London, in successive volumes, his great work, the *Arcana Cælestia*. It amounted, at its close, to eight volumes 4to. It is an elaborate commentary on the Books of Genesis and Exodus, in which, by the aid of certain fixed correspondences between the things of heaven and the things of earth, he extracted the natural, the spiritual, and the celestial Senses of the Divine Word. From the constant references to this work in his subsequent publications, we conclude, that he regarded it as the basis of his whole system. In 1758, besides many smaller treatises, he published, also at London, a work 'Concerning Heaven and its Wonders, and concerning Hell: being a relation of Things heard and seen,'—and the most fanciful of all his productions, 'On the Earths in the Solar System, and in the Starry Heavens; with an Account of their Inhabitants, and of the Spirits and Angels there.' This last, issuing from any other pen,

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might have been taken for a *jeu d'esprit*, but it is written in sober earnestness, and is quite in harmony with Swedenborg's general strain of thought. It is as bold in its fancies as the lively conversations of Fontenelle on the same subject; but it is even less scientific, and is not relieved by the sprightly sallies of wit and gallantry which make the Frenchman's speculations so entertaining. The planetary and stellar scenery of Swedenborg is somewhat heavy and monotonous. His views were further developed in a large volume, entitled 'The Apocalypse Revealed,' which appeared at Amsterdam in 1766. This was followed in 1768 by another publication at Amsterdam, 'The Delights of Wisdom concerning Conjugal Love, and the Pleasures of Insanity concerning Scortatory Love.' In this work he declared his views on the relations of the sexes. Insisting with extreme earnestness on the sanctity and inviolability of the nuptial tie, he allowed a freedom on some other points beyond the received morality of the world.* His last treatise, in which he gathered up the results of previous separate publications in one comprehensive summary, was the 'True Christian Religion, containing the Universal Theology of the New Church.' It is an elaborate Body of Divinity, in which the positions of the different sections are illustrated and supported by Memorable Relations of what he had seen and heard in the Spiritual World. It was originally printed in Latin at Amsterdam in 1771, the year before his death. When it is remembered that the author was now in his 84th year, it must be considered an extraordinary performance.

In England and France, Swedenborg experienced no annoyance, in consequence of his strange opinions. In the latter country, the philosophic literati seemed rather disposed to look on his writings with a friendly curiosity. In England, John Wesley—as might be expected from his own tendencies—felt much interest in Swedenborg's reported communications with the spiritual world, and expressed a wish to see him—but declared his own belief, that he was a lunatic.† In his own country, owing to the impression that he had made on some persons in the

* 'Wilkinson's Biography,' pp. 165-174.

† Wesley has recorded this opinion in his Diary.

higher and learned classes, he began to excite the jealousy of the clergy, and attempts were made to suppress his writings. Among the most active of his enemies, was his own nephew, bishop Filenius. But the innocence and simplicity of his life, his intimate relations with some of the most distinguished personages in the state, and perhaps a kind of undefinable awe investing his character—preserved him from actual persecution, and enabled him to end his days in peace. On more than one occasion, shortly before his death, he was asked by his friends, whether he still persisted in his pretensions, or had anything to retract. He replied with some warmth to the Rev. Dr. Hartley and to Dr. Messiter, that “he had written nothing but the truth.” His answer to the Rev. Arvid Ferelius, a Swedish clergyman, who attended him in his last illness, was still more emphatic and decisive. The old man raised himself half upright in bed, and placing his hand on his breast, said with uncommon fervour, “As true as you see me here, so true is everything that I have written. I could have said more had I been permitted. When you come into eternity, you will see all things as I have stated and described them, and we shall have much to discourse about them with each other.”

He died in London on the 29th of March 1772, and on the 5th of April was buried according to the Lutheran rites, in a vault beneath the Swedish Church, Ratcliffe Highway, where his remains still repose. “To this day,” says Mr. Wilkinson, “not a stone or an inscription commemorates the dust of the wonderful Norseman.”

The theological system and the peculiar religious character of Swedenborg—both a development of the age—were intimately related to the studies and aspirations of his early life.—His aim for years had been to apprehend the Infinite in its vital *nexus* with the Finite; and towards this object he had laboriously worked his way through the details of human physiology.—The end and the means throw some light, we conceive, on the ultimate constitution of his belief and his opinions.—These influences were further strengthened by his intense disgust at the general infidelity of his time, which had lost all faith in a living, personal God, and substituted in place of Him the vague abstraction of nature. His works abound in bitter com-

plaint of this wide-spread spirit of Naturalism.—We must keep in mind, then, that he made his approach to the realization of the idea of God through human anatomy, for both his works on the Animal Kingdom treated exclusively of this subject; and the anthropomorphic tendency thus engendered, was confirmed by his profound reverence for the letter of Scripture.—At the end of the series of second causes traced upward, he reached an opening towards the Infinite; and the devotional appetency of his mind found relief in the conviction, that the Divine Influx entered at this point the system of the Universe, and pervaded it throughout as its motive and conservative force. His conception of the relation of God to the Universe is expressed in two words—Influx and Receptacle.*—In accordance with his doctrine that the forms of causes are manifested in their effects, he took the human receptacle of life and intelligence—that highest effort of creation—as the measure of the invisible powers which acted through it, and reasoned up from it to the form of the Divine energy. We must not be deceived by his use of the word, Form. It did not necessarily express what could only be the object of our gross corporeal senses. He seems often to have understood by it, nothing more than what subjected energy to fixed laws, and determined it to particular manifestations—in one word, what made existence definite. In this sense, he declared there could be no real belief in anything, apart from some conception of its form. He affirmed, for example, that the soul had a form, corresponding to the body which it animated, and which was in truth but a visible expression of it; and that they who spoke of it as a breath, an *aura*, a mere power, a vague, unbounded principle, used words without significance. It is from this point of view, that we must judge his doctrine, else so startling and offensive, that the Deity exists in a human form—the Grand Archetypal Man; and that the successive emanations of his creative power repeat this form through the descending scale of things, in the Heavens, the Spiritual World, the Visible Universe, down to human societies

* “Vita est unica, et hæc non creabilis est, sed summopere influxibilis in formas organice adaptatas ad receptionem; tales formæ sunt omnia et singula in Universo creato.”—De Commercio Animæ et Corporis: 1769. Denuo edidit J. F. I. Tafel: Tübingæ, 1843, p. 14.

and their individual members, and even to the lower orders of organised and unorganised being. Substance and Form, he argued, imply one another. God is the absolute substance, and the absolute form. Angels and Men are made after the image of God, which is that of a perfect Man. We thus arrive at the germinating principle of his whole system—the idea of God, as the Sovereign, Universal Man. By this idea he got rid at once of the vague term Nature, which was a mere cover for unbelief, obtained a living, real entity, as an object of faith, and laid, as he conceived, a foundation in the eternal order of things, for that doctrine of correspondences between the Divine and the Natural, which became the support and the warrant of his Theology.

For instance, he regarded the Sun, which is the animating and sustaining power of our planetary system, as but the type of a brighter Sun in the Heavens, where Jehovah manifests his immediate presence, and imparts to the Angels in unceasing streams, the love and the wisdom which have their correspondences in the heat and light of our material day.*

It was an obvious deduction from this fundamental idea, that the preservation of the Universe, especially the moral and intelligent portion of it, from ruin—depended on maintaining unbroken the connexion of the Receptacle with the Influx. In Paradise the union of Man with God was complete. Men understood the language of Angels—imperfectly transmitted to later times in the science of correspondences—and lived in habitual communion with Heaven. All this was destroyed by the Fall.—And this brings us to the author's doctrine of human free-agency. All good comes from Jehovah through influx; but man has the power of accepting or rejecting this divine influence, and thus of becoming the voluntary author of his own sin and consequent ruin. It is an axiom in Swedenborg's system, that all Influx is according to Reception; in other words, the human will converts it into evil or good. When

* The reader who is at all acquainted with the history of ancient opinion, will at once discern in the Grand or Archetypal Man of Swedenborg, a close affinity with the Adam-Kadmon of the Cabalists; who held moreover (a further resemblance) that the everlasting Sun—the infinite Source of Light to the Universe—was Jehovah himself.

man accepts the divine operation, God meets and takes up the tendency of his will, and carries it on step by step to the higher degrees of spiritual perfection and blessedness. The substance, then, of the doctrine is this: that all active goodness is an effect of the divine inspiration, while to man is left a negative power, sufficient to throw on himself alone the responsibility and guilt of moral evil:—an intermediate view, that rather evades, than fairly grapples with, the real difficulties at issue between the Free-willer and the Necessarian.

To counteract the effects of the Fall, and keep up some communication between the Natural and Heavenly worlds, God interposed in successive dispensations. Under one of these dispensations, introduced by Moses, the people were instructed by types and signs alone; spiritual truths were hidden in the letter of the Law; and they who were faithful and obedient lived, as it were prospectively, in virtue of a revelation that was yet to be made known. Before the Advent of Christ, spiritual light was almost wholly obscured, and scarce any intercourse subsisted between Heaven and Earth; for the Spiritual World—a middle region between Heaven and Hell, to which the souls of men are carried immediately after death—was so filled with ignorant and wicked spirits, that the truth and love of God could hardly penetrate through it to this human earth; and without speedy and effectual interposition, all mankind must have perished. Hence the necessity for the incarnation of Jehovah.

A peculiarity in Swedenborg's system, is its conception of the Trinity—the mutual relation of Father, Son and Holy Spirit. This distinction was declared by him not to affect the interior nature of Deity, nor to involve a distinction of persons: for the Three constitute only One Person, Jehovah. The distinction arose with the new relations called into existence by the creation of the Universe. Before the creation there was no Trinity. Its origin is coincident with the commencement of Time and the foreseen necessities of the human race. According to Swedenborg, a threefold division—discreet degrees, as he calls them, in triple succession—pervades all things, and assigns the governing order of Creation. The Father is the hidden Love or inmost essence of the Godhead;

Christ is the informing principle which shapes it into definite relations towards the Finite ; and the Spirit is the virtue or operation, which results from the union of the Two. These Three are the three essentials of God, and make a One, like Soul, Body and Operation, or Will, Intellect and Act, in Man. They represent a trinity of attributes — Creation, Redemption, Regeneration. God *from* eternity is the Creator, *in* time the Redeemer, and *to* eternity the Regenerator. With the Athanasian trinity, Swedenborg in every part of his system, wages implacable war. His antipathy to it follows him into the Spiritual World, and even disturbs his peace, when conversing with the inhabitants of the fixed stars in the remotest depths of space.

The immediate object of the Lord's incarnation was to subjugate the Hells, which had acquired a frightful ascendancy during the prevalence of Heathenism and Judaism, and pouring out their pestiferous influence over the Spiritual World, darkened and closed up the access to Heaven, and almost prevented any intercourse between God and Man. To accomplish this great purpose, Jehovah descended through the Heavens, assumed Humanity, and for a time, in the peculiar phraseology of Swedenborg, dwelt in *ultimates*. This is to be understood from his notion respecting the several degrees of the Divine Manifestation :—in the Celestial Heaven, corresponding to Love ;—in the Spiritual Heaven, corresponding to Wisdom ;—and in the Natural or visible World, a joint effect of the former two, exhibiting an union of Love and Wisdom in its formation. This ternary order of things pervades (as we have before remarked) his theory of the Universe—existing either successively or synchronically. When the Lord became flesh, he did not leave the Celestial behind him on entering into the Spiritual, but brought it with Him into that lower Heaven, and carried the two thus united into the *Ultimate* or Natural, so that the three grades, the Celestial, the Spiritual and the Natural co-exist in his incarnation. This was conceived and represented as the condition of effectual redemption from the power of the Hells, and of a perfect re-establishment of the union between God and Man.

The theology of Swedenborg at this point becomes

exceedingly mystical and difficult of apprehension. Conflicting ideas are at work in it, and do not come to a clear and harmonious self-adjustment. Vehemently opposed to the orthodox dogmas of Satisfaction, Atonement and Justification by Faith alone, as embodied in the Lutheran Formula Concordiæ, he was still, it is obvious, very strongly under the influence of modes of expression which were traditional in the Church, and which, though not equally offensive to the moral feelings with those which he had rejected, it is just as impossible to realise to the understanding, either as historical or as spiritual facts. The idea of Humanity, it must be remembered, he regarded as the governing type of all existence. "Jehovah," to use his own words, "is a Man, as in first principles, so also in ultimates."* But his Divine Humanity he laid aside, when he assumed the flesh conceived of the Virgin by the operation of the Holy Spirit. This was his period of humiliation or *exinanition*, necessary to be gone through to give him access to the Devils, whom he could not have approached in his state of celestial glory. His short manifestation on earth was a process of gradually recovering the Divine Human, and of dropping in the same degree the Lower Human which he had temporarily put on. Every temptation that he overcame, effected more and more of this substitution of the Divine for the Earthly, so that before he re-ascended to Heaven after the resurrection, he had parted by successive triumphs over the Hells, with every carnal particle derived from the Virgin's womb:—his glorification was perfect;—and the union of God and Man complete. In Heaven, Swedenborg assures us he had seen Mary herself, who told him, Christ had been, but was now no longer, her Son;—for he had put off the humanity which she had lent him for his earthly sojourn, and was worshipped by her as God. In this view, therefore, the passion of the Cross was in no other sense the special means of human redemption, than as it was the last of Christ's victories over the infernal powers, and completed the triumph and glorification of the Divine Human. Two benefits resulted to men from this incarnation of Jehovah: by overpowering the Hells and

* 'True Christian Religion,' 102.

bringing the Spiritual World into order, he again opened a free communication between Heaven and Earth to all who sought it in faith; and by assuming the nature and encountering the temptations peculiar to man, he left an example of the Divine Life by which Heaven was to be attained. His merits, however, were not imputed, as the established Orthodoxy taught, to mere Faith, but must be voluntarily appropriated by an union of Faith and Charity in the heart and life of the believer.*

Had Jehovah gone back to Heaven without leaving any visible token behind Him, the conjunction between Heaven and Earth would again have been wanting; but this was effected and rendered permanent, by the lasting presence of the Word among men. In the doctrine of the Word, the mysticism of Swedenborg's theology re-appears in all its peculiarity. He goes far beyond the twofold meaning of the Greek *Λόγος*, expressing both a mental conception and its vocal utterance. By the Word, in one and the same application, he seems to understand the living substance of Jehovah, who is Love indeed and Wisdom indeed, and also the embodying of his Mind or Spirit in the Hebrew and Greek Scripture—as if the two ideas were identical. There is a strange mixture, in this view, of the plain and figurative sense of language—which it is impossible to disentangle into intelligibility. Yet it was by the adoption of this view, that Swedenborg attempted to explain how Christ after his return to Heaven, had still immediate conjunction with his Church. In the three Senses of the Word, the Celestial, the Spiritual and the Natural manifestations of the Lord were respectively present, co-existing as the Divine Truth, in its fulness, its sanctity and its power—in the Ultimate, the simple Letter. On the Letter the higher Senses of the Word were supposed to rest, and it was therefore called the *Basis*, *Continens* or *Firmamentum* of the former two. Every simple Christian who honestly received the Natural

* In the exposition of this general idea, Swedenborg has elaborated a complete system of Human Duty from the Ten Commandments. They are a perfect Summary, according to him, of Faith and Charity—of all Truth and all Good. God is ever present in them, only waiting for Man to open the door of his Will and Affections, in order to enter into union with him. See 'True Christian Religion,' ch. v.

Sense, without endeavouring to pervert it by sophistry, or, as Swedenborg expressed it, confirming himself in Falses,—though he might be ignorant of the higher meanings involved in it, was still believed to enjoy unconsciously the medium which they opened for him into Heaven; and if his mind were never awakened to discern them in this life, he would come immediately to the perception of them in Heaven. There is a latent Materialism, such as we notice in other parts of Swedenborg's system, as if pure mental sympathy between Man and God did not fully satisfy him—in this craving after a visible, we might almost say, tangible link between Heaven and Earth. However attenuated this material *nexus*, if only a few in a single nation kept hold of it—Swedenborg believed it would suffice to preserve the whole race from being loosened off from God into perdition. Every word and even letter of the written text was deemed essential to the full expression of the higher sense, as if it could not be taken away without impairing the living *nexus*. In this respect, Swedenborg had a more than Rabbinical reverence for the literal Scripture.*

The evolution of the Spiritual and Celestial Senses from the Letter was effected by means of correspondences, according to which every object in Nature, in consequence of its relation to the grand Human Type, after which the Universe was created, has significances receding deep into the spiritual and celestial worlds, beyond that which it bears on its surface and offers to the hasty observer. These correspondences Swedenborg is believed by his followers to have drawn out into a complete science. He held that

* See the "*Doctrina Novæ Hierosolymæ de Sacra Scriptura*:" "In sensu spirituali omnia cohærent in continuo nexu, ad quem concinnendum unaquævis vox in sensu literæ seu naturali conducit; quare si vocula auferretur, nexus rumpetur et copula periret." 13. In the same passage, Swedenborg says it was providentially ordained, that the very letters of Scripture should all be numbered by the Masoretes. In another passage he says, that this knowledge of the connexion of Man with Heaven through the Word, was given to him by supernatural illumination; and referring to another doctrine of his Theology, that Heaven is divided into different societies corresponding to particular parts of Scripture—he adds:—"Per multam experientiam mihi scire datum est, quod per Verbum sit homini communicatio cum Cœlo: dum perlegi Verbum a primo capite Esaïæ usque ad ultimum Malachiæ, et Psalmos Davidis, datum est clare percipere, quod unusquisque Versus communicaret cum aliqua societate Cœli, et quod sic totum Verbum cum universo Cœlo." 113.

they constituted a language, not arbitrarily devised, but founded on the essential relations of things—which man in his state of innocence fully possessed and used as his medium of communication with God and Angels; and that when this language came into disuse after the Fall, it was obscurely preserved in the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians and other ancient nations. He had a strange fancy, that it was retained to his own day by a nation in Great Tartary. It was the proper language of Angels, and he described it as “spoken Thought and Affection.”* He developed this doctrine of Correspondences chiefly in his largest work, the *Arcana Cælestia*; and so confident was he of its truth, that one of his last communications with the World of Letters, after he had begun to devote himself exclusively to Theology, was a recommendation to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm to turn their attention to the Science of Correspondences, esteemed, he said, by the Ancients the Science of Sciences,—accompanied by an offer on his own part, should that learned Society desire it, to unfold the meaning of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, according to the Correspondences which he had discovered and proved from the Word in the *Apocalypse Revealed*, and to publish their explication—a work, he adds, which no other person could accomplish.† According to Swedenborg, not all the books of Scripture possess this internal sense; those which do, are called pre-eminently the Word or the books of the Word. The books of the Word in the Old Testament are—the Pentateuch, all the Prophets, the Psalms of David, the books of Joshua and Judges, the two books of Samuel and the two of Kings; in the New Testament, the four Gospels and the *Apocalypse*. All these books he declared to be directly and plenarily inspired, down to the very words and letters by Jehovah himself: all the rest, (though still sacred books,) inasmuch as they are without this internal Sense or have it only in a fragmentary way, he considered to be of inferior authority.‡

* ‘Heaven and Hell,’ 110, 111.

† See Appendix to the ‘*Treatise on the White Horse*,’ p. 4.

‡ ‘*Treatise on the White Horse*,’ 16. Compare also Madeley’s ‘*Science of Correspondences Elucidated*,’ Appendix III.

Swedenborg’s ‘*Explication of the Third Commandment*’ will furnish an

One of the most remarkable features in Swedenborg's system, is his doctrine of Heaven and Hell. His treatise on that subject is a complete spiritual topography, detailed with such minuteness and particularity, as if he had actually surveyed the ground and beheld every scene repeatedly with his own eyes. One is almost tempted to say, that his engineering habits of mind—a certain precision and angularity in his mode of mapping down a region—had followed him in his excursions beyond the grave. Immediately on quitting this life, (such is his statement,) men pass into the World of Spirits—a place of temporary sojourn and probation between Heaven and Hell—bearing some faint analogy to the Purgatory of the Catholics and the Hades of the Jews. Here they are distributed according to their moral fitnesses, till they receive their final allotment with the blessed or the damned. "In the East are those who are in *good* from the Lord, the Sun being in that quarter, in the centre of which is the Lord. In the North are such spirits as are in *ignorance*: in the South such as are in *intelligence*; and in the West such as

example of the mode in which he drew forth the several senses of the Word.

"In the Natural Sense, which is that of the Letter, this Commandment signifies that six days are for man and his labours, and the seventh for the Lord and for man's rest in dependence on him; for the word Sabbath in the original tongue signifies rest.

"In the Spiritual Sense, it signifies the reformation and regeneration of men by the Lord: six days of labour signify man's combats against the flesh and its lusts, and at the same time against the evils and falses which are infused into him from hell; and the seventh day signifies his conjunction with the Lord, and consequent regeneration.

"In the Celestial Sense, it means conjunction with the Lord and that attendant peace which is the effect of protection from hell; for the Sabbath signifies rest, and in this highest sense, peace; on which account the Lord is called the Prince of Peace, and styles himself Peace in the abstract. Celestial peace, which consists in security against the hells, and the prevention of assault from the evils and falses thence arising, may be compared, in many respects, with a state of natural peace, as when men after the horrors of war come to live in safety and protection from their enemies, in the secure enjoyment of their own cities, houses, farms, and gardens,—with the consolations which a mother experiences after the time of her delivery, when her tender love towards her child begins to manifest its sweetness—and likewise with the appearance of spring after a severe winter, when the lands seem to express their joy in the fresh springing herbage, and the gardens, fields, and woods, in their buds and blossoms, etc."—"True Christian Religion," 301. 2, 3, 4. This accumulation of comparisons is characteristic of Swedenborg's later style.

are in *evil*.”* On their first arrival they appear just as they did on earth; but by degrees their interior nature is laid open, and they consociate themselves by a sort of instinctive affinity with the spirits good or evil, amongst whom they are finally to dwell. Those who prove themselves substantially good, then go through a course of instruction to prepare them for Heaven. The wicked when their true character is evinced, are consigned at once to their everlasting doom: for no repentance is possible after death. The following extract from the work on Heaven and Hell will convey an idea of Swedenborg’s mode of treating such subjects:—

“Since the world of spirits is an intermediate state with men between heaven and hell, it is also an intermediate place. Beneath are the hells, and above are the heavens. All the hells are closed towards that world, except that there are openings through holes and clefts like those of rocks, and through wide chasms, but all these are guarded, to prevent any one coming out except by permission. This is granted on certain urgent occasions. Heaven also is securely defended on all sides, nor is there entrance to any heavenly society, except by a narrow way, which is guarded. These outlets and entrances are what are called in the Word the gates and doors of hell and of heaven.

“The world of spirits appears like an undulating valley between mountains and rocks. The gates and doors of the heavenly societies are not visible except to those who are prepared for heaven; nor can they be found by any others. There is one entrance from the world of spirits to every society, and beyond the entrance there is one way, which in its ascent branches into several. The gates and doors of hell are also hidden, except to those who are about to enter them. To such they are opened, and when they are opened, there appear dusky and as it were sooty caverns, tending obliquely downwards to the deep, where again there are several doors. Through these caverns exhale nauseous and fœtid stench, which good spirits shun because they hold them in aversion, but which evil spirits relish, because they are delightful to them; for as every one in the world is delighted with his own evil, so after death he is

* ‘True Christian Religion,’ 476. Simplicius says that the Manichæans made a similar division of the Universe according to the two principles of Good and Evil. They assigned the East, West and North to Good, and the South to Evil. In this quarter they supposed Evil to harbour under the name of Πενταόρφοι, in five dens or caverns filled with wild beasts in continual strife with one another. Comment. in Epictet. Enchir., c. 27.

delighted with the stench to which his evil corresponds. The wicked may be compared in this respect with rapacious birds and beasts, such as ravens, wolves, and swine, which fly or run to carrion or dunghills when they scent their stench. I once heard a certain spirit utter a loud cry, as if seized with inward torture, on being struck with the fragrant effluvia of heaven; and afterwards I saw him tranquil and glad from the effluvia issuing from hell."—428, 429.

Swedenborg's chief intercourse was with the Spiritual World, but he was also well acquainted with the Heavens and the Hells which encompass it. These in their whole extent as well as in the different societies, corresponding to differences of spiritual character, into which they were divided, down even to each individual spirit—were the representations truly or distortedly of the Grand Archetypal Man. Hell itself in its general form and in all its parts was but an image of perverted Humanity. Yet his mind did not satisfy itself with these abstractions. He has painted the celestial and infernal scenery with extraordinary distinctness, and the pictures in his latest work are the most vivid. He saw the accepted and the reprobate pursuing their customary avocations and exhibiting all the marked peculiarities of their earthly life, in their everlasting abode:—the former, wandering in delicious labyrinths of sylvan verdure, or reclining in pleasant converse on moss-grown banks, or busy with high-souled interest among the Churches, Academies, Theatres and festal gatherings of fair and spacious cities:—the latter, sullenly at work in dark and noisome dwellings, yet not aware of their wretchedness, and seeking a hideous revelry in strife and blasphemy. The Spiritual World represented the equilibrium between Heaven and Hell, in which man's moral freedom and moral discipline were held suspended during his course of earthly discipline. Through that world good and evil spirits were allowed to exercise an influence over him: as he yielded to one or the other, he was preparing himself for Heaven or Hell. His real character was often hidden under a fair exterior in this life; but when that was removed in the World of Spirits, it was then seen that in his inner nature, there were two gates or doors, one leading to Heaven and the other to Hell. In

the good the former was open and the latter closed : in the wicked, it was the reverse. Not all the good or all the wicked joined the same society after death. Their place was determined by the character of their moral deserts, corresponding to some member or viscus of the Universal Man.*

It was Swedenborg's persuasion, that before the commencement of his own mission, the world, owing to the corruption of all existing Churches, was rapidly approaching the state, which had rendered necessary the descent of Jehovah from Heaven nearly eighteen hundred years before. The Spiritual World was crowded with the superstitious and the wicked, not yet awarded their final doom ; and these, filling up the interstice between Heaven and Earth, prevented the free access of the Divine Influx to the souls of men. He saw in this conjuncture the occasion of the Last Judgment, and of the establishment of the New Church, the mystic Jerusalem, foretold, as he conceived, in Daniel, vii. 13, 14, and in the Apocalypse, xxi. 1, 2.

In the spirit of this belief, Swedenborg interpreted all those passages of the New Testament which speak of the second coming of Christ—that grand difficulty of theologians and fruitful source of superstitious panic in every age of the Church. He understood by the Scripture expression of the Last Age, the consummation of the Church in a spiritual sense—the coming of the Lord, to separate the evil from the good, to form a new Angelic heaven, and a new Church on earth. This Last Judgment, he declared, took place in the Spiritual World in the year 1757 ; and in proof of it published two treatises in 1758 and 1763.† “ This Last Judgment,” he says, “ I solemnly attest, because I saw it with my own eyes when I was broad awake.” (‘ True Christian Religion,’ 772.) This Second Coming of Christ was not in person, but in the Word,—effected by the instrumentality of a Man who should be

* For example, hypocrites were supposed to have their abode in the region corresponding to the teeth. When Swedenborg was once suffering torture from the tooth-ache, he assured his friends it was caused by a number of devils that persecuted him from that quarter of the Spiritual World. The Devil, it seems, might have been exorcised by the Dentist.

† ‘ On the Last Judgment,’ published at London, 1758 ; and ‘ A Continuation of the Last Judgment,’ Amsterdam, 1763.

able not only to receive the doctrines of the Church in his understanding, but also to make them known by the press. "That the Lord," he continues, "manifested himself before me his servant, that he sent me on this office, and afterwards opened the sight of my spirit, and so let me into the Spiritual World, permitting me to see the heavens and the hells, and also to converse with angels and spirits, and this continually for many years, I attest in truth; and further, that from the first day of my call to this office, I have never received anything relating to the doctrines of the (New) Church from any angel, but from the Lord alone, while I was reading the Word." (Ibid. 779.) All these statements of his extraordinary belief are best given in his own words:—"The reason why this New Church is the crown of all the Churches which have been to this time on the terrestrial globe is, because it will worship one visible God, in whom is the invisible God, as the soul is in the body; for thus, and no otherwise, can conjunction be effected between God and Man." "Conjunction is produced when a Man thinks of God as a Man. Conjunction with an invisible God is like the conjunction of ocular sight with the expanse of the Universe, of which it sees no end; but conjunction with a visible God is like the visible appearance of a Man in the air or on the sea, stretching forth his hands and inviting to his embraces; for all conjunction of God with Man must be likewise reciprocal on the part of Man with God; and this reciprocity on Man's part is not possible but with a visible God." (Ibid. 787.) At the close of his work on the True Christian Religion, Swedenborg adds the following Memorandum: "After this work was finished, the Lord called together his twelve apostles who followed him in the world, and the next day he sent them throughout the whole Spiritual World—according to the prophecy in Dan. vii. 13, 14, and Revelation xi. 15, xix. 9. This was done on the 19th June, 1770."

A kind of Reform took place in the Spiritual World, after the Last Judgment, of which Swedenborg declares he was a witness. Characters whose final condition was undecided, had been allowed to accumulate for ages in the intermediate state up to the time of Christ's Second Advent; but from thenceforth it was regulated, that the

period of trial and instruction should not be extended beyond thirty years after death. Swedenborg believed, that men awoke in the Spiritual World, on the third day following the cessation of consciousness in this. Earth existed in his view for the sake of Heaven—to replenish and perfect it with an unfailing supply of habitants. So little did he fear a want of space to accommodate the myriads of spirits that were perpetually passing into higher spheres of existence, that on the contrary he believed Heaven, imaged by him as the Universal Man, would only grow into its full dimensions and attain a completed roundness in every limb, as this accretion of individual elements went on *ad infinitum*. All the Earths that peopled the Universe, both planetary and stellar, he supposed to be tenanted by men—each accompanied by a spiritual world of its own, through which its good and evil occupants, on completing their terrestrial life, proceeded respectively to Heaven or Hell.

Swedenborg, whose mind was essentially formal and conservative, retained the worship and outward ordinances of the Christian Church, but penetrated them with his peculiar ideas, and regarded them as simply instrumental to maintaining the conjunction of Man with the Lord. The qualification for Heaven did not consist in the intellectual apprehension of dogmas, but in what he emphatically called *Uses*—the application of all our faculties and affections, in the light of Wisdom and the glow of Charity, to the advancement of the constituted ends of Creation.—From one heavy charge we cannot exonerate Swedenborg. Like most originators of religious systems—he was intolerant. Having wrought out what he believed was truth, for himself—he expected all other men to adopt it as the condition of heavenly happiness. While he had a large charity for virtuous heathens, he shut out Christians who clung to their own opinions from his theological mercies, and consigned Athanasians, Solifidians, Arians and Socinians (with only the chance of a return to a better mind in their passage through the Spiritual World), without any visible compunction to their appropriate Hells.*

* The following works of Swedenborg have been used as authorities in the foregoing account of his Theological System: 'The True Christian RE-CHRISTIAN TEACHER.—No. 48.

But what pre-eminently distinguishes Swedenborg among all religious reformers in these latter times, is his distinct and emphatic claim of a Divine Mission. Whatever he delivers to the world as truth, is enforced by this assertion. God, he affirms, had opened his interior vision and permitted him to behold the realities of the Spiritual World, and commanded him to reveal them to mankind. Of his devout sincerity in making such declarations, we do not think it possible for any unprejudiced reader of his writings and his history, to entertain a doubt. Dr. Priestley, who with all his excellences was perhaps constitutionally unfitted to comprehend any state of spiritual consciousness with which he was not personally familiar, seems to us to have judged him harshly and uncandidly, when he says, his visions "read very much like inventions and fictions," and is disposed to ascribe all his pretensions to a "mixture of enthusiasm and imposture."* That his assertions on this head were the result of a profound conviction pervading his inmost being, we feel ourselves constrained to believe, from the consistency between them and his whole outward life,—from the surprising quietness and simplicity with which they are made, intermixed with specifications of time and place and circumstance,—from their indirect and as it were unconscious introduction into the general flow of his calm and earnest discourse,—and from his persisting in them without change to the hour of his death. If we ascribe them to mental derangement, there is no proof from the records of his life, that it extended beyond the subject of this absorbing belief. On all other topics he spoke and acted like a rational and well-informed man of the world. In the year 1761, sixteen years after this marvellous persuasion had become the governing idea of his mind, we find him presenting two

ligion, containing the Universal Theology of the New Church;' 'Heaven and Hell;' 'The White Horse mentioned in the Apocalypse, with an Appendix;' 'The Earths in the Universe;' (all these translated and published by the Swedenborg Society;) further, two Latin Treatises: 'De Commercio Animæ et Corporis' (a review of different psychological theories, among others the Pre-established Harmony of Leibnitz), 1769, London. denuo edid. J. F. I. Tafel, Tubingæ, 1843; 'Doctrina Novæ Hierosolymæ de Scriptura Sacra,' Amstelod. 1763: denuo edid. L. Hofaker et G. Werner, Tubingæ, 1835.

* Letters to the Members of the New Jerusalem Church. Letter viii. Works edited by Rutt, vol. xxi. p. 83.

addresses to the Swedish Diet at Stockholm, which discover an exact acquaintance with the state of public affairs, and express a very decided opinion as to the policy that should be pursued. The spirit predominant in them is that of a liberal conservatism. They plead for the preservation of the Constitution as it then existed, and contain an earnest warning against the dangers of unlimited monarchy and the insidious designs of popery. Swedenborg, it is evident, was attached to the aristocratical party, which at that time ruled the fortunes of his country, and belonged to that section of it which cultivated alliance with France in preference to England: for though England was a second home to him, we observe in several passages of his writings a marked predilection for the French nation.*

What then is the solution that we are prepared to offer of the phenomena of this remarkable case? Admitting Swedenborg's entire sincerity and the general soundness of his intellectual faculties, are we driven to the alternative of conceding to his followers, that he has established his claim to a supernatural mission, and that his doctrines are entitled to credence, not from their intrinsic reasonableness and their harmony with universal truth, but from the warrant of a special insight into spiritual things, which takes them out of the sphere of theory, and grounds them upon facts? This is the position assumed by Mr. Wilkinson:—and he conceives it justifies him in treating with contempt every endeavour to interpret man's future destiny, that does not rest on the same basis of alleged experience, and in repudiating as of no value, the entire

* These Addresses are given by Dr. Tafel, one of them in the original Swedish with a German translation, in his 'Sammlung, etc.' Dritt. Abth. pp. 52-76. In the last of them Swedenborg strongly urges the resumption of cash payments as the only means of retrieving the credit and industry of the country. His concluding words might be commended to the notice of Sir Robert Peel:—"If a State could subsist, with a Paper Currency representing Specie without Specie, it would be a State without parallel in the world." It is a curious coincidence that the Swedish Constitution, extolled by Swedenborg in these Addresses, was subverted in the very year of his decease, 1772: and as we are on the subject of coincidences, we may notice, that he opened his alleged commission from Jehovah in London, in the year of the Jacobite rebellion, 1745; and that he was born in the year of the English Revolution, 1688.

philosophy of consciousness.* It is the affirmed *seership* of Swedenborg that gives to his dogmas the positive character of facts; on such ground alone he himself demanded the acceptance of them. If that point cannot be established, they fall back into the same category with other religious opinions; their worth must be found *in* them, not *without* them; and to the consentient testimonies of our human consciousness, enriched and unfolded by the suggestive phenomena of time and space, we must still have recourse for whatever additional ideas we can now gain of God and Eternity.

It appears to us, that in the temperament, the education and the circumstances of Swedenborg, we find a sufficient explanation of his mental phenomena, without the supposition of any supernatural interference; and if so, we are forbidden by the first law of philosophising, to admit it, independently of certain facts which prove to us that it was impossible. He had, to begin with, an hereditary predisposition to visionary states of mind, which showed itself in early childhood, and which, it is said, still subsists in some descendants of his family now living. This was connected with a peculiarity in his respiratory functions—a power of almost suspended breathing during intense meditation—which was perhaps a physical condition and accompaniment of his occasional trances and ecstasies.† Thus prepared by nature, the earliest studies and speculations of his mind led on by inevitable sequence to the very beliefs in which it found ultimate rest. His whole system of Theology published only a year before his death, is the completion and last development of thoughts, that had been struggling for utterance, and constantly becoming more clear and positive, from the commencement of his philosophical career. We do not find any new element of belief supervening on his mind—any conception of God and the Soul materially different from what he had long entertained — when the persuasion took possession of him, that he had got direct insight

* Among other passages, see his 'Biography,' p. 264, and the general spirit of his 'Introductory Remarks to the Outlines of an Argument on the Infinite.'

† 'Wilkinson's Biography,' p. 78.

into the invisible worlds. His ideas were not changed; they only shone in a new light, and acquired the distinctness and fixity of objective realities. No man's dogmas ever stood in closer relation to the contemporaneous thought of his age than Swedenborg's. We can trace the most remarkable among them to the impulse of reaction against the hard Trinitarianism, the repulsive Calvinism, the vague and heartless Naturalism, which he encountered every where in the learned and philosophical circles of that day. An inspiration from God would not have reflected so exactly the lights and shadows of the world without. Swedenborg found himself in the frequent dilemma of devout and earnest minds. He could not believe with the orthodox; he abhorred the negations of the philosophers. His whole existence was a struggle to solve the vast problem which filled his thoughts. Reason did not, and could not, give him full satisfaction. The craving void could only be filled up by assumptions. Faith acting on a temperament already predisposed, transformed itself into vision; and intense concentration of mind on a particular order of ideas, invested them with such vividness, that they could no more be distinguished from outward objects. He alludes in his '*True Christian Religion*,' (31,) to the tendency of such profound speculations to render the intellect delirious and involve it in denial of God, and how the Lord had saved him from that awful state by elevating him into the sphere of light where angels dwell. We have in these words an unconscious admission of the process which had converted the philosopher into the seer. That he saw what he narrated—angels and the spirits of the departed and the scenes of the invisible world—we have no doubt. Nor would this be a phenomenon without frequent parallel. Cases innumerable are on record, and most satisfactorily attested, of persons who have had a fixed impression of spectral appearances which they could not dispel, and who were at the same time conscious that it was all an illusion. It was the peculiarity of Swedenborg's case, not that such appearances were steady and permanent (for that is not uncommon), but that harmonizing with the previous tendencies and aspirations of his mind, they commanded his belief as realities, and were reverentially welcomed as

celestial visitants—and stirred up all the faculties of his being—action, intellect, imagination, science—sound as before when this influence did not light upon them—into a sympathetic exertion of creative power.*

That Swedenborg's visions were but the reflection of his mental idiosyncrasy, and consequently bring no superhuman sanction to his theological dogmas, is evident from a variety of facts. The only conceivable purpose of an intromission into the invisible world, is to reveal the unknown: but it is remarkable, and, as we think, conclusive as to the real nature of his visitations—that the only persons with whom Swedenborg had spiritual intercourse, and of whose condition beyond the grave he could bring any

* In Dr. Abercrombie's 'Inquiries into the Intellectual Powers,' some examples of spectral illusion are adduced, which bear considerable analogy to the case of Swedenborg—particularly one of "a gentleman of high mental endowments, upwards of eighty years of age, of a spare habit, enjoying uninterrupted health, who (at the time of the publication of the work) had been for ten years liable to almost daily visitations from spectral figures. They appeared to him at various times of the day, both night and morning; they continued before him for some time, and he saw them almost equally well with his eyes open or shut,—in full daylight or in darkness." (P. 350.) This last circumstance is constantly referred to by Swedenborg, as a proof that he could be under no delusion, and that the appearances were objective realities. In a recent number of the *Zoist* (January 1850) is an article by the Rev. George Sandby, Vicar of Flixton, Suffolk, which expresses views respecting Swedenborg nearly identical in their substantial result (we offer no opinion on the Mesmeric part of the theory) with those to which we had ourselves previously come from studying his writings and life. "I feel more than ever assured,"—says this gentleman—"that an ecstatic dreamer can fancy almost anything; and that the embodiment of those fancies does come out in such bold and clearly-defined relief, that the dreamer becomes so deceived himself that at last his wildest flights of imagination assume in his eyes the garb of the holiest inspiration."—"Upon examining the details of his life and of his physical condition, I am strongly led to believe, that Swedenborg, by long-sustained self-meditation, had brought himself up unconsciously into a quasi-mesmeric trance of frequent occurrence, under which the reflective powers of a superior mind became considerably exalted, and the ardent wishes of his quickened sensibility were embodied under forms congenial to his studies." (P. 430.) Swedenborg's trances were accompanied by remarkable physical affections. (Wilkinson, p. 152.) His diet was peculiar, consisting largely of coffee, taken strong and sweet. He was very irregular in his sleep, sometimes lying in bed for days together in a state apparently of suspended animation, at other times writing continuously night and day.—A gentleman on terms of intimate friendship with a clergyman now deceased, who was a follower of Swedenborg, and believed, like him, that he enjoyed spiritual converse—has assured us, that this individual was accustomed to prepare himself for intercourse with the invisible world, by fasting and seclusion for several days in a darkened room.

report, were those whom he had known on earth, or with whose character and opinions he was familiar from history and literature—of whom therefore he possessed already in his mind the needful materials for working up the personal appearance, and conjecturing the fate. He very frankly confessed this limit to his spiritual vision, without seeming to be aware of the inference to which it led. When the Queen of Sweden once asked him, whether he could speak with every one deceased, he answered, No, but only with such as he had known in this world, either personally, or from their actions and writings; adding, with incredible simplicity, "It may be supposed that a person whom I never knew, and of whom I could form no idea, I neither could nor would wish to speak with."—(Wilkinson, p. 230.) The boundary of his divine knowledge ran most exactly parallel with that of his human ignorance. He had no intimation of the death of a sister, till informed by a friend, although many days previously, on his own theory, she must have entered the world of spirits, with which he was daily conversant. In his voyages among the planets, he discerns only such as Astronomy had then brought to light. Of the four telescopic planets, of Herschel and Neptune, he does not appear to have had a suspicion. He sometimes intermingled in his visions, images of the living with those of the dead. He did not perceive the inconsistency of this phenomenon with the assumption on which his whole belief was based, till a question was put to him by a friend, when he had recourse to a special explanation to account for it. He told his friend, *ab Indagine*, that every one had his Familiar Spirit, *Spiritus Consocius*; and that this spirit (the exact counterpart of the individual) could withdraw into the extra-mundane state, and converse there among other spirits, without the living man being at all conscious of it. In that state he said he had seen the surviving Queen of Sweden in deep colloquy with her deceased husband, and had himself disputed with Dr. Ernesti of Leipsic, one of the most determined opponents of his supernatural claims.*

We draw the same inference from the marked way in which he carried his personal predilections and antipathies

* 'Tafel's Sammlung,' Erst. Abth. p. 122.

into his revelations of the unseen. He never, for example, disguises his decided preference of Leibnitz to Wolfius, and generally exhibits the latter in some disadvantageous predicament. It matters not where he is, in Mars or Saturn, or amongst the fixed stars—he is always ready to do battle against the Trinity, and set their inhabitants right on that great controversy. He detects Monks and Jesuits pursuing their mischievous vocation as wandering missionaries, and scattering false doctrine among the remotest of the stellar worlds.*

A few facts such as these seem to us to settle the question of the claim of his visions to be received as divine revelations. It is not a little remarkable that Swedenborg has given an exact description, and even furnished the true explanation, of his own mental condition. "They," says he, "who think much on religious subjects, and are so intent upon them as to see them as it were inwardly in themselves, begin also to hear spirits speaking with them; for religious subjects, of whatever kind, when man dwells upon them from himself, and does not break the current of his thoughts with various useful occupations, penetrate interiorly, become fixed there, occupy the whole spirit of the man, and thus enter into the spiritual world, and act upon the spirits who dwell there. Such persons are visionaries and enthusiasts." "Enthusiastic spirits (i. e. such as act on these visionaries) are distinguished from other spirits by this peculiarity, that they believe themselves to be the Holy Spirit, and their dictates to be divine oracles.—I have occasionally conversed with spirits of this kind, and on such occasions the wicked principles and motives which they infused into their worshippers were discovered to me. They dwell together towards the left, in a desert place."† What a reasoning madman is this! What a sentence of deep wisdom has he here pronounced on his own hallucination!

* See 'Heaven and Hell.'

† 'Heaven and Hell,' 249. The whole paragraph, which is too long to extract, is well worth perusal. In somewhat fewer words he has described the same mental phenomenon elsewhere ('De Commercio Animæ et Corporis,' p. 6), in deriding the Atheistic dreamers about cosmogonies: "*Hallucinantur sicut cerebrosi, qui vident larvas ut homines, phantasmata ut lucas, ac entia rationis ut effigies reales.*"

Phenomena like Swedenborg's are the comets of the Moral World. Till we have noticed their periodical return, we are apt to regard them as signals of some change and revolution in the divine economy of things. Intervals of a few centuries have rarely elapsed in the history of Christendom without the appearance of some earnest and enthusiastic spirit, that, mistaking its own intense convictions for actual messengers from Heaven, has felt itself invested with superhuman authority to rouse the slumbering faith and conscience of mankind, and urge them, in the name of the promised Paraclete, to fill up the wanting proportions of a perfect Church. Montanus, Manes, even Mahomet, and mystic reformers of less extended name in the mediæval period—are links in a series of kindred phenomena, of which Swedenborg is the last and most extraordinary manifestation. Motives less pure may in some cases have mixed themselves with the governing conviction; but generally, and where great results have followed, we believe such outbursts of the religious life, in their first fresh earnestness, to have been profoundly sincere. Why they have been, and may be expected to become, less common with the progress of civilisation, is to be explained partly from the fact, that the habitudes of modern life are unfavourable to the mental conditions in which they originate, and partly from men's learning to distinguish, as the philosophy of our frame is better understood, their own subjective creations from outward realities. In Swedenborg the influences of an earlier and a later age were singularly compounded. Inheriting the psychological peculiarities of the old Scandinavian mountaineer, and retaining the childlike faith that was anciently associated with them—he had at the same time steeped his spirit deeply in the rarest essence of the most recent science and philosophy. And the result was what we have witnessed—puzzling to those who have not analysed it into its elements,—the soul of a genuine Norseman, still beating with its native instincts and primæval beliefs, projected into the central light of the eighteenth century, and clothed with the abstractions and formalities of the most advanced of its schools.

We deem it unnecessary to allude particularly to the cases of pre-vision and immediate acquaintance with events at a distance, which are much insisted on by the biogra-

phers of Swedenborg. They are many of them, it must be confessed, remarkably attested; but whether we admit or reject them is a question that has no bearing on the determination of his prophetic claims. Cases of the same kind are reported of other individuals, apparently on unexceptionable evidence, without our being expected to attach superhuman authority to their words: or if such a pretension were advanced in behalf of any of them, their characters would generally suffice to repel it. All these cases must remain as they are, insulated, and at present inexplicable, phenomena in the constitution of certain minds. For ourselves, we are disposed to hold our judgment in suspense respecting them, balanced as it is almost equally between testimony which we know not how to reject, and the inference from it which we are unable to admit.*

Great stress is laid by those who regard Swedenborg as a true prophet of God, on his doctrine of correspondences, which reveals, they say, as with a light from Heaven, the spiritual and celestial meanings hidden within the natural sense of the Divine Word. But this multiplication of senses is no new thing in the history of Biblical exegesis. It is the expedient to which all have had recourse in every age of the Church, who were unable to reconcile the natural meaning with their increased intelligence and humanity, and yet could not surrender their hereditary belief in the plenary inspiration of the sacred texts. Philo, under the old dispensation, Clemens and Origen among the early Christians, have been the precursors in this respect and for the same reason, of Swedenborg in modern times. The most general answer to every modification of this theory is, that it rests on an assumption which indisputable facts completely overturn. We know the origin of the different books of Scripture—if not their particular authors, yet the

* A rational and dispassionate history of such cases, drawn from all literatures and every period of civilisation, is a desideratum. Such a digest of facts must lead to some results; for the parallelisms one meets with even in the general course of reading, are marvellous. Dr. Tafel has adduced some curious instances from Augustine (*De Cura gerendâ pro Mortuis*, c. 10); others might be added from Tertullian. The story told by Augustine of the discovery of the quittance of a debt, which was claimed a second time, by the appearance of a deceased party in a dream, is almost in every particular identical with the case of the Countess Marteville, in which Swedenborg was concerned.—*Sammlung*, I. p. 121.

circumstances generally under which they must have originated—the influences that regulated their composition—in many cases, their heterogeneous elements—and the conditions under which they have been transmitted to us :—and these circumstances alone suffice to prove to any competently instructed man, that their plenary inspiration is impossible. In the parallelism of the poetical and prophetic diction of the Hebrews, and in their hereditary system of types and figures founded on the physical aspects of their native land and the traditions of their forefathers—there is no doubt a loose foundation for carrying to a certain extent the doctrine of correspondences. But the very principles on which Swedenborg constructed that doctrine, show how little efficacy it could have had in elaborating a fixed and definite sense, and how flexible an instrument it must have been to every impression of his creative subjectivity. Correspondences, he lays it down, relate to universals—that is, to the most general and abstract forms of moral and spiritual truth—Love, Wisdom, Peace, Intelligence, &c. The parallelisms of the sacred phraseology represent the parallel functions of the understanding and the will in two corresponding series. Every word in the one series expresses some truth or its opposite false, and every word in the other, some good or its opposite evil.* With such large and indefinite conditions—universals exhibiting the fundamental idea and all the subordinated terms with a negative and a positive side—it is plain that a man of moderate ingenuity could evolve everything out of anything. Swedenborg has developed from Scripture so interpreted, a theological system rational in many respects and beautiful ; but it was not because his mind obeyed the leading of correspondences, but because correspondences were the ready and pliant instruments of his mind.

While we are compelled to deny the supernatural claims advanced for Swedenborg by his followers, we admit on the other hand freely, that he possessed many of the attributes of a genuine prophet, and that from the intense concentration of his naturally superior faculties on spiritual things, he has thrown a deep and penetrating glance into reali-

* ‘ True Christian Religion,’ 250. ‘ Heaven and Hell,’ 357, note.

ties that lie at the very heart of our being.—Stripped of its grosser anthropomorphism and mystic accompaniments, there is an element of truth in his fundamental doctrine, that man cannot believe in God and love him as a real Being, till he conceives of him as the infinite perfection of Humanity. This view kills the root of Pantheism. All worship, which is affection chastened by awe, implies sympathy; and sympathy can only subsist between kindred natures.—In his doctrine of universals, as the types of singulars and essential to the conservation of all things, he boldly maintained in an age of triumphant Nominalism, a theory which since the days of Goethe, has begun again to hold up its head, and under the sanction of high names seems to be recovering the favour of scientific men.—In his refined materialism, regarding body as the function and instrument of an inner life which comes direct from God, we trace an affinity with views put forth by Herder in his ‘*Ideas on the Philosophy of Human History.*’—There was a profound significance in his doctrine, that Will is the sovereign attribute of Man, and Intellect but its agent: that the Life of Man consists in his predominant Love; and that herein, if he elect it wisely, lies his true and eternal good. Connate ideas he did not admit. Nothing he held was original in Man, but the primitive loves, capable of perversion, which impel him to the acquisition of knowledge and the pursuit of good.—In making Will the feminine, and Intellect the masculine, attribute of the Soul, he has done honour to Woman, and approached a favourite dogma of Zinzendorf, and will find sympathy with some more recent speculators on the higher questions of psychology.—Most fully does he appear to have penetrated into the true nature of religious belief,—that it cannot be originated by science, although, where it already exists, science may help to explain and defend it. Miracles he clearly saw were compulsive in their influence, converting man from a spiritual into a merely natural agent.*

But it was in his vivid realisation of the scenes of the Future Life, that we discern at once the wildest aberrations of his fancy and the profoundest depths of his wisdom. No one ever more clearly expressed the views which Reason

* ‘*True Christian Religion,*’ 501.

can alone approve on this awful and interesting theme, and which, as put forth by him, present Immortality to us as an organic development and natural completion of a great moral process commenced on earth. We except alone from this general sentence of approval, his doctrine that the separation of the virtuous and the wicked will be final and irreversible. Interminable suffering and helpless degradation even for the most heinous transgressions of the weak and short-lived tenant of a world like ours, contradict all our notions of Divine mercy and justice. In this point the besetting formalism of Swedenborg got the better of his deeper humanities. But his main views are eminently sound and benevolent, and possess this capital excellence, that they hold out something to the mind which is congenial to its present experience, and make Heaven a reality. The Life of the Future World for good or for evil, is the growth of Earth. What men are here, they will be hereafter—their own moral nature becoming the direct instrument of retribution. All delights, by the constitution of man's being, flow from Love. His delight in the other world will be of the same quality as the delight of his spirit in this. His present tastes and inclinations will not be broken off, but yield their respective fruits beyond the grave. Men will be convicted from the witness of their own memories: for the memory of the individual constitutes the Book of Life, from which he will be judged and condemned. Evil is the root of its own suffering; it is so intimately conjoined with its punishment, that the two cannot be separated.—Few thoughts have been more profoundly conceived than the following. "Man has an external memory and an internal memory; an external memory which is of his natural man, and an internal memory which is of his spiritual man. Everything which man thinks, wills, and speaks, or which he has done, heard or seen, is inscribed on his internal or spiritual memory; but whatever is received into the spiritual memory is never blotted out, for it is inscribed at the same time on the spirit itself, and on the members of its body, and thus the spirit is formed according to the thoughts and acts of the will."*—Another deep glance of Swedenborg's taught him, that the

* 'Heaven and Hell,' 464.

heaviest penalty of the sinner is deadness to his own degradation—the loss of that moral sense which would have made him recoil with loathing and horror, from impurities in which he now finds his only gratification. This doctrine, it is true, wants relief in his system, and is not easily reconcilable with the simple employment of memory as an engine of punishment.—In his disposal of infants torn prematurely from earth, he reminds one of some sweet fancies of our poets. They are under the especial care of the Lord, who preserves their innocence by a constant influx from the inmost heaven. They are committed to the charge of female angels who wait on them and instruct them in the midst of beautiful gardens.* The progress of the virtuous in that glorious Future he represents as an unceasing tendency towards more perfect and joyous Youth.

There was indeed a childlike innocence and purity in the spirit of Swedenborg himself. All his sentiments and aspirations breathe the freshness and sweetness of an unsullied mind, as if he had passed his days in Eden in unbroken converse with God, or had only seen enough of sin to shrink from it in disgust. The images and comparisons with which his writings abound, like those of our own Milton, betray an exquisite sense of the music and brightness and fragrancy of Creation, as if he were habitually familiar with the hour of prime, when the breath of opening flowers goes up to heaven, and the dewdrops hang on the glittering leaves, and the throats of nightingales are pouring their rich melody on the silent ear of morn. Yet in spite of his visions—and some of them are really beautiful—his genius was rather scientific than poetical, more formal than creative. He sets about his descriptions with the methodical precision of a surveyor, and never leaves anything untold which he intends you to see.—We have looked on landscapes from the hand of a master, where the magic play of light and shade buried the eye in trackless depths of sylvan loveliness, and bore it over a wide expanse of hazy distance, which it tried in vain to grasp. The mind itself was half

* We recal here a stanza, learned in childhood:—

“’Tis there in amaranthine bowers,
To infant innocence assigned,
You fondly pluck immortal flowers,
Nor dream of ills you left behind.”

the creator of what it beheld. But this effect is never produced by one of Swedenborg's pictures. The simple scene lies before you, and nothing more. It is exhausted at a glance. And this experience we deem conclusive against his high poetic faculty. In strange contrast with the solemn earnestness of his general tone, are now and then intermingled sly touches of quiet irony and sarcastic humour.* Of the ancient prophets, he reminds one more of the sharp outline and strong colouring, the apocalyptic rigidity and definiteness, of Ezekiel and Daniel, than of the wavy contour and luminous hues of Isaiah. His style in his earlier writings is said by Wilkinson to have been rhetorical. In those of his Latin pieces that we have read, it is bald and formless almost beyond description. The comparative smoothness and continuity of the English translation can convey no idea of it. It is wearisome from its repetitions. The actual matter of his works cannot be estimated by their voluminousness. A single volume, if we except perhaps the *Arcana Cælestia*, might contain everything that he has written. His later style seems to have no other function, than that of barely reporting visions. It is as though in intercourse with angels, he had almost forgotten the speech of men; and gathering his ideas as best he could with stammering tongue, was content to let them stand, simply visible through the plainest transparency of human words. Swedenborg's original genius fitted him for abstract speculation. It was his religious earnestness which gave it in his latter years another turn. Imagination which he thenceforth so freely used, never however became his ruling faculty; it always remained the servitor of his understanding.—In the moral relations of life, he was a devout, benevolent, simple-hearted, honest and good man. His profound conviction of spiritual intercourse, which has exposed his character to such various interpretation, in its practical influence on himself, seems only to have enveloped his life in a spirit of rarer sanctity and profounder devotion; and as respects others, may have the effect of alluring some to the study of his writings,

* See the various definitions of Conscience given by Politicians, Scholars, Physicians and Clergymen, in a Memorable Relation, 'True Christian Religion,' 666, and the anecdote reported by Wilkinson, p. 202.

whom their hidden veins of gold might never have attracted, and the rough ore of their exterior would probably have repelled.

There is some boldness in predicting the fate of a religious system. To us the Swedenborgian doctrines seem too mystical in their conception, and too scientific in their form, to enlist the sympathies of the multitude; while those who are sufficiently enlightened and cultivated, to appreciate the occasional glimpses of great and noble truths which they reveal, will in a great majority of cases reject *in toto* the miraculous pretensions with which they are recommended to the world. For what is humane and elevating in their tendency, these doctrines have our best wishes, that they may accomplish their allotted work effectually in the great warfare of good and evil that is dividing the world. Our hope is, that whatever they possess of the essence of immortal truth, may speedily dissolve and long survive the mythic vessel in which they are now enclosed. We have no more ardent desire for mankind, than that by every intermediate process which the state of Society or the demands of peculiar temperaments shall for a time render inevitable, the issue of all speculations and the euthanasia of all sects may finally merge in the profounder realisation of a Sovereign Intelligence, the infinite Prototype of all that is best and noblest in ourselves—whose holiest service *here* is to grow like Him in the virtuous use and enjoyment of his works—whose clearest intimation of an *hereafter* is the longing that he has breathed into us, and the capacity of which he has made us dimly conscious, to worship Him and to work with Him for ever.

ART. II.—EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY AND HISTORY.

1. *Manetho und die Hundssternperiode, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Pharaonen* von August. Böckh.—*Manetho and the Cynic Period, a Contribution to the History of the Pharaohs.* Berlin, 1845. 8vo.
2. *Chronologie des Rois d'Egypte, Œuvre couronné par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres de l'Institut de France au Concours de l'Année, 1846, par J. B. Lesueur, Architecte de l'Hotel de Ville de Paris, Membre de l'Institut.* Paris a l'Imprimerie Nationale, 1848. 4to.
3. *Die Chronologie der Ägypter, bearbeitet von Richard Lepsius. Einleitung und erster Theil. Kritik der Quellen.—Chronology of the Egyptians,—Introduction and Part. I. Criticism of its Sources.* 4to. Berlin and London, 1849.

THE appearance of these three works, full of learning and research, besides the great work of Bunsen, formerly reviewed by us (Vol. II., N. S., p. 1), within a few years, are a sufficient proof of the interest which the History of Egypt continues to excite. The Chronology is indeed the least interesting part of the subject; full of inherent difficulties and others created by the intermixture of questions that do not properly belong to it: but there can be no history without chronology, and it is important that from time to time some account should be rendered of the result of the labour and ingenuity bestowed upon it. Our own public particularly needs to be informed what is the state of the argument; for of the limited number of those who occupy themselves among us with Egyptian chronology, the greater part set out with the assumption that the Jewish chronology is inspired and infallible, and whatever contradicts it necessarily false.

The authority of Manetho is the point most fiercely debated between those who are willing to admit any claim of antiquity that can be made good by evidence on behalf of the Egyptians, and those who will admit nothing at variance with the received chronology. If his thirty dy-

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nasties from Menes to Nectanebus, occupying 3,555 years, be authentic and successive, there is an end of the question; the Egyptian monarchy must have been in existence at least 1,000 years before even the Septuagint's date of the Deluge. Hence some have simply called him an impostor, and his lists fabrications; others have supposed that he mistook contemporaneous for successive dynasties; others that months or even days may have been reckoned for years in Egyptian chronology, and thus the annals of the kingdom stretched out to such immeasurable length.

The eminent author of the work which stands first on our list, who unites perhaps of all living scholars the greatest variety of those endowments which constitute a critic, rejects the chronology of Manetho, but not on the grounds on which it is usually impugned. He thinks that it is factitious, and that it owes its origin to the author's desire to bring civil history into relation with astronomy, and especially with the celebrated Cynic or Sothiac period. This Sothiac period is 1,460 Egyptian or 1,461 Julian years, being the time which would elapse before the brilliant star Sirius, called Sothis and consecrated to Isis, having risen heliacally on the first day of the Egyptian year, would again rise in a similar manner. This is owing to the want of intercalation in the Civil Calendar of Egypt for the six hours by which the year exceeds 365 days. In consequence of this the true commencement of the year travelled in succession through all the days and months; and it was not till after 1,460 (365×4) years that it came back to its former place, and the rising of Sirius again coincided with the first day of the month Thoth. This, if not the original significance of the Phœnix, was at least one of the cycles which that fabulous bird symbolized. It is therefore a real astronomical phenomenon, but from it a factitious period was derived of 36,525 years, produced by multiplying 1,461 by 25, the allotted lifetime of the moon-god Apis, and a remarkable lunar cycle,* being the time in which, after 509 mean synodical months, the new and full moons fall again within 1h. 8m. 83s., on the same day of the year.

Now Boeckh argues that Manetho has grounded his chronology upon this Sothiac cycle, and that the chronology

* Lepsius, *Einleitung*, 161.

of the human period has been constructed with a view to such an adaptation. And he thinks he finds traces that in its original state Manetho's chronology was so framed, as to include exactly a certain number of Sothiac periods. That one of these began 1322 B.C. we know, because Censorinus gives us the date of its expiration, namely, 139 A.D., and from the indications of an astronomical ceiling in the Rameseion at Thebes it appears probable that it was then recognised and recorded. Now the last year of Nectanebus II., under whom the monarchy of the Pharaohs *finally* merges in that of Persia, and Manetho's history ends, falls in the year 339 B.C. This deducted from 1,322 leaves 983 as the number of the years of the Sothiac cycle which had elapsed when the monarchy came to an end. This portion of the chronology could not well be tampered with, since its commencement was fixed; but if the author had assumed as a principle, that the mythic period ended with one Sothiac cycle and the historical began with another, he must make the interval between 1322 B.C. and the commencement of the monarchy under Mepes, by *hook or by crook*, correspond with some number of Sothiac cycles. Three such cycles ($1,461 \times 3$) amount to 4,383, which added to 983, the years of the fourth cycle that had elapsed when the monarchy ceased, gives a total of 5,366.

Now it is obvious to remark, that even had Manetho told us that his mythic history ended and his human history began with a Sothiac period, and had he assigned 5,366 years as the duration of his thirty dynasties from Menes to Nectanebus II., it would be rather a strong measure on the ground of these coincidences to pronounce that he had given us a factitious instead of a true chronology. We will admit, however, that the coincidence would have been suspicious. But, in fact, Manetho does neither of these things. In the fragments of his Dynasties as given by Routh in his *Reliquiæ Sacræ* 2, 246, which is admitted to be the best collection of them, the account of the human period begins thus: "After *manes* and demigods the First Dynasty consists of eight kings, the first of whom was Menes the Thinite," &c. No doubt he had assigned a chronology to the mythic period, which Eusebius has preserved, according to which it comprehended two sums of

13,900 and 11,000 years. It would be useless to inquire how he obtained these numbers; but it is evident that they are not Sothiac periods, singly or collectively.* There is, however, in the collection which Syncellus has brought together, mention of an Old Chronicle (*παλαιόν τι χρονολογικόν*) in use among the Egyptians, in which fifteen of Manetho's thirty human dynasties are assigned to the mythic times under the name of Cynic circle, and the whole number of years from Helios the son of Hephaistus to the termination of the monarchy is made 36,526, or twenty-five Sothiac periods. This old chronicle, as it shortens the troublesome duration of the historical period, by giving half of it to the mythic, has been a great favourite with those who are desirous of its reduction. It bears, however, upon its face the marks of a violent accommodation to a system, and a very valuable portion of Lepsius's *Einführung*, p. 413-460, is devoted to the proof that this old chronicle and the spurious Sothis, a treatise attributed to Manetho, have been framed by Jewish and Christian chronologers with a view to that very shortening of the time between the Deluge and the commencement of Egyptian history, for which they are quoted as authorities. "All, on the contrary," says Lepsius, to whose opinion we entirely subscribe, "that we know of Africanus from the fragments of his lost work, inspires us with esteem for his judgment, his learning and his fidelity in the use of his materials." Finding, therefore, in Africanus no mention of a chronology adapted to the Sothiac period, we do not believe that such adaptation existed in the genuine work of Manetho.

But had it existed, does Manetho assign such a duration to his human dynasties, that, added to the mythic, they make up a round number of Sothiac periods? The number of years required for this, we have seen, would be 5,366. Manetho, however, gives the sum of his human dynasties at 3,555. We are well aware that this does not at all agree with the summation of the separate reigns of his kings, which will amount, according to the various readings of the numbers, at the lowest to 4,465 years (Boeckh, p. 526). Our author therefore finds it necessary

* Seventeen Sothiac periods are 24,837 years.

to introduce conjectural corrections into Manetho's numbers, and even supposes that Syncellus may have confounded the hundreds and the thousands in his statement of Manetho's sum, which should have been 5,355 instead of 3,555. The changes which he proposes in order to bring the actual summation up to the required amount of 5,366, are not so numerous or so violent as those to which Bunsen has recourse in order to reconcile Eratosthenes with Manetho; and Mr. Grote in his *History of Greece* (3, 450) regards them as "for the most part justified on reasonable grounds, and where not so justified unimportant in amount." Lepsius, on the other hand, adheres to the number which stands in the text of Syncellus, 3,555, which is irreconcilable with any notion of Sothic cycles. We could without much difficulty assent to Boeckh's corrections and adopt his view, had we any proof of the use of the cycle as a chronological measure in the mythic part of his history. Boeckh does not indeed rely on the old chronicle and the Sothis as the proof of this use, but on the coincidence of the 24,837 years, which according to him Manetho allots to the gods, manes, and demigods, with seventeen Sothic cycles. This number, however, is not to be made out without additional conjectures; and we need not say how much the uncertainty of an hypothesis, having no external evidence, and resting only on coincidences, is weakened by every instance in which conjecture is resorted to in order to establish the coincidences which serve for its basis. We may observe that Lepsius admits Manetho's chronology *before* Menes to have been arranged according to Sothic periods, but denies it of the time *after* Menes; while Bunsen denies it equally of both.

The work of M. Lesueur, crowned by the French Institute, will hardly fulfil the expectations of those who may recollect the *Essays* of M. de Sainte-Croix, Larcher, and Raoul-Rochette, produced by competition for a similar honour. The author is announced in his title-page as the architect of the Hotel de Ville, and is evidently not a literary man by profession, nor familiar with the principles of historical criticism. Had he seen the investigations of Bunsen and Lepsius into the genuineness and authority of the *Old Chronicle*, we think he would never have assumed it as the groundwork of his system. He says in his *Intro-*

duction—"Je me demandai s'il ne serait pas possible de procéder, en matière de chronologie, par une méthode purement mathématique, c'est-à-dire de prendre d'abord pour base les faits incontestables et de marcher ensuite sûrement du connu à l'inconnu, en ne s'appuyant jamais que sur des dates, dont l'exactitude serait complètement démontrée." An excellent mode of procedure; but where are these incontestable facts, these dates whose exactness is completely demonstrated, to be found? It is the want of them which condemns the Egyptian chronologer to be for ever rolling up the stone of Sisyphus and seeing it roll down again. We may fancy that in astronomical periods we have such facts, because we can ascertain the position of the heavenly bodies with the most perfect exactness for any age however remote; but if we want to connect this infallible record with the history of man, we must avail ourselves of the testimony of man, with all the uncertainty which arises from corruption of MSS., vagueness of tradition, national vanity, and a variety of sources. Sir Isaac Newton could calculate exactly the time at which, allowing for the precession of the Equinoxes, the colures would pass through the middle of the four constellations; but when he wished to fix by this means the date of the Argonautic Expedition, what trustworthy witness could tell him that the Argonauts used the sphere, and a sphere which had the colures in the middle of Aries, Cancer, Chelæ and Capricorn? It is easily ascertained in what year B.C. Sirius rose heliacally at Memphis on a given day of a given month, but when the chronologer desires to know what king was then on the throne, in what year of his reign, he becomes immediately sensible of the difference between mathematical and historical evidence. He is told that the king who reigned at that time was Menophres, and he consults his lists, but he finds no one bearing that name, and is thrown back upon a conjecture that it has been written by mistake for some name nearly similar; and thus he is left again in uncertainty.

M. Lesueur's Essay is remarkable, as being the first printed in France from a fount of moveable hieroglyphic types. They are executed with great beauty. We presume that the Berlin press has a similar fount, but of outlines only, which has been employed in printing Lepsius's work. Through what a

series of ages are the thoughts carried back, in thus seeing, side by side, the earliest and the latest efforts of the art which perpetuates and communicates the conceptions of the human mind ! What a contrast between the rapid current of the pen and lightning speed of the compositor's hand, and the slow toil by which the Egyptian sculptor cut on stone the record of his thoughts ! The contrast is not less striking between the instantaneous suggestions of a purely alphabetical character, and the dim, ambiguous shadowing forth of meaning, which is inseparable from hieroglyphic writing. We must not, however, despise the art which, imperfect though it was, has been the parent of our own. The Egyptians did well, as the name of its inventors was lost, to deify the Genius of the invention under the name of Thoth ; and we only regret that they should have given him such an unattractive symbol as a *Cynocephalus*, or a figure with the body of a man and the head of an Ibis.

Lepsius dedicates his work to his early friend and steady patron, the Chevalier Bunsen, with a strong expression of esteem and grateful feeling, yet with a manly declaration of dissent from some of Bunsen's opinions as set forth in his *Ægyptens Stelle*. Their points of agreement are more important than their differences. We have already observed that Lepsius admits, while Bunsen denies, the influence of the Sothic period on Manetho's mythic dynasties. Bunsen has bestowed much pains in bringing Eratosthenes and Manetho into harmony ; Lepsius thinks them irreconcilable. Both agree that some of the dynasties of the Old Monarchy are contemporaneous, but they are not agreed which. Bunsen allots between nine and ten centuries to the dominion of the Shepherds ; Lepsius reduces it to little more than half. In maintaining the general integrity of Manetho, in the division of the times of the Pharaohs into three monarchies, the Old, the Middle, and the New, in declining to submit Egyptian history to the control of Jewish Chronology, as well as the general spirit of their historical criticism, they entirely agree.

Laying down the principle that the oldest history, in the strict sense, among any people, cannot much precede their *oldest contemporary sources*, Lepsius begins by examining what were these sources and what was their age among the Egyptians, and comparing them in this

respect with the Greeks and Romans, the Indians, Chinese, Chaldæans and Hebrews. The question of relative antiquity of documents is easily settled as regards the two first, and, without much difficulty, the last. The others have had advocates who have claimed for them an equal rank with Egypt. The *chronology* of India goes back to the year 3102 B. C., the commencement of the *kali yuga*, the age in which the world now exists; but these *yugas* are factitious periods derived from astronomy. The Chronicle of Cashmere carries up the list of dynasties to the year 2448 B. C., but when we come to inquire about historical documents, we find a vast chasm between the earliest that are extant and such a date as this. The Vedas in their present form cannot, according to Colebrooke's deductions from their astronomical indications, be older than the 14th century B. C. The oldest inscriptions according to Prinsep are not earlier than the 4th or 5th. The monuments of Ellora and Elephanta are of uncertain age, but the difference between an Indian and an Egyptian climate in its effects on the works of art forbids us to attribute to them such an antiquity, as we know to belong to the pyramids and obelisks of Egypt, and they can hardly be older than the introduction of Buddhism. Chaldæa was an ancient seat of science and letters; some of the earliest traditions of human civilization are connected with the plain of Shinar. But its monuments were of perishable brick; and those which have escaped destruction contain no historical information, beyond the name of the king in whose reign they were fabricated. The cuneiform inscriptions brought to light at Nineveh, as far as they have been interpreted, carry us back only a few reigns above the destruction of the Assyrian monarchy. Ninus and Semiramis still remain in the haze of mythical tradition. Should we allow that the solar observations sent to Aristotle from Babylon really ascended to the year 1903 before Alexander's accession, i. e. to twenty-three centuries B. C., two-thirds of this interval would be historically a blank. The traditions of Chinese history go back to Fo-hi, 2953 B. C., but documents they have none earlier than Confucius, 552 B. C. We cannot trace their astronomical observations further back than 1100 B. C., when the solstitial shadow was first measured by a gnomon; and

the oldest solar eclipse that can be verified by calculation, is of the year 720 B. C. None of these nations therefore can be compared in point of historical antiquity with Egypt.

Into the origin of the Egyptians and their civilization, Lepsius, we think prudently, declines to inquire, contenting himself with the remark that the people, being endowed by race with sound and vigorous bodies and minds of large powers, would develop these endowments more *equally* than other nations, because their position secured them against invasion, and more *rapidly* from the genial nature of their climate and the fertility of their soil. Among their national characteristics none was more remarkable than the early manifestation of a consciousness of their own historical unity and the desire to leave memorials of themselves—a desire with which their land co-operated by furnishing them with every variety of material for carving and writing. This national passion showed itself in the incredible number of monuments which their kings and wealthy men erected. Every great town of Egypt had its temples, each metropolis its palaces, covered with sculpture and filled with statues of gods and kings appropriately inscribed, and these inscriptions, silent to so many generations of curious questioners, have at length found their voice, and revealed the history of the people by whom they were made. Writing, however, was among them not merely the constant adjunct of architecture and sculpture, but of all objects of art and the common utensils of life. No colossus is so large, no amulet so small, as not to have an inscription; every piece of furniture bears its owner's name. Time, the great destroyer of records, has spared those of Egypt beyond all other nations. No alternations of heat and moisture disintegrate the stone; even the frail papyrus has attained an existence of more than 3,000 years, and preserved its legibility. Whether we regard the character of the people, or the fulness of their historical documents, they equally deserve the description of Herodotus, who calls them *λογιώτατοι μακρῶ τῶν ἐγὼ εἰς διάπειραν ἀπικόμην, μνήμην ἀνθρώπων πάντων ἐπασκέοντες μάλιστα* (2. 77).

These facts are sufficient to justify the claim of the Egyptians to the highest historical antiquity. Whether a firm and exact chronology can be deduced from them

must depend very much on the amount of astronomical knowledge which the Egyptians possessed. Into this question Lepsius enters very fully, availing himself partly of passages in ancient writers well known to all who have paid any attention to these subjects, partly of his own and others' hieroglyphical discoveries. The discussion, obscure in itself and difficult of apprehension by the unscientific reader, is rendered more abstruse by this complication, and all that we can do is to present the results of his researches as stated by himself, only remarking that if he has not established all that he believes himself to have done, he has at least made good the claim of the Egyptians to earlier proficiency in astronomical science than any other nation can boast.

"We have established a division of time, extending *below* the hour to the 360th part of a minute, and above to the longest period of 36,525 years. Between these lie a variety of cycles, such as no other ancient people possessed. They were acquainted with the *civil hours* of the dark and light half of the day, and also with the 24 *equal or equinoctial hours* of the entire day, *νυχθημερον*. Out of the days they formed the decads or Egyptian *weeks*, and of these the *month* of 30 days; they also observed the lunar months, and celebrated their beginning and end. As forms of the *year* they knew and carried regularly on in the calendar the oldest *lunar year*, the *vague year* of 365 days, and the *Sirius year* of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. The civil vague year was brought into agreement with the course of the moon after 25 years by the *Apis-cycle*, with the Sirius year as regarded the days, by the *quadriennial lustrum*, and completely after 1,461 years by the *Sothic period*. The *Phoenix period* of 1,500 years, which was subsequently divided into three of 500 years each, according to the three seasons, served to bring it into agreement with the *tropical year*. And lastly the *sidereal year*, or the slow retrocession of the ecliptic towards the West, was known and was expressed, though with incomplete knowledge of the direction and rate of the movement, by the largest astronomical period of 36,525 years.

"And hence we may conclude that the Egyptians early used a *fixed chronological era*. It is impossible to make any real progress in astronomy and technical chronology, to determine the times and paths of the planets, to calculate the cycles of lunar and solar eclipses, and keep distinctly fixed periods extending over many years, without a *chronology of events*, namely, of reigns, by which the people measured time in detail. According to the common opinion, the Egyptians were the only considerable people of antiquity who

had no chronological æra ; and yet without it every history must resolve itself into loose atoms. That events were recorded on monuments not according to an æra but to years of kings' reigns, is well known. Antiquity reckoned in no other way on public monuments and in the mouth of the people. The use of chronological æras was everywhere a scientific matter, with few exceptions. The Sothis period offered the decided advantages of a simple, regular and long-established basis, and without any learned or sacerdotal aid regulated itself by the progress of the fixed point of the year, one day in every four years. For three years in succession, the festival of the heliacal rising of Sothis, as the new year's day of the *fixed* year, was celebrated on one and the same day of the civil calendar ; in the fourth year it advanced a day further. This vague new year's day would be better remembered by the people, on account of the great festival connected with it, than our Julian leap-year is. Whoever, therefore, for astronomical, chronological or historical purposes, desired to know the year of the Sothic æra, had only to reckon the number of days from the first of Thoth to the festival of the Nile and Summer, of the current year, and multiply it by 4."—Pp. 234-7.

A part of the remainder of this volume is devoted to an examination of the sources of Egyptian history, in which Herodotus and Diodorus are compared, and the relation pointed out in which they stand to the monuments and to Manetho. Their discrepancies at first seem inexplicable, but if the building of the Pyramids, which the Greek historians have brought down to near the end of the monarchy, be transposed to its true place near the beginning, there is more accordance between them than we should suppose. We have already noticed the acute investigation of the merits of the Old Chronicle and the Sothis, and shall proceed to give some account of what Lepsius has written respecting the residence of the children of Israel in Egypt and the time of the Exodus.

There is little diversity of opinion among critics respecting the Hebrew Chronology, as far back as the Division of the tribes or the Building of the Temple. Difficulties are found in it, but nothing to warrant a suspicion that it has been arbitrarily made up. As we ascend from this time our received chronology rests mainly on two passages, 1 Kings vi. 1, in which the time between the Exodus and the Building of the Temple is reckoned at 480 years, and Exod. xii. 40, in which the residence of the Israelites in

Egypt is reckoned at 430 years. The first of these numbers has been exposed to the suspicion of having been arbitrarily fixed, because it is natural to assume that if it had an historical basis, it must be founded on the Books of Judges and Samuel, from which however no such date can be satisfactorily made out.* The second number has been the subject of still greater doubt. The Septuagint, instead of "the time which the children of Israel dwelt in Egypt," reads "the dwelling of the children of Israel which they dwelt in the land of Egypt *and in the land of Canaan* was 430 years;" and the Apostle Paul, Gal. iii. 17, reckons the 430 years from the promise to Abraham. Josephus makes the interval between Jacob and Moses 612 years; Africanus, 748; Eusebius, 600. Since there is so much uncertainty respecting these dates, Lepsius abandons them altogether, and adapts his chronology to the number of generations recorded in Scripture. We shall confine ourselves to the results of this method as applied to the interval between the going down into Egypt and the Exodus. His scepticism respecting the numbers of the Old Testament takes a wide range, including not only these dates, but all *forties* and their multiples, the 300 years mentioned, Judges xi. 26, and every other dependent upon them. He believes them to have been the result of a *redaction* which the Old Testament has undergone since the Captivity.

To justify the preference thus given to the evidence of genealogy over the positive dates of the history, he observes what a high value oriental nations have always attached to the proofs of descent, their pride in their genealogies, and the care with which they guard them, even when they are wholly illiterate and can only trust them to memory. The Arab tribes, he says, are conspicuous in this respect, and all their historical reminiscences are nearly limited to these dry registers. He has himself seen pedigrees in the possession of Arabs who had wandered as far south as Dongola, the only written records of

* "The sum of the separate years in the Book of Judges is considerably greater than this, while the genealogies point to a much smaller sum. The Seventy read 440 for 480, and in Acts xiii. 20, 450 years are allotted to the Judges until Samuel, which is again a difference from all the other authorities."—Leps., p. 315.

the past, and containing an account of their immigration and diffusion. Much more is such care in the preservation of genealogies to be expected in the case of the Hebrews and the Egyptians, both of whom were in different degrees *literate*. In the Kosseir road he has found an inscription of the times near the first Persian invasion of Egypt, in which an Architect of the name of Ranum-het reckons up his ancestors to the 24th degree—a genealogy which according to the usual average of years to a generation would carry us to the end of the 19th Dynasty and the age of Moses. That nations in a low state of civilization attach great value to genealogies, is undoubted; Celtic and Cambro-British pedigrees are obvious examples; but some other proof would be required, by a cautious genealogist, of a pedigree of four and twenty degrees, or even half that number, than the assertion of its possessor. We are the more surprised at the historical value which Lepsius ascribes to Arab genealogies, from the very opposite account which Eichhorn gives of them. Remarking on the difficulties which the genealogy of David in the Book of Ruth creates, where only four generations appear from Nahasson, the contemporary of Moses, to David, though according to Süssmilch's Tables there should have been twelve (supposing the interval to be 450 years), he says, "But who that is versed in oriental history does not know that it is accustomed to shorten genealogies in order to relieve the memory? This is done by the Arabs, who for this purpose give the great grandson his great grandsire for a father."* Even so sturdy a conservative as Hengstenberg admits that the author of the genealogy in Matthew, in order to make out the triple series of fourteen generations from Abraham to David, from David to the Captivity, and from the Captivity to Christ, has sacrificed several generations. These facts do not promise satisfactory results to an attempt to deduce chronology from genealogical tables.

The difficulty in regard to the residence of the children of Israel in Egypt is a complicated one. Supposing we adhere to the Hebrew reading, and reckon its duration at 430 years, we have thus a sufficient time for their growth from a family of 70 persons to a nation numerous enough

* Einleitung in das A. T., 2. 494.

to alarm the sovereign of the country in which they sojourned. But if Moses were fourth in descent from Levi, how can 430 years have elapsed between them? Suppose, to get rid of this difficulty, we say that the genealogy of Moses has been designedly shortened in the same way as that of David and of Christ, or that a certain number of steps have been accidentally lost. But Gen. xv. 13-16, Jehovah is represented as saying to Abram, "Thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them, and they shall afflict thee 400 years. But in the *fourth generation* they shall come hither again." There is no difficulty in understanding 400 as a round number for 430, but how are we to explain the occurrence in the same speech of the number of 400 years, and, as its equivalent, the fourth generation? Modern criticism deals very freely with such prophecies and promises, and considers them as written subsequently to the events; but any one who in later times devised a prophecy to do honour to the patriarch must have known that 400 years and four generations were not commensurate, and would not have imputed a paradox to one whom he designed to represent as a prophet. We see no other solution than that דור (generation) was meant to be taken here, as the Latin *seculum* (see Gesenius s. voc.) in the sense of a century. Whether it happened accidentally that all names except four were lost from the Hebrew genealogies of the time between Jacob and Moses, or that the promise to Abram being misunderstood of four ordinary generations, the number was purposely shortened to accord with the prophecy, we do not undertake to decide. All that is certain is, that if we adhere to the four generations we must abandon the 430 years and *vice versa*.

Lepsius accepts the four generations, and reduces the residence of the children of Israel in Egypt to about 90 years. He does not avail himself of any superior longevity of man in that age of the world, to lengthen out a generation. Having the most decisive proofs in the Egyptian genealogies and reigns, that with them the duration of human life was the same as at present, he does not suppose it possible that the Israelites, who lived and married and were naturalized among them, should have been subject to any different law of mortality, though a

triple period of 40 years is assigned to the life of Moses. A grave difficulty presents itself, however, on this supposition: How in the short space of 90 years should the family of 70 persons spread into a nation of 600,000 fighting men? Lepsius has recourse to no supernatural multiplication of the human race, to produce a result so contrary to the laws of political arithmetic. He thinks the history of the Israelites in Egypt has been very imperfectly told us; that it was an age in which many Semitic tribes pressed towards the frontiers of Egypt; that in the recent expulsion of the Shepherds many had been left behind, with whom from a similarity of origin and nomadic habits the Israelites would easily unite, and that this composite people, not merely the descendants of Jacob, were those whom Moses led forth towards Canaan. Ewald has the same view, and even finds a trace of Eber in *Abaris*, the Hyksos' camp and city.

Such a shortening of the sojourning in Egypt, Lepsius considers to be necessary, in order to reconcile Scripture history with Egyptian. The account which Manetho gives of the Expulsion of the Lepers runs thus: "A pious king, desirous of obtaining a vision of the gods, was exhorted as a necessary condition to clear the land of all impure persons, and those who laboured under any bodily defect. He accordingly collected them, to the number of 80,000, and confined them in the quarries eastward of the Nile. There were among them some priests, one more eminent than the rest, Osarsiph, a priest of Heliopolis. The king, moved by compassion for the sufferings which they endured in the quarries, removed them to Abaris, a Typhonian city near Pelusium, which had been formerly occupied by the Shepherds, but was then deserted. Here Osarsiph formed them into a confederacy whose principle was hostility to the religion and institutions of Egypt. Having fortified their city, they sent for aid to the Shepherds who had been expelled by Tethmosis, and were then in occupation of Jerusalem; 200,000 men obeyed the call, and the king of Egypt, Amenophis, not venturing to face them, retired into Ethiopia, whither he had previously sent his son Sethos, also called Rameses, after the father of Amenophis, and here he remained for thirteen years. Meanwhile the impure men and their allies plundered Egypt and insulted

its religion. Osarsiph changed his name to Moses. At the end of thirteen years Amenophis returned, and with the aid of his son Rameses attacked the Shepherds and impure persons, and pursued them to the borders of Syria." Such is the tale in which the Egyptian popular tradition had wrapped up the events of the Exodus. As two Egyptian royal names are mentioned in it, Lepsius thinks we may by their means fix the date, which the Jewish history leaves uncertain, only calling the kings by the general title of Pharaoh. The indications seem pretty precise. The king's own name is Amenophis—his father's Rameses, his son's Sethos, also Rameses. Could we but find in the monuments such a succession as Sethos—Rameses—Amenophis—Sethos-Rameses, the matter would be settled. But here, between the cup and the lip, comes one of those tantalizing slips to which we have before alluded. All suits, except that the king who should fill the place between Rameses and Sethos is called in the monuments not *Amenophis* but *Menephtha*. The case however is not desperate. Africanus calls him Amenephthes—a prothetic A is not uncommon. Amenophis was a king very celebrated for his piety—he married an Ethiopian wife. May not these circumstances account for Manetho's having called the Pharaoh of the Exodus Amenophis, instead of Menephthes? We should be glad to be delivered from many difficulties in Egyptian chronology on such easy terms. In this Lepsius differs from all preceding writers; among the rest, from Bunsen, who thinks Thothmes III. to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus, nor can we flatter ourselves that the question will be set at rest, when every hypothesis involves some gratuitous assumption and contradicts some of the ancient authorities. This king Menephthes is the same in whose reign a renewal or establishment of the Sothiac cycle took place (see p. 198), and he cannot therefore have lived far from 1322 B. C., considerably later than the Exodus is usually placed. Lepsius, however, applying the same method to the Hebrew chronology between Moses and Solomon, as between Moses and Jacob, that is, neglecting the dates and calculating the generations, brings out the interval 318 years, which added to 1000 B. C. for the age of Solomon, gives 1318 B. C. for that of Moses.

A necessary consequence of shortening the residence of

the Israelites in Egypt to about 90 years, is that the descent of Jacob falls within the 18th dynasty, not in the Hyksos period as many have supposed. Lepsius argues that the whole narrative shows a native dynasty to have been upon the throne. An interpreter is necessary for communication between the Israelites and the Egyptians; a strong repugnance of usages subsists between them; the religion, the court ceremonial, the occupations of the people, show regular and peaceful times, not the tyrannical sway of foreigners by whom the country was plundered and the temples burnt. The conformity of the whole description to what we know of Egypt under its native princes is so complete, that it cannot be explained by supposing that the invading Hyksos, like the Tartars in China, had adopted the customs of the nation which they had conquered: This reasoning, however, assumes that we have an accurate contemporaneous history of the events described, and it would not be wonderful if some one, emboldened by the freedom with which Lepsius attributes the chronology to a *redactor* of the Pentateuch, should extend the supposition to the history, and say that its details have been *put in*, according to the idea which the Jews had of Egypt in later times.

Without entering into the question whether Lower Egypt were governed by the Hyksos or by its native princes, when the children of Israel went down thither, we must confess that we see insuperable difficulties in the supposition that their residence extended to only 90 years. Had their history been summed up in a few general words, we might have admitted that the increase of the people was owing to incorporation with others, and that the laws of political arithmetic were an inapplicable criterion. But in a history so precise and minute, the omission of such a remarkable event would be a *suppressio veri* irreconcilable with integrity. The people are said to *grow and multiply*, they are everywhere spoken of as one; their name, their usages, their religion, their mutual feeling and consciousness, all bespeak their unity, and contradict the notion that they were either the offscourings of Egyptian society, as Egyptian malice represented, or a *colluvies* of Semitic tribes, according to the modern hypothesis. The history itself contains no detail of any events between the

deaths of the generation of Joseph and his brethren (Exod. ii. 6) and their multiplication to such numbers as to alarm the king of Egypt. This chasm is easily accounted for; there was nothing to record, and no dates being given, no events mentioned, no king's name specified, we have absolutely no chronological measure but the increase of the people. Lepsius supposes that Sethos I. was the king to whom Joseph was prime minister, his successor Rameses II. (a great builder), the "new king who arose up over Egypt and knew not Joseph" (*nicht mehr von ihm wusste oder wissen wollte*, is his paraphrase), "and made the people's lives bitter with hard bondage." Could Rameses II. however be ignorant of his father's famed vizier, who had been raised from a dungeon to the second place of the kingdom, who had made the sovereign sole owner of the lands of his people and saved the nation from destruction? Louis XIV. might as easily have forgotten Richelieu. A long interval must be supposed before such oblivion could take place, and the most natural supposition is, that a change of dynasty, or even of the race of kings, had occurred in the meantime.

The present volume is one of three which are to be devoted to the same subject. We have been disappointed by the nature, though not the quality, of its contents. Its author has visited Egypt, and is believed to have found a harvest of new facts, where it was thought scarcely a gleaner had been left. He has discovered undescribed pyramids equal in number to those known before; has traced the Labyrinth and ascertained its founder. He has detected inscriptions on the banks of the Nile, which show that its bed has subsided many feet in historic times and discovered the ancient language of Meroe. Of these facts the world is anxiously expecting an authentic account, and a new theory of Egyptian Chronology is an unsatisfactory substitute for it. Acute and learned as the disquisitions of Lepsius are, they contain little which he might not have written in his study at Berlin without ever having visited Egypt. They occasionally exhibit hieroglyphic legends which he has derived from his travels, but till these are before the public in detail their evidence cannot be fairly judged, and we are often referred to what is hereafter to be established. When an historian cites

partially a MS. *penes me* he places his reader in disadvantage; much more must this be felt when a writer appeals to hieroglyphic inscriptions in his own portfolio. We are disposed also to murmur at the unnecessary costliness of this volume. We do not complain that Egyptian Antiquities are published in an expensive form; for the purposes both of art and history a large scale of representation is necessary; but this does not apply to Egyptian Dissertations. Why did not the Prussian Government, usually so discreet and sagacious, imitate the Tuscan, which published the letter-press to Rosellini in octavo?

Since this Article was written, we have received parts of the First and Second *livraisons* of the Plates from the designs of the Expedition under Lepsius. They are very beautifully executed, but furnish no illustration of the volume which we have reviewed, being confined to the pyramids and sepulchres of Memphis and the neighbourhood. We doubt however the propriety of giving in such a work *picturesque* views of antiquarian objects. We may remark by the way, that those who wish to see the picturesque aspect of Egypt and its antiquities, if they are within reach of the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, (and in these days who but the bedridden are not?) may obtain a very good substitute for a voyage on the Nile. Mr. Bonomi's long residence in Egypt and skill as a draftsman have enabled him to combine a characteristic picture with historical and antiquarian instruction.

ART. III.—LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.

Latter-Day Pamphlets. Edited by Thomas Carlyle.
 No. 1. The Present Time. No. 2. Model Prisons.
 No. 3. Downing Street. London: Chapman & Hall.
 1850.

HUMAN progress is—as a necessary consequence of human incompleteness and imperfection—a fitful, uneven thing—at once defective and exaggerated. Those who are not content that it should be so, must either make our nature over again, or do without any progress at all. The whole human being never moves on all together: if one foot is in advance, the other will be a laggard. This zig-zag, convulsive, halting and starting, yet nevertheless systematically advancing course, is the characteristic of our activity. Society is for ever suffering under an alternation of chills and heats, enthusiasms, and indifferences, affirmations and denials, drivings-forward and harkings-back. In fact, its progress is something like Mr. Carlyle's style—full of jerks, and vehemence, and suddenness—with occasional sweet lulls or intervals of tranquil movement between the antagonistic pulls. *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.* Indeed, the extent to which human nature acts under delusions is an inquiry of profound and awful import. Take away delusions and you take away enthusiasms—take away enthusiasms and you leave stagnation. Undoubtedly a reality remains—the reality designed by the Divine Ruler,—but most often it is a reality other than we ourselves had expected, other than we had laboured for. Was ever a colony planned and planted except under a delusion? was ever a legislative measure of any great significance or extensive application passed except under an exaggerated estimate of its consequences by its promoters? How would all our Freedom of Trade, Freedom of Conscience, Freedom of Body, measures have fared, but for the widely-extended belief in some results, much more golden-aged than any sober thinker believed would be directly realised from them, or than it appeared the great Monarch above us had ordained to follow them?

No good, or just, or natural thing can be done without benefit accruing, but society is never stirred from its depths by the prospect of a simple definite benefit—man never girds his loins for a merely good, just or natural thing. It must be something which, of and by itself, promises to renovate the world, turn man into angel, earth into heaven, for which alone he will consent to struggle. The colonist never leaves his country simply to live in an iron house, grow fresh vegetables and his own meat. The Missionary never ships himself off to the coast of Africa, to be a decent, well-conducted man, living as best he may under a hot climate, scattering drugs and civilization, a few misunderstood principles of theology, and some improvement in morals and manners—to be in fact one link in the long chain of influences by which alone man's connection with his Divine Maker is completed—he goes to be that chain himself—he goes to save souls down-right. Catholic Emancipation was to redress all the ills of Ireland.

“ At length great *Canning* said, Let Discord cease.
He spake—the world obeyed, and all was peace.”

The Reform Bill was not to require any subsequent crusade of Mr. Cobden's to enforce Economy and Peace: and Free-trade was a synonym for abundance for all.

Were the things themselves delusions? are the actual results nothing? By no means—but society acted under delusions when it struggled for them:—and it struggled for them so manfully and resolutely only because of the delusions. When Wilberforce's supporter did that great thing, which was then a wonder to England, and has now ceased to be a wonder to any town or village in it, bought a freehold in Yorkshire that he might have a vote to give to the enemy of the Slave-trade, did he expect that when he had succeeded in abolishing that Slave-trade in the House of Commons, it would, in 1850, be as fierce as ever on the coast of Africa?

Individual men may in their faith, patience, and courage, struggle for remote, solitary, limited and definite benefits; but a country will never rise except for a panacea—for what shall manifestly be worth troubling itself

about. The extinction of tyranny—of extravagance—of crime—or of misery; for this a man shall leave his business, his pleasures, his personal pursuits and interests, sacrifice his time and money and temper and friends. But not to put a mere check to the growth of these things, or to modify their amount or intensity, will men in any considerable multitude act thus.

This seems to us as plain a phenomenon of human history, and as incontestible a fact in human life, as can be laid down. Railways, colonies, churches, schools, legislative measures—the first are to make people rich, the second are to make them unanxious and prosperous—the third are to make them good—the fourth are to make them wise—and the fifth are in every remaining variety of way to render them just, peaceable, upright and happy. It belongs to the same principle in our nature, that having been led to a specific course from an exaggerated estimate of its effects, we should persevere in it with an exclusiveness and determination of fidelity which arise from the same cause. We utterly ignore the *ne quid nimis*.

“O! that we had” not only “of the flesh,” but of the blood and bones of our adopted principle, “we cannot be satisfied.” We forget that nothing can go on of itself—that watching and modification, and the requisite admixture of counteractives, are necessary even to keep the good thing good.

Now the defects in this characteristic of our humanity—still rich however in the germ of everything good and great we have ever seen or ever shall see—Mr. Carlyle has exposed with his customary penetrating talent and sledge-hammer power, but with a passionate one-sidedness, and a most inhuman spirit of scorn and hate. He has chosen to take the fanaticisms of Exeter Hall as the representative of philanthropy as actually in vogue and practice among mankind in this country; and these having made him extremely angry, and deprived him of every remnant of the spirit of philosophy as well as of philanthropy, he sets himself at large to stalk over and stamp upon every effort of the present generation to liberate, humanize, and civilize their race.

In the first of his Pamphlets he appears as the advocate of that fine old principle—Slavery—the evils of which

we have been so assiduously endeavouring to diminish, and the continuance of which has been long voted by Christian civilization to be a thing certainly not to be desired. With Mr. Carlyle it is however "the good and the beautiful," the *το καλον* and *το πρεπον*, for a large portion of the human race. His physiological principles teach him that negroes have been wrongly ranked among human beings—they are horses.

"Among speculative persons, a question has sometimes risen in the progress of Emancipation, Are we to look for a time when all the Horses also are to be emancipated, and brought to the supply and demand principle? Horses too have 'motives;' are acted on by hunger, fear, hope, love of oats, terror of platted leather; nay, they have vanity, ambition, emulation, thankfulness, vindictiveness; some rude outline of all our human spiritualities,—a rude resemblance to us in mind and intelligence, even as they have in bodily frame. The Horse, poor dumb four-footed fellow, he too has his private feelings, his affections, gratitudes; and deserves good usage; no human master, without crime, shall treat him unjustly either, or recklessly lay on the whip where it is not needed: I am sure if I could make him 'happy,' I should be willing to grant a small vote (in addition to the late twenty millions) for that object! Him too you occasionally tyrannise over, and with bad result to yourselves among others; using the leather in a tyrannous, unnecessary manner; withholding or scantily furnishing the oats and ventilated stabling that are due. Rugged horse-subduers, one fears they are a little tyrannous at times. 'Am I not a horse, and half brother?' To remedy which, so far as remediable, fancy the horses all 'emancipated;' restored to their primeval right of property in the grass of this globe; turned out to graze in an independent supply and demand manner! So long as grass lasts, I dare say they are very happy, or think themselves so. And Farmer Hodge sallying forth, on a dry spring morning, with a sieve of oats in his hand and agony of eager expectation in his heart, is he happy? Help me to plough this day, Black Dobbin; oats in full measure if thou wilt. 'Hlunh, No—thank!' snorts Black Dobbin; he prefers glorious liberty and the grass. Bay Darby, wilt not thou perhaps? 'Hlunh!' Grey Joan, then, my beautiful broad-bottomed mare,—O Heaven, she too answers Hlunh! Not a quadruped of them will plough a stroke for me. Corn-crops are *ended* in this world! For the sake, if not of Hodge, then of Hodge's horses, one prays this benevolent practice might now cease, and a new and better one try to begin. Small kindness to Hodge's horses to emancipate them. The fate of all emancipated horses is, sooner or later, inevitable. To have in this

habitable earth no grass to eat,—in black Jamaica gradually none ;—to roam aimless, wasting the seed-fields of the world ; and be hunted home to chaos, by the due watch-dogs and due hell-dogs, with such horrors of forsaken wretchedness as were never seen before ! These things are not sport ; they are terribly true, in this country at this hour."

An audible hint is uttered in this and in other passages, that it might be well, not only to make Jamaica as Cuba, but *Ireland* as Jamaica—and that a few *white* populations would be improved by being included in the protective system of slavery. Now no one can help laughing at the broad humour of the passage just quoted. But a little of Mr. Carlyle's own sober sorrow may also come upon his reader at the close, though from a different cause. When Mr. Carlyle implies censure of that treatment of animals which injures the brutes and degrades the men, he says a word upon the side of our general civilization, for we hold the common, irritating, maddening system of horse-breaking and horse-using to be a horrid, ignorant barbarism, and the horse-jockey and the carter, practising them, to be the brutes in the case. Even where he hints, "We often use a horse so, why should we not a man?" and puts the horse-jockey and the slave-driver together, instead of helping the beast he is only betraying the man. He should raise the beast to the condition of the slave : whereas he does in fact lower the slave to the condition of the beast. We must do Mr. Carlyle the justice to say that this is an unfortunate and mistaken *sequitur* from his principles (in which we think there is great truth), that persons incapable of guiding themselves should be guided by others, and that labour is the law of life. Labour *is* the law of life, and if a man will not work, neither let him eat. But for whom is he to labour ? not for you, or for a West Indian or any other planter, but for himself. If *he* likes to go without sugars and peppers, he may—and if you dont like to go without them, you must work for them. That is the law of labour, and a tolerably stern one. It is a law of labour, not of fagging. I shall work for myself, do you work for yourself. If I cannot by all the efforts of my industry get my bread, I may appeal to your humanity *ad interim*. But the necessity removed, the appeal

dies. If you like fans, and couches, and blinds, and voyaged Madeira, get them—as for me Squashee, I am as yet content without them, and when I want them I must work for them too. One of the finest things ever said on this question was said by Lord John Russell, when, hearing the lament of the diminished supply of sugar, and the miserable condition of the West Indies, he replied in words after this fashion—that he understood the population in these islands was happy, contented, and improving, and that it was nothing to him that they did not produce as much sugar spontaneously as they did under the lash, for he had yet to learn that the amount of sugar produced was the measure of human happiness and virtue.

We assent to the principle that men who abuse their liberty to the proved and manifest prejudice of the community should be deprived of it: and therefore we have much more sympathy and agreement with Mr. Carlyle when he speaks reprovingly of the disposition which is perhaps too much growing among us to treat the criminal with a gracious and almost condoling respect. The criminal has taken that for which he has not wrought, and which has not been given to him by those who made it their own by work—or he has deprived a fellow-creature of his sight, or a limb, or liberty, or character, or life: and he has proved himself unworthy of that liberty which he cannot use without an invasion on his brother man, and therefore we would take it away from him for whatsoever time was necessary to teach him that lesson—and we would not try twenty times in half a dozen years whether he had learnt it or not, but very quickly test him by longer periods, extending, if need be, at length to life. But what crime has the Black committed except the crime of being black? of being “the image of his Maker,” as old Fuller finely said, “cut in ebony?” The crime, too, in Mr. Carlyle’s eyes, of not caring sufficiently for peppers and sugars, which Mr. Carlyle proclaims it is a law of God and Nature, he (surely not *he* at least, if any, but they who were originally placed there by God or went there themselves) should produce in large quantities, sufficient to supply the wants of as many gentlemen, residing at Chelsea, or elsewhere, as may require them. But the criminal

black wretch, not having had a long taste of liberty or education, or the artificial wants of our old civilisation, is content with a hut, a girdle, and a pumpkin! And what were our ancient British ancestors content with? A good reason to make them slaves for ever—they had a disposition to be content with acorns and wigwams, and would not work for some Roman Carlyle, most likely, who wanted a house upon the Thames, and a chariot! The sin of which the writer of these Pamphlets has allowed himself to be guilty against an oppressed class of his fellow-creatures, and the ungenerous use of his intellectual powers in support of that sin, exposes him to the reprobation which other acts of tyranny and oppression receive.

The Pamphlet on Model Prisons, though saturated with the same spirit of sneering sarcasm on all that good and humane men have been doing on the subject of prison discipline and gaol reform since the awakening times of Howard, and dwelling with similar diabolical zest on the unsuccessful aspects of many of the results, yet, as summoning the attention to the fact, which there is a disposition to overlook in the thick of the aims of indiscriminating clemency, namely, that we are, after all, administering *punishment* and dealing with *crime*, impresses us as not only not without value, but as being exceedingly useful and seasonable.

"Several months ago, some friends took me with them to see one of the London Prisons; a prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings, cut out, girt with a high ring wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway, as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts, or special and private: excellent all, the *ne-plus-ultra* of human care and ingenuity; in my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no Duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness.

"The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking places, we tasted; found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum, and the like, in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least convers-

ing only by secret signs : others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean and flagged courts; methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial, wholesome comfort reigned everywhere supreme. The women, in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing; in long ranges of wash-houses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting-up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to 'cherish their vanity' when visitors looked at them. Schools, too, were there; intelligent teachers of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves.

"From an inner upper room or gallery, we looked down into a range of private courts, where certain Chartist Notabilities were undergoing their term. Chartist Notability First struck me very much; I had seen him about a year before, by involuntary accident, and much to my disgust, magnetizing a silly young person; and had noted well the unlovely voracious look of him, his thick oily skin, his heavy, dull-burning eyes, his greedy mouth, the dusky, potent, insatiable *animalism* that looked out of every feature of him; a fellow adequate to animal magnetise most things, I did suppose;—and here was the post I now found him arrived at. Next neighbour to him was Notability Second, a philosophic or literary chartist, walking rapidly to and fro in his private court, a clean high-walled place; the world and its cares quite excluded, for some months to come; master of his own time and spiritual resources to, as I supposed, a really enviable extent. What 'literary man' to an equal extent! I fancied I, for my own part, so left with paper and ink, and all taxes and botherations shut out from me, could have written such a Book, as no reader will here ever get of me. Never, O reader, never here in a mere house with taxes and botherations. Here, alas, one has to snatch one's poor Book, bit by bit, as from a conflagration; and to think and live, comparatively, as if the house was not one's own, but mainly the world's and the devil's. Notability Second might have filled me with envy."

Passing over the portrait, drawn with living effect, of the Governor of the Prison, we proceed to the comment most relative to the point in hand.

"This excellent captain was too old a commander to complain of anything; indeed he struggled visibly the other way, to find in his own mind that all here was best; but I could sufficiently discover

that in his natural instincts, if not mounting up to the region of his thoughts, there was a continual protest going on against much of it; that nature and all his inarticulate persuasion (however much forbidden to articulate itself) taught him the futility and unfeasibility of the system followed here. The Visiting Magistrates, he gently regretted rather than complained, had lately taken his tread-wheel from him, men were just now pulling it down; and how he was henceforth to enforce discipline on these bad subjects, was much a difficulty with him. 'They cared for nothing but the tread-wheel, and for having their rations cut short : ' of the two sole penalties, hard work and occasional hunger, there remained now only one, and that by no means the better one, as he thought. The 'sympathy' of visitors, too, their 'pity' for his interesting scoundrel subjects, though he tried to like it, was evidently no joy to his practical mind. Pity, yes : but pity for the scoundrel-species? For those who will not have pity on themselves, and will force the Universe and the Laws of Nature to have no 'pity' on them? Meseems I could discover fitter objects of pity ! "

Abundantly clever and accurately exact as is this description of a Model Prison, no rose-colour hues thrown over them can make of the deprivation of liberty, and the consciousness (if it were supposing too great a refinement to say of guilt, yet) of being degraded and prostrate beneath a strong arm outside itself, things easy to be borne, notwithstanding the taxes and botherations which the free and innocent man has to bear, and because he is free and innocent has strength to bear. Nevertheless, there is room for grave question whether there is not an amount of sympathy and tenderness for crime among us which is itself becoming criminal. We do not, indeed, see how any item in the above description is to be cancelled, or what single step is to be retraced. No one will maintain that it is a necessary or legitimate part of the punishment of crime to expose it to loathsome disease; then, when you confine human beings, you must remove all active causes of disease; and doing this in the cheapest and most systematic manner, you necessarily do it in the most perfect. Neither is it a necessary or legitimate part of the punishment of crime to confound its various degrees of criminality; then you must remove one of the most appalling portions of the old gaol punishment to every sensitive mind, its indiscriminating companionship, and cease to throw the debtor and the murderer to live for months together in the same room.

A Christian Legislature cannot think moral pollution a legitimate part of the punishment of crime; then age and sex must be separated. Neither can it (believing that "for the soul to be without knowledge is not good") deny instruction and moral influence, especially to the young; then necessarily ensue the daily visits of the schoolmaster and the chaplain. So far from retracing our steps, it is possible that we shall be obliged to take more in the same direction, for the question has already arisen, whether the transference of persons—who are sent out of prison, who must live, but whose labour society does not want, and whose labour, if it did want, it would rather want than employ, and who have no alternative, therefore, but to steal, be committed again, imprisoned again, or die—whether their transference to other scenes, where honest living is possible to them (even if it were to replace the wild beast and the wild forest and make habitations fit for man), be not a further step in the progress of a wise humanity, and whether we can consistently stop short of it: yet what a *colour-de-rose* account would not then be extended from the happiness of the model prison to the bliss of the Prisoner's Emigration Society? All these changes have originated in an improved state of mind and feeling in mankind themselves, and the restoration of the old brutal neglects, and the old Draconic punishments, would soon have a perceptible influence in degrading and hardening mankind. We do not suppose that Mr. Carlyle would restore dirt, disease, jail-fevers, cursing and swearing, and miscellaneous companionship, to our prisons; but he would not, certainly, be very nice, and we are not sure that we should either. In other matters his acquaintances of the Model Prison he does not think likely to be reclaimed "by the method of love."

"Hopeless for evermore such a project. These abject, ape, wolf, ox, imp and other diabolic-animal specimens of humanity, who of the very gods could ever have commanded them by love? A collar round the neck, and a cart-whip flourished over the back; these in a just and steady human hand, were what the gods would have appointed them; and now when by long misconduct and neglect, they had sworn themselves into the Devil's regiments of the line, and got the seal of chaos impressed on their visage, it was very doubtful whether even these would be of avail for the unfortunate commander of twelve hundred men! By 'love' without hope

except of peaceably teasing oakum, or fear except of a temporary loss of dinner, he was to guide these men, and wisely constrain them,—whither-ward? No-whither; that was his goal, if you will think well of it; that was a second fundamental falsity in his problem. False in the warp and false in the woof, thought one of us; about as false a problem as any I have seen a good man set upon lately! To guide scoundrels by 'love;' that is a false woof I take it, a method that will not hold together; hardly for the flower of men will love alone do; and for the sediment and scoundrelism of men it has not even a chance to do. And then to guide any class of men, scoundrel or other, No-whither, which was this poor Captain's problem, in this prison, with oakum for its one element of hope or outlook, how can that prosper by 'love' or by any conceivable method? This is a warp wholly false. Out of which false warp, or originally false condition to start from, combined and daily woven into by your false woof, or methods of 'love' and such like, there arises for our poor Captain the falsest of problems, and for a man of his faculty the unfairest of situations. His problem was not to command good men to do something, but bad men to do (with superficial disguises) nothing."

From this "universal syllabub of philanthropic twaddle" Mr. Carlyle would summon his readers to the execution of "justice"—to that "divine hatred," with which God hates sin, "with a most authentic, celestial and eternal hatred, a hatred, a hostility inexorable, unappeasable, which blasts the scoundrel, and all scoundrels ultimately, into black annihilation and disappearance from the sum of things." He would make short work with scoundrels—hang them up incontinently—thereby preaching a more impressive sermon than John or Chrysostom, and would begin with the Supreme Scoundrel, sitting "well cushioned," as he conjectures, in high places at this time, if he could find him. And, certainly, we, too, would make decisive work, if not quite so short and butcher-like, with the supreme scoundrel and all his class—he should have no opportunity of exercising his liberty and wronging society again. For inferior scoundrels we much approve of Mr. Carlyle's recommendation of armies of industry—under a stiff rule—sent to a kind of half-way house between beasts and man, to remove the first and prepare for the last. This for those who had given proof that they had not embraced a first or second opportunity of mending at home.

The worship characteristic of our author is Power; the

remedy characteristic of him is Force. Applied to "*Quashee*" (whose only proved crime against society is the very determined and indeed original sin of being black, and the additional present and contingent one of not caring for "peppers"), this doctrine is simply brutal, partaking of an animal ferocity and tyranny, which is the coarse but strong thread that runs throughout our author's nature. But, applied to the enforcement of the Law, or common agreement of the people of a country, and against the transgressors of that Law, it has its exemplary and necessary place. On the executive power that is to wield this and all other force, Mr. Carlyle advances his old opinions. We are still to look for a Man or Men—scattered and distributed power effects nothing; it is the *obedience* that is to be scattered and distributed, the power is to be concentrated in one or a very few hands. "Democracy is for ever impossible." In fact, the only feasible, possible form of human government, according to our author, is a tyranny or despotism, in the ancient sense of the words—enlightened, if you will and can, but, at least, a manifest and indisputable Lordship. Though from the force of individual conviction and a wonderful potency of speech, Mr. Carlyle seems to advance and urge some very new, distinct, and solemn duty upon us, we cannot make out that he does anything but point out the eternal problem of this our human society, or tells us to do anything but the precise thing that we are doing. The commonest man will at once assent to the proposition, that suppose your Despot is wise and good, and will decree nothing but what is the same, a despotism is the best form of government. But whether you trust to Nature, and try what hereditary power will do, as in the cases of the monarchs of Spain and England, or to a choice of "the few," and try what elected power will do, as in the case of some forty Doges of Venice, and some scores of Popes of Rome, the secret of discovering this wise Despot has not been laid open. Suppose you trust to the revelation of his mission and his power within the man himself, and he forces himself on the throne; how long does he sit there? Does he not ascend in anarchy and go down in anarchy? and does not that very power which our author treats with so much contempt, show itself supreme on earth—the will of the

people, the sovereign power of the respective congregated nations? Our author is haunted with the vision of Bonaparte, Cromwell, Charlemagne, Julius Cæsar, and Alexander, and he wishes Nature to supply successive crops of these men. But she will not, and does not, and the brief and hurried moments of these sways are, to the steady course of actual government, what comets are to sun, and moon, and stars. Mr. Carlyle cries out, this insufferable daily sun—now bright, now cloudy; this capricious nightly moon—sometimes “round as my shield,” and then absent altogether; these little wretched evanescent stars, only daring to show their faces in the absence of the greater lights—let us have more comets. These things don’t come for calling; they will come of themselves, or not at all. It were an easy thing to concentrate *power* in one, two, or a dozen, if we could, at the same time, concentrate wisdom. Let Mr. Carlyle do the last, and we will do the first. This perpetual crying out for a Man won’t make a Man. If a Cromwell should arise, he will carve his own career, and need no pointing out. Indeed, the successful demonstration has never been made by the prophet, till the event has been made by the hero. But the appearance of these men becomes limited more and more to unsettled times and to the earlier attempts of nations after civilization. The progress of our race is towards autonomy, not autocracy—the government of a man by himself, not the government of a herd by one man. This “inborn reverence of the constable’s staff,” on which Mr. Carlyle sets a just value, is not intended to be, and is not, with a large portion of our people, the ultimate feeling. It is yielding to the inborn reverence for honesty and justice. The constable’s staff may have taught us, originally, the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and it may be well to keep it in the remote perspective still, but that is not what consciously and hourly keeps the multitude from picking and stealing; it is the law which has grown up under this and other teachings in their own minds. Keep the constable’s staff for those whom it concerns, still; but don’t let Mr. Carlyle whisper to his own soul, and don’t let him insist upon proclaiming it as the motive to the rest of the people, to avoid stealing or killing, that they will have the constable’s staff upon them. It is to this

constable's staff, only of a somewhat larger kind, that our Author would call back the nations, as well as the people, when he cries out for his "Man." The nations have learnt, and wisely, not to trust in these "Men," who have generally loved themselves far better than the blood, and virtues, and happiness of the people whom they swayed. And yet practically for this Man and these Men we are always looking out; not, indeed, waiting for two or three centuries for some Cromwell, but taking the best man or men we can find for the times we are most concerned in. Our author himself is doing this. His Man is Sir Robert Peel—the Man of others is Lord John Russell (who, to Mr. Carlyle, is only a child)—and the Man, again, of others, is Lord Stanley. There is a great amount of pretence in our Author's admonitions, which, if stripped of their forceful diction and grandiloquence, contain very sensible, but common every-day notions, on which we are all acting as hard as we can every day. Doubtless there are ideal men, possible men, perhaps even *real* men, better than those we actually do get to govern for us. But why don't we get them? Our author might as well raise a cry for a man to obtain a man, as for the Man himself. He, for one, does his best. He has told us his Man—the only one he knows how to find at present. He is very small, it is true, by the side of Oliver Cromwell, but still he is the best that he can find (it is not a very original and overlooked idea)—it is Sir Robert Peel. Our author takes his stand among ordinary people, and does his best, by means of Pamphlet No. 3, on Downing Street, to cry down Lord John, and to cry up Sir Robert. To such common uses must we return, Horatio.

Abuses in Downing Street, as elsewhere, there are in abundance: and a good rough hand among them is to be welcomed. Few could be rougher or truer than this, which does its work with such an irresistible pleasantry, that the handled themselves must laugh.

"Every colony, every agent for a matter colonial, has his tragic tale to tell you of his sad experiences in the Colonial Office; what blind obstructions, fatal indolences, pedantries, stupidities, on the right and on the left, he had to do battle with; what a world-wide jungle of red tape, inhabited by doleful creatures, deaf, or nearly so,

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to human reason or entreaty, he had entered on ; and how he paused in amazement, almost in despair, passionately appealed, now to this doleful creature, now to that, and to the dead red tape jungle, and to the living Universe itself, and to the Voices, and to the Silences ; and, on the whole, found that it was an adventure, in sorrowful fact, equal to the fabulous ones by old knights errant against dragons and wizards in enchanted wildernesses and waste howling solitudes ; not achievable except by nearly superhuman exercise of all the four cardinal virtues, and unexpected favour of the special blessing of heaven. This adventure achieved, or found unachievable, he has returned with experiences new to him in the affairs of men. What this Colonial Office, inhabiting the head of Downing Street, really was, and had to do, or try doing, in God's practical earth, he could not, by any means, precisely get to know ; believes that it does not itself, in the least, precisely know. Believes that nobody knows ; that it is a mystery, a kind of heathen myth : and stranger than any piece of the old mythological Pantheon ; for *it* practically presides over the destinies of many millions of living men."

Our author—and in this, as in other things, he is extraordinary only in the marvellous power with which he expresses the wish—is of course for cleansing the "stable of Augeas," getting down through "the high-piled" dung "droppings of two hundred years," to the pavement, and letting it be seen—for he has no doubt that the thing has not grown up without some foundation—which it is now time to re-discover. As was to be expected, Mr. Carlyle lifts his voice again for "Men." "Can we, by no industry, energy, utmost expenditure of human ingenuity, and passionate invocation of the Heavens and the Earth, get to attain some twelve, or ten, or six men to manage the affairs of this nation in Downing Street, and the chief posts elsewhere?" No worse men (and then no matter if no better) could be got for the purpose than the present, if you fling an orange-skin into St. James's Street ; "let the man it hits be your man ;" "breed him a little to it," and "tie the due official bladders to his ankles," and he will do as well as his foregoers.

There is a time of life when one means to reform the world—when, believing that men are like nine-pins, to be put up and knocked down as we please—and not yet knowing, by experience, that the hardest thing in the world to drive is a team of different human *wills*—we can

see so well what ought to be done, that we have not the slightest conception why it is not done. Nor shall we have, until we learn that the prime difficulty is not in ascertaining what is well to be done, but in subduing so many potent, individual human wills to do it. At length learning this, we learn to utter our best individual word of wisdom, and do our best individual deed of strength—subduing what wills we can to this advisable purpose; but having rather more consideration for those who, in larger spheres, with more numerous and more opposed wills more fiercely to contend with, do not accomplish so quickly as we outside could desire, the objects they and we approve. We become wearied with simple railing, often arising from the merest ignorance—ignorance so deep that it would be impossible to enlighten. We prefer distinct convicting of wrong, distinct proposing of right, and distinct modes of doing it. These we listen to with respect—all else is stamped with a wearisome, monotonous self conceit, that becomes insufferable to us. At length we are disgusted with any fault-finding, and are disposed to take the side of the badgered Minister, who we know is often giving his days and nights to his work, whether he do it in the best conceivable fashion or not, while our friends talk their hour, eat their dinner in comfort, and sleep the night through—getting up in the morning to rail at those who were awake when they were resting, and have finished again their sleep before the others are awake. With all the general truth of Mr. Carlyle's laments about actual corruptions, negligences and omissions, we wish he had more laid to heart one of his own sentences, which would have tied his tongue a little closer to his mouth as regarded actual workers, whether it had stopped it as regards actual evils or not—"to me individually these branches of human business are little known." This is probably the truest sentence in the three Pamphlets.

Successful autocracy requires submissive obedience. The first is demanded by our Author, but he is not disposed himself to accord the other, and his own discontented and disobedient spirit is for the most part the spirit of the people for whose benefit he writes—a spirit which fortunately chiefly manifests itself in both cases by ungoverned talk, rather than by rebellious act. And though it is

neither picturesque nor agreeable, this spirit in our authors and our people is more likely to secure good government in Downing Street, than trying to "weather Cape Horn" with an autocratic Captain and a passively obedient crew. These are the two elements of old Toryism—command and obedience: the old Tory preaches chiefly the last, Mr. Carlyle chiefly the first: but he who preaches either, in fact, preaches the other. Our Author may find a Captain willing to obey the elemental laws, and without consulting hands above or below, be able to get us round Cape Horn—but of course this implies absolute, nay, blind unquestioning obedience in the crew—in which case we sincerely hope Mr. Carlyle will not be on board. This perpetual trumpeting then of the coming Man—and perpetual demand for a Captain to give us all the word of command, is absolute nonsense. As for the rest, we believe that we are in truth usually looking out for the ablest men, and finding them—and as a point of fact, among men willing to govern, the ablest commonly are those who do govern—and if they don't govern in the best way at all times, we must help to make them. Among our other reverences for Power, we have the reverence not only for the Power that governs well, but for the Power which makes that Power govern well. Finally, therefore, we dissent from our Author's universal contempt of the present, and single aspiration for the future—his despisings of the people, and his longings for a strong-armed Despot—and fancying ourselves born a little too late in the day of human history for this, we are well content to let national conviction precede, or at least accompany all national action.

Notwithstanding these our earnest and sincere objections to the character and tendency of many of the positions assumed in these Pamphlets, we are most truly ready to declare that, like everything else that Mr. Carlyle writes, the present publication is superlatively clever—irresistibly humorous and amusing, full of odd yet apt analogies—rich (when discriminately read), with a wise suggestiveness and echoing with solemn notes of warning on the excess of some tendencies of our times. The passage, part of which we now give as a concluding quotation from No. 1, is conclusive on the worth of the experiment of a Republic in the United States; though we do

not of course commit ourselves to Mr. Carlyle's jokes on his American callers. In reply to the question, "Why should not all Nations subsist and flourish on Democracy, as America does?" our Author replies:—

"Of America it would ill beseem any Englishman, and me perhaps as little as another, to speak unkindly, to speak *unpatriotically*, if any of us even felt so. Sure enough, America is a great, and in many respects a blessed and hopeful phenomenon. Sure enough these hardy millions of Anglo-Saxon men prove themselves worthy of their genealogy, and with the axe and plough, and hammer, if not yet with any much finer kind of implements, are triumphantly clearing out wide spaces, seed-fields for the sustenance and refuge of mankind, arenas for the future history of the world;—doing, in their day and generation, a creditable and cheering feat under the sun. But as to a model Republic, or a model anything, the wise among themselves know too well that there is nothing to be said."—"I foresee too that long before the waste lands are full, the very street-constable on these poor terms, will have become impossible: without the waste lands, as here in our Europe, I do not see how he could continue possible many weeks. Cease to brag to me of America, and its model institutions and constitutions. To men in their sleep there is nothing granted in this world: nothing, or as good as nothing, to men that sit idly *caucasing* and ballot-boxing on the graves of their heroic ancestors, saying, 'It is well, it is well.' Corn and bacon are granted, not a very sublime boon on such conditions! a boon, moreover, which on such conditions cannot last. No! America too will have to strain its energies, in quite other fashion than this; to crack its sinews and all but break its heart as the rest of us have had to do, in thousand-fold wrestle with the Pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is yet to fight, and we, sorrowful though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it."—"My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable, but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship, or loyally admire, has yet been produced there? None; the American cousins have yet done none of these things. 'What have they done?' growls Smelfungus, tired of the subject. 'They have doubled their population every twenty years. They have begotten with a rapidity beyond recorded example, eighteen millions of the greatest *bores* ever seen in this world before:—that, hitherto, is their feat in History!' And so we leave them for the present; and cannot predict the success of Democracy on this side of the Atlantic, from their example."

ART. IV.—THE BRITISH CHURCHES IN RELATION TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

The British Churches in Relation to the British People.
By Edward Miall. London, 1849. 8vo. pp. 458.

THIS is a great inquiry,—the condition of Religion in this Land,—the feebleness of its spirit and administration,—with the causes of this poverty. And Mr. Miall for the most part has brought a worthy spirit to so great a subject, large, earnest, reverent, and peculiarly free from thralldom to traditions and unreal notions. We have, however, to qualify this praise. In a work on the British Churches, the great English Church, the Establishment, is not even recognised. Mr. Miall ignores its existence. Because of its political constitution and worldly elements, he cannot admit it to be a Church at all. Nor is it eliminated from the inquiry, simply as a cipher. When spoken of at all, it is as a negative quantity of fearful magnitude, destroying more souls than it saves. And Mr. Miall must have maintained this scornful repudiation at some expense. The Establishment must have offered him many tempting illustrations of the prevailing evil qualities which he ascribes to the British Churches,—of the Aristocratic spirit, the Trade spirit, and the Professional bias,—yet for all his examples of Aristocratic Pride, of Clerical Frippery and Pomp, and of mercenary Motive, he passes by the Worldly Church, and resorts to the obscurer recesses of Congregational life. Nor in this investigation into the condition and action of the British Churches is anything said of the Roman Catholic Church, nor of any heretical or Anti-Dogmatic Church,—so that, in fact, the title of the book ought to have been, “The Orthodox Congregational Churches in Great Britain, in their Relations to the British people,”—though even this title would be too wide for the ground the investigation covers, inasmuch as all that portion of the British people which vitally belongs to the other Churches is tacitly excluded. In this Mr. Miall has indulged himself in a

sort of perverse consistency in external logic, for his own conception of Religion and its work is thoroughly spiritual, generous, and comprehensive. He has a Gospel idea of the spiritual constitution of a Church, and he passes by whatever is logically excluded by that Idea as though it had no existence. But surely, though he might not choose to call them *Christian Churches*, it would be but a simple concession to facts to acknowledge that the English Church, and the Roman Catholic Church in England, and the Anti-Dogmatic Church, which by its constitution is not logically excluded from his range of vision, are at least *British Churches*. We lament this limitation chiefly because we find ourselves in very full agreement with Mr. Miall's conceptions of the nature of religious Life, and of the means by which it may be promoted, and we are sorry that any Church should have escaped the inquisition of so pure an eye, and lost the practical lessons that must have resulted, the special applications of his leading tests that must have instructively presented themselves, from an analysis of its state and workings conducted under the direction of his guiding principles.

We think it of importance to exhibit at some length the harmony that prevails between our Author and ourselves in regard to the essence of Religion, and the proper character of religious Instruments and Institutions. We accept his definitions, his objects, and his criteria. With the exception of some half dozen sentences on the transmission of Adam's sin, we could substantially adopt the whole book. In the present disgraceful altercations and hair-splittings of the Established clergy about speculative figments,—fighting, in the midst of neglected sins, vices, sufferings, popular ignorance and social wrongs, the palpable foes of God and man, "about something," says Mr. Carlyle, "that they call convenient Grace,"—it is refreshing to find any encouragement for the hope, however far distant its accomplishment, of a Catholic Christianity, in a substantial agreement as to essential objects and sympathies between those who are not dogmatically united, and in a resolute subordination of all instrumental and intellectual things to that religious life which consists in keeping the derived spirit in constant intercourse and fellowship with Him who is its source. There are passages

in Mr. Miall's work which we have talked, written, and preached—and which if we were now to print, in our own version of them, might subject us to the charge of having stolen them, so close is the resemblance even in illustration and expression. This feeds our hopes that even in the most dissimilar Churches there are spiritual sympathies which underlie all dogmatic differences, where God truly meets the human soul, which Christ touches as an instrument of divine attraction, and which will one day break forth in pure and constant flame from under the crushing weight of external things, and consume by their living fire the word, and hay, and stubble of the Churches.

We accept our author's view of the nature of religious Life.

"The simplest notion, perhaps, which we can conceive of religious life, is that of a sympathizing consciousness of the spiritual Supreme—the original, independent, perfect LIFE—of whose excellence created being, in all its variety, gives but a dim reflection; and whom to know, to trust, to love, must be to derived intelligence the fulfilment of its blissful destiny.—In all the works of God's hands, in all the movements of his government, both general and special, in Providence and in the Gospel, there is more or less of Himself—shadowings forth of what he is, and of what he designs—footmarks of his attributes in some, illustrations of the ends to which he is employing them in others,—and in all together such a display of his Infinite mind, so full an exhibition of his character, so accurate an outline of his purposes and plans, as to warrant the assertion, that in giving us these, he has given to his intelligent creatures all that can be communicated of himself. And whatever there is of God in these things, apprehended by a sympathizing mind, is spiritual life. We are made 'partakers of the Divine nature,' by possessing ourselves of that which is divine in his acts and truths. He who recognizes God's Wisdom, has within himself the Wisdom of God, *to the whole extent of that recognition.* He who sympathizes with God's purity, has within himself the purity of God, *to the whole extent of that sympathy.* The life of which we speak is God in the soul up to the measure of the soul's present capacity—and hence our Lord speaks not figuratively but literally when he declares, 'And this is life eternal, that they might *know* thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' In the nature of religious life, as thus understood, we shall find, without difficulty, guidance to a vivid apprehension of its growth, to foster which all Christian institutions are maintained. *More of God* made the property of the soul is the radical idea—more of God both as its regards the breadth

of our acquaintance with him by increased knowledge, and its intimacy by intenser sympathy."

We accept his view of the manner in which God reveals himself to the human spirit in Nature, in Providence, and in Christianity, by presenting images, symbols, and living expressions of Himself to kindred faculties in Man.

"What the Supreme Mind would have us to know respecting himself, and our relation and obligations to him, he has expressed, not in an orderly series of propositions, the full meaning of which it would require ages to evolve, but variously, incidentally, diffusively, in a vast world of facts, laws, and relationships. This earth, for instance, is an embodiment of Infinite thought—Eternal mind made visible. Much, however, as physical nature has to tell, she tells nothing formally. Marvellous and heart-stirring as are the tales she can unfold, she unfolds them not in systematic order. Deep as may be the impressions she has it in her power to make, she makes them not by preceptive directions. She is full of wisdom, but it is not didactic—of argument, but it is not methodical—of eloquence, but it takes no artificial shape. 'No voice—no language—her speech is not heard'—and yet for those who lovingly commune with her, she has and she produces ample materials for the exercise and satisfaction of every intellectual and moral faculty with which man is endowed. She speaks only to listeners. She writes in hieroglyphics, but they are such as sympathizing inquiry may decipher—and all the illustrations she offers of the Great Unknown, she offers under conditions which tend to elicit and strengthen the powers to which they are addressed. It is precisely the same with the word of God, as with his works. The same inexhaustible fulness, the same illimitable variety, the same absence of technical order, the same unobtrusiveness in its method of teaching, is found to distinguish the first equally with the last. Moral lessons of highest import are embodied, not in formulas but in facts—not in creeds, but in history. There is the most exquisite order, without any *apparent* system. All strikes one as having grown up by chance, yet all results in the completest harmony. Biography, history, poetry, prophecy, symbol, allegory, argument, exhortation—dry records of names, and touching effusions of feeling—the mysterious and the palpable—the temporal and the eternal—are thrown into a form so inartificial, and are woven into an entire piece with so wonderful, but so evasive a skill, as to contrast most pointedly with all human methods of disclosing mind to mind. In such forms of skill and loveliness, the eternal Soul has chosen to enwrap itself in order to become visible to the souls of men. The riches of know-

ledge lie not upon the surface—the beauty is beauty only to the eye of sympathy—the spirit is only to be discerned by spirit. Throughout, there is a ‘hiding of power,’—a veiling of loveliness from the gaze of the careless and profane. The oracles are delivered in accents audible only to a reverent listener. The secrets are concealed from all but such as will be at earnest pains to discover them. Over this world of mountain and river,—of rich champagnes and arid wilderness, of quiet glades and desolate rocks, of softly purling streams and roaring cataracts, of sunshine and of storms, of light and darkness, man’s mind may wander almost carelessly, and miss altogether the deep significance of what it sees. And to the indolent and unreflective, it may prove scarcely more instructive than a wearisome tale of regions they have never seen, and of acts in which they feel no interest.

“This mode of imparting himself to the soul of man, and of giving fulness and vigour to spiritual life, imposes upon that life the necessity of constant self-action—of continuous and persevering effort from within. Here as elsewhere the sentence is operative, ‘In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread.’ He who would gaze upon the beauty must first be at the pains to raise the veil. He who would transfer to his own mind the Divine thought, must acquire the language in which it is written—must master the symbols in which it is expressed. Life in the spirit can only appropriate to itself life in the works, and ways, and word of God,—can only mingle and identify itself with that in them which is essentially divine, by penetrating by an active exertion of its own powers the exterior and palpable forms in which it is enshrined. In our present state spirit looks not upon spirit, but through an intervening medium—and to pass through that medium, in order to communion, man’s soul must gird itself for continual effort.”

We accept also Mr. Miall’s view of the *method* by which God through the peculiar agency of Christianity aims to overcome the evil that is in the world, and to win over all alien and rebellious spirits to intelligent sympathy and loving obedience. Mr. Miall does not separate from us, nor we from him, on those points where difference of view and feeling is most apt to show itself, on the remedial operation of Christianity regarded as a special manifestation of God for the redemption and salvation of Man. We do not know where we should look for a nobler, truer, or more reasonable picture of the natural elements of power in Christ than the following passages contain. Whatever more of *unexpressed* doctrine they may convey to their

author than to us, their obvious meaning we substantially accept.

“In the life of a *man*, a partaker with us of flesh and blood, a fellow member of the family descended from common progenitors—in the incidents, relationships, acts, enjoyments, liabilities, sufferings, of a man’s passage from the cradle to the grave—in a man’s history full of marvels, crowded with deeds of touching kindness, pervaded by a spirit of undeviating and cheerful self-sacrifice, radiant with a purity which even we can appreciate, and chastened with trials and sorrows in which our hearts can take share—in the course and destiny of a man, representative of the entire race, and mysteriously concentrating in himself all the threads of their legal responsibility to the Most High—it was in this guise, and through this medium, full of interest, pathos, and power, that the Godhead was pleased to make an appeal to us on behalf of those his rights which our nature had repudiated, and to disclose to us those his desires and designs respecting us which his own character prompted, but which our guilty misgivings could not recognize All the resources of the Divine skill brought to bear in the conduct of this extraordinary approach to man, seem to have assumed an aspect of persuasiveness. The power exhibited is, throughout, the power of gentleness. It is a history, from its commencement to its close, illustrative of Deity engaged, not in crushing resistance, not in overawing the conscience, but in gaining the heart. The Son of Man moves on to his merciful purpose, along a pathway of poverty, with grief as his companion. His human relationships are all humble—his very country, a country held in contempt. ‘He cries not—he strives not—his voice is not heard in the streets—he breaks not the bruised reed—quenches not the smoking flax.’ All is noiseless. There is no vulgar magnificence—no pomp—no thunder. Whenever Godhead flashes forth from him, it is in deeds of kindness. His miracles are uniformly as modest as they are decisive—evince a fellow-feeling with the wretched as strikingly as they do a perfect command of divine power—and address themselves as pointedly to our sensibilities as to our reason. His discourses are akin to his deeds. Deep, we may almost say anxious, interest in man pervades and characterises them—but it is in man viewed in his moral relationship to God. The themes upon which he dwells, to which he perpetually recurs, to illustrate which he would seem to task his invention, and which he commends to implicit trust, not merely when delivering instruction in the temple, but in roadside interviews with the profligate, at festive entertainments of the respectable, to the masses, as we call them, in the open air of the desert or the seaside, and upon occasions of national solemnities, are re-assuring, as

his tone and manner are winning and pathetic. He never forgets indeed that he is pleading the cause of rightful authority, but he not less constantly remembers that his mission is one to the affections, and his object not to force subjection, but to gain it. The very record of his life, drawn up for the instruction of all succeeding generations, is in the same spirit—simple, artless, attractive—not a glorious panegyric, but an unadorned narrative—not an outburst of impetuous energy, but a ‘still small voice’—stealing over our souls as a touching melody from the shepherd’s pipe, rather than startling us as the blast of the archangel’s trumpet. And that whole dispensation over which he presides, and which, viewed objectively, we call Christianity, is marked by the same character. Christ is living over his life again, as it were, in his cause. The power at work in regenerating the world is a silent power—itself as unobtrusive as the most hidden law of nature, but as irresistible—the cause of many convulsions, perhaps of most, and yet in its own nature and operation perfectly calm—just as we have seen solid masonry penetrated and rent asunder by the gradual expansion of a vegetable seed dropped into some chink upon its surface.”

We must not, however, do Mr. Miall the injustice to leave it in any doubt that his book recognizes all those views which regard Christianity as a *mediatorial* rather than as a *representative* Dispensation, as a system of Divine agencies working for man, rather than as a manifestation of what is Divine in his own nature upon the person of a man. But these are the weakest and faintest portions of the work; for, besides their own inherent difficulties, they are brought into the vivid light of other principles and sympathies of our Author’s mind, with which it is by no means easy to perceive their coherence. Thus, the present defect in human Character he justly describes as a want of conscious harmony with God, of willing, intelligent, and loving co-operation with the purposes of his Providence. The loss of this he ascribes to Adam’s Sin, and he supposes in the first man an entire and unbroken correspondence between the cravings, impulses, dispositions, and affections of his nature, and whatever of the Divine mind, character, or will, was presented to him in the works of God. And he “sees no absurdity in the supposition that the forbidden fruit of which the first pair ate, in disobedience of their Creator’s sole injunction, introduced into their physical system an element of change, incompatible with a subsequent spontaneous and irresistible sympathy with moral

rectitude and goodness." We confess that nothing puzzles us more than the want of ordinary clearness of mind, in men of unquestioned ability, which such reasoning and such theology exhibit. In the first place, if in man by his original creation there was a spontaneous and irresistible sympathy with moral rectitude and goodness, an instinctive correspondence of his nature with the position and the duties assigned to him by God, how then did Adam resist the "*irresistible*," violate his instincts, and sin? To ascribe all subsequent sin to a constitutional deterioration introduced by Adam, is to leave Adam's sin totally unexplained, and indeed inexplicable. And in the second place, what would this irresistible sympathy and instinctive obedience amount to, but the deprivation of all moral qualities, of all conscientious choice, of all voluntary preference for the holy and spiritual over the sensual and present,—an animal constitution with a necessary development? To explain sin, and protect God, our Theologians begin by making man incapable of virtue, giving him a constitution of automatic instincts; and end by declaring that he yet violated this nature of which obedience was the involuntary and necessary law. It is clearly impossible to explain Adam's own sin by the inherited consequences of that offence.—Yet all Mr. Miall's views of the remedial influences of Christianity imply in man a free will, through which he may be alienated from the known duties of his nature and position. Even the sufferings and self-sacrifice of Christ he represents only as an appeal to our nobler affections, and an exhibition of holy obedience to the will of God that might fitly win the diviner element in the soul to the love of spiritual law. He thus sets forth his conceptions of Christianity as an energy of God's for the production of the righteousness of faith.

"The service of God to which we are called is the service of love. The only submission which pleases him, is the submission rendered because it pleases us. If it be not an emanation from our own hearts—something done because we prefer to do it—it is not the thing which the gospel requires. That which God in Christ asks at our hands—that which he expects as the fruit of the altered relationship into which Christianity introduces us, is to give full play to our own will in the homage which we render to his throne. If we are not at his feet because we would be there—if we offer

not our worship because mind, conscience, and heart concur in choosing to worship him—if we run not on his errands of mercy because we delight to run, and not because we must—our response to his appeal to our sympathies is not what he intended. The obedience of the Gospel is not the reluctant answer of a weaker to the summons of a stronger power—but the willing and cordial embrace by *true love of true loveliness* . . . We are called unto liberty. The spirit breathed into us by Christianity is not a spirit of bondage. God's arrangements in the Gospel put us upon that footing of relationship to him, as that He can receive, and we may render, the homage not of servants but of sons. Our obedience is to be in the nature of a free-will offering, carried spontaneously to the altar by grateful affection. Of our own, in this high sense, we are invited to give to him. The service we pay is perfect freedom—the spirit of it, adoring, heartfelt love. God in the person and work of Jesus Christ, unveils his lovely countenance. We look and live—look and love—look until all nature from within cries out—‘Submit—obey—adore—and be blessed in the government of the only Blessed One.’—P. 89.

In harmony with these conceptions Mr. Miall represents *Churches* to be “fraternal associations with a view to reproduce in other minds that sympathy with Divine government which a realization of God's message to mankind in the gospel has awakened in their own. Their business is to multiply the willing subjects of the Son of God—to lure the hearts of men into submission to his rule—and, of course, to do this, for in no other way can it be done, by instruction and persuasion.” And a deep interest in the Kingdom of God, the Reign of his spirit,—an earnest and affectionate solicitude for the promotion of human blessedness, and faith in Christianity as the means to both—or, sympathy with God, sympathy for man, and trust in the spirit of Christ to unite them in Love, are set forth as the essential qualifications to win for the Churches success in this mighty work. We must gratify ourselves by quoting one passage from the Section in which our Author displays the necessity to any efficiency of the Churches of a lively and tender sympathy with man in all his conditions. We cite it for its fulness of the Christian, as distinguished from the theological, spirit.

“Friendliness to man ought to be an attribute as conspicuous in the Churches as it was in their Lord—and, as in his case, it should

show itself, not only in relation to ends which man cannot recognise and appreciate, but to those also which he can. They should be known every where for the spontaneity, activity, and universality of their good will. Their reputation should be such as to attract towards them the first glances of sorrow in search of commiseration, and to excite the first hopes of the oppressed yearning to pour out their wrongs into a sympathizing bosom. Grief should be confident that it may cast itself unreservedly upon their kindness, sure of compassionate regard even when most uncertain of aid. And the outcasts of society—those whose deep degradation sinks them below the reach of the world's pity—the hopelessly forlorn, whose habitual and forced loneliness of misery has worn out in them the disposition to weep, and whose nature sin and woe have converted into an arid desert—should be made to feel that there are yet hearts to bleed for them, and hands to help them in every Christian Church. Oh! if it were but so—if, instead of the self-complacency which steps aside from the polluted, more careful to express its own disgust, than to awaken genuine repentance, our Churches went in search of those whom the world consigns to neglect and infamy—if it was generally felt that as there is no abyss of human wretchedness into which their love cannot penetrate, so there is no method of elevating man's condition and character, which, to the extent of their ability, they are not anxious to employ—if, in the place of a formal, frigid, sectarian, theological benevolence, they evinced a frank, warm, unselfish, untechnical interest in all that concerns the happiness of our race—if they were, as they ought to be, well heads of consolation, not alone to select sufferers, but to suffering of every sort, and active auxiliaries of good, not in a special line only, but in any and every legitimate line—in short, if their love to man, the direct offspring of their love to God, ever intent upon expressing itself whenever and wherever opportunity offers, in little things as well as great, in temporal as well as spiritual blessings, towards the friendless as towards the powerful, by the wayside where none can witness, as well as in the temple, or at the corner of the street where many look on approvingly—with what an irresistible power would the gospel come from their lips! And such the Churches ought to be, and ought to be universally reputed. He whom they represent was jeeringly spoken of by proud formalism as 'the friend of publicans and sinners.' Hence, 'the common people heard him gladly.' Whenever the Churches earn a like reproach, they may expect to be rewarded by a like success. The sympathy of the messenger will attract sympathy to the message."

From this glance at the befitting aims and qualifications of the Churches, Mr. Miall passes to an investigation of

what they are. He pronounces them to be, for the most part, false in spirit, and consequently feeble in action. The human soul escapes them, for they do not ply it with the right instruments; and there is nothing in their own trusts and impulses to kindle a divine enthusiasm, an inexhaustible activity. This false spirit manifests itself in the usual conception of Religion as a *means* to an end—something instrumental to man's safety and happiness—man's safety and happiness thus occupying the first place in our regards as our goal and inspiration. This is to take Religion into the service of our Happiness—ourselves the principal object, Religion the secondary instrument. This is not to serve God, but to make God serve us. This is not to love God, but ourselves, and God for our own sakes. This is not the infinite aspiration and worship of the Soul, but the very definite homage and service of the selfish affections and desires. Religion, under this view, is not the life of the Soul, the sympathy of our harmonious nature with God, but a means for securing comforts, and warding off inconveniences and pains. Who can deny that there is truth in the indictment? Who can deny that an intense anxiety for personal safety is the main feeling which our British Churches are apt to generate? Can it be said that Religion, as represented by our Churches, is prominently the delight in, and pursuit of, spiritual excellence by our spiritual powers and sympathies, without regard to results of any kind except the resulting fellowship with God and with all goodness? Do not the Churches appeal systematically to selfish springs of action, to care for individual safety, rather than to spiritual affections, to the love of God, as all in all, both end and instrument?

“ I apprehend that in our reading of God's message, *man* occupies the first place in our attention, *God* a subordinate one. The grand purport of it, as we receive it, cherish it, promulgate it, is human rather than divine—has respect to our safety more than to his rights—constitutes our happiness the goal of the gospel, and subjection to God merely a necessary mode of arriving at it. If the fact be so—and perhaps they whose observation has been most careful and most extensive will be the readiest to corroborate the surmise—it will materially serve our present purpose to ascertain its real significance, and trace its influence upon the spiritual condition of the British Churches. If I mistake not, it will be found the key

to a great deal that is now regarded as perplexing and mysterious.—There is an essential difference, both in kind and in effect, between the contemplation of excellence itself, and the contemplation of the advantages that may accrue to us from it. The last is the too exclusive exercise of religious people in the present day:—the full moral power of the Gospel can only be realized by means of the first. It must be allowed indeed that our most vivid impressions of Divine excellence are produced by those illustrations of it which come to us fraught with blessings to ourselves—but it is not the less true that the point of contact between our souls and God, the ground whereupon we mingle our sympathies with his, and become absorbed into, and identified with him, is higher up than any desire of personal benefit can carry us. The *Character* of God, considered as such, of which Christianity is but a reflection, although the clearest and the brightest, may, and should be, the home, the ultimate place of repose, to our intuitions and affections. He who does us good is a worthier object of study and regard than the good which he does us. The message of love which discloses to us so much of the mind of him who sent it, and which, after all, is nothing less nor more than a fitting expression of himself, can hardly be imagined to have accomplished its highest ends, if the thoughts and emotions which it awakens in our hearts relate principally, not to what he is, but to what we gain.”

The consequences of this unspiritual apprehension are most truly traced. Religion is separated from human pursuits, and put aside as a thing by itself. Business is not regarded as Religion. Religion is not regarded as the spirit of all occupation. Religion becomes a respectful recognition of God at proper times, for reasons of sufficient weight. “The response to the message of God’s love is given back rather by the formal exercises of worship, than by the whole character of the man. There is evidence of concern for salvation—there is but little of deep sympathy with God.” Religion consequently is regarded as an official matter, and is vicariously discharged, handed over to a distinct profession. Most men would regard themselves as not official but officious, intruders into sacred functions, if they were to make any direct efforts in their own persons for the extension of Christ’s Kingdom. The Clergy are to perform all properly religious offices: enough for the Laity if they do not break the Commandments. Whatever spiritual gifts they may have of utterance and wisdom,—they yet might be women and under St. Paul’s inter-

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dict, so rigidly are they compelled to keep silence in the Churches. "No man," says our Author with earnest moral feeling, "contemplating with complacency the ever working and disinterested energy of Jesus, and rejoicing in it as an exhibition of character, could satisfy the yearnings of his heart by merely setting others to do the good which he might do himself. Were it possible to make over to another his opportunities of personal service, none would acquiesce in such an arrangement whose affections were in unison with the evangelic representations of God. That piety must be predominantly selfish, and must concern itself much more intently about benefit to be gained, than about loveliness of character made manifest, which is not impelled by its own instincts to make the diffusion of revealed truth its own individual concern. The genuine sentiment of subjective Christianity must needs be such as the words of Christ will most fitly express, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.'"—And most justly is it added that personal hopes and fears, the more they are appealed to, are only the sooner exhausted; whilst the emotions that are awakened by the appeals of moral excellence, the more they are exercised, become more lively and intense.

A second charge entered by our Author against the British Churches is that they substitute Law for Love. Men are not put upon their honour. Their gifts and their sacrifices are not free-will tributes of sympathy and love, but exactions of duty, and so instead of doing as much as they can to satisfy a deep inward affection, they do as little as is compatible with outward law and reputation. And this is another consequence from Religion regarded as a means to an end; for economy of instrumental power is obvious wisdom.

A third charge made by our Author against the British Churches is the stress laid upon logical propositions, to the neglect or injury of the spirit of faith. This is so important, and so clearly stated, that we must permit him to speak in his own words:—

"The facts and doctrines of the Scriptures, like the forms and laws of the material Universe, constitute but a medium of expression, whereby the uncreated, invisible, and eternal Spirit, makes the

spirits of men cognizant of what he is, as the archetype of all conceivable excellence. Nature, Providence, the Gospel—each may be regarded as a dialect of speech in which the perfect and absolute Ruler makes himself audible—or as windows opening in different directions, through which we may gaze upon varied aspects of the same character—or as figure, attitude, and countenance, by which he gives intelligible and expressive utterance to the purposes of his heart. Substantially they answer their main end when by their means, whatever may be the incidental mistakes we fall into in respect of the significance of particular details, we get at the general bearing of God's mind and will regarding us, and suitably respond in admiration, affection, and confidence—and they fail of it when whatever may be the accuracy of the acquaintance with themselves, we discern little or nothing of the glorious truth which they are intended to embody May there not be learned orthodoxy, or an accurate view of the logical forms of revelation without even a glimpse of their divine significance, or a single pulsation of heart in unison with what God meant to convey to the soul through their instrumentality? And may there not be also a fervent and affectionate sympathy with the design and tenour of the gospel, in connexion with considerable misapprehension in relation to particular theories or doctrines? . . . I gather from God's method of revealing himself both in his works and in his word, that *an eye for the divine* in them is of greater value than an accurate perception of their form or letter, and that to exercise and nourish the faculty of spiritual insight is a better thing than to gain assent to the fairer side of a controverted dogma. Now it appears to me that the British Churches invert this order. The objective in Christianity has been too exclusively regarded—the subjective, overlooked and even discouraged. As in some schools, a great deal of propositional knowledge is imparted, when the powers of the mind are neither elicited, exercised, nor trained, so in the Churches just thoughts are more eagerly insisted upon than just habits of thinking—and orthodox conclusions have engrossed the Zeal, no small part of which ought to have been devoted to the culture of the faculties by which they are to be apprehended and assimilated. Letter, which has its own sphere, and that not an unimportant one, has usurped the place of spirit—and overweening concern for what men shall believe has produced a carelessness as to the cause and character of their faith.—The evil breaks out in many unsightly symptoms. Various modes, more or less refined, of trespass upon the right of private judgment—worse than futile attempts at uniformity of religious opinion—denominational divisions and rivalries—waste of energy which needs to be economized—Zeal for proselytism—polemical rancour destructive of all charity—and a fruitless diversion

of effort from what most imperatively demands it, are a few of the grievous phenomena in which the mistake becomes visible to the world."

A Religion of the qualities described, inherently weak, can have no power to conquer the worldly and self-seeking elements indigenous in man. It is not far enough removed from their own nature to lift the soul above them, and accordingly under the names of the Aristocratical Sentiment, the Professional Sentiment, and the Trade Spirit, Mr. Miall proceeds to specify the vulgar sins and diseases to which such a Religion is constitutionally liable. The life being of an inferior type, and the disease in the blood, these blotches show the earthliness and poverty of its nature. Its feebleness exhibits itself on all occasions of exposure to strong external temptations, to the spirit of the world. By the Aristocratic Sentiment our Author means the tendency to value a man according to the circumstances of his worldly lot, and this disposition, directly anti-spiritual and anti-Christian, he charges upon the British Churches. That the World judges in this way there can be no doubt. The following are the indications that the Church has too much sympathy with the World. Some late schemes of which Mr. Miall is cognizant for raising the respectability of the Congregational Churches, so as to adapt them to the taste of the higher classes: the disposition to treat as a desecration, and unbecoming, all spontaneous utterance or administration of Religion: the taste for Foreign Missions, where the distance conceals the vulgarity of human wretchedness and invests it with romance, and the little contact with the degraded heathen at home: the invidious distinctions between rich and poor in the arrangements of our places of worship: the etiquette of preaching, the didactic style, fastidious coldness, and absence of colloquialism, engendered by the habit of considering only the so-called respectable and refined: the carefully preserved lines of demarcation between the banker or merchant and small tradesman, and between the tradesman and the labourer, within the sanctuary as out of it, so that we seem to have used the Apostle James against himself, and borrowed hints from him for the indulgence of the class spirit which he denounces. To

these causes our Author attributes the ignorance of the Gospel among the poor, the very common belief that Christianity is a contrivance to keep them in subjection, and the leaven of bitter infidelity which threatens to corrupt the entire body. Mr. Miall forcibly remarks: "The power of that infidelity may, I think, be ascribed, not to the force of any reasoning employed by its advocates, nor principally to the ignorance of those whom they address—but to the deep discontent of soul which a sense of social ostracism has engendered." He warns us in the following significant language:—

"The terrible popular Atheism of the first French Revolution, intolerant, spiteful, fiendish, was not chiefly the effect of philosophic writings, nor a revulsion, as is generally supposed, from childish superstition—for amongst a contented people, philosophy, so called, might have plied its polished weapons to little purpose, superstition might have continued with comparative safety 'to play its fantastic tricks before high heaven.' No! that Atheism was the savage and defiant yell of a multitude whom sympathy had never come near to soften—whom kindness had never addressed—whose genial emotions nothing had ever awakened—whose hearts no previous care or compassion had linked to the good and the true. Let us not flatter ourselves that any such outburst of unbelieving fanaticism is impossible in this country. I deem it not only possible, but, unless the outward lot of our poor slaving myriads unexpectedly brighten, and if the Churches continue to indulge as they now do the Spirit of Caste, I regard it as not unlikely, nor, perhaps, so remote as our desires would fain conclude. If our representation of practical Christianity exiles the most oppressed, the meanest, and the most wretched of our countrymen from the pale of religious sympathy, we have no right to be surprised that their resentment should see in our Christianity a foe to be humbled by any and every means within their reach. Now I submit that this danger, if it cannot be directly traced up to the action of the aristocratic sentiment in the Churches, might have been to a great extent, or even wholly, obviated, by an uniform and fitting exemplification of that large and catholic love, which overlooks the mere accidents of worldly position, and shows an equal interest in man, whether wealthy or destitute, honoured or obscure."—P. 221.

Mr. Miall sees great practical evil, results directly anti-Christian, proceeding from that Professional Sentiment which is engendered by a "sacred order," unknown to the

New Testament, confining to itself all the spiritual offices of the Churches. He admits the occasional inconveniences that might occur from throwing these offices open—and the danger that, not the experienced and qualified but, the conceited and self confident would take advantage of their openness, but he is not sufficiently full or distinct in providing securities against it. He satisfies himself with saying that this would be a matter of Government, and that a life difficult to manage is after all better than no life at all. We cannot dismiss the difficulty quite so easily, though there is nothing we more desire than some well-devised scheme for calling into use and exercise the utterance and wisdom of the Churches, and freeing them from their present conventional dependence upon one mind. We fear that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the effect of this state of things upon our Churches is what Mr. Miall supposes it to be.

“In each place of worship there stands the pulpit—a visible symbol of the monopoly of teaching—a fixed memento to the Church that it is to one individual they have to look to for all those declarations, illustrations, and enforcements of the Word of God, by which their minds are to be informed, their consciences stirred or comforted, or their hearts impressed and improved. From that spot, sacred to ministerial occupation, the devotions of the people are to be led by the same man that preaches the Word every time the Church assembles, year after year. The most seraphic piety combined with the most splendid talents can hardly, on this plan, prevent both devotion and instruction from becoming invested with an air of formality deeply injurious to freshness of religious feeling. The service insensibly slides into a performance which the assembly try to witness with becoming emotion, instead of participating in, and adopting as their own.”

We quote another passage as a testimony to the existence of feelings within the orthodox Churches, which we know to be prevalent at present in Churches of freer spirit and looser government.

“Wonderful, most wonderful, is the dearth of genius, of talent, of peculiar aptitude, of striking character, of plodding industry, of almost everything indicative of mind on the alert, in connexion with the spiritual action of the unofficial bulk of evangelical Churches. In no equally extensive area of human interest, perhaps, can such a

level uniformity of unproductiveness be discovered.—There may be danger—there must be, as a matter of course, in offering free scope to all who either have, or fancy they have, ability to edify the Church—a danger, however, which a ruling authority in the Church might reduce to extremely narrow limits; but even at the worst, the possible danger is to be chosen rather than actual death. A spirit hard to manage is surely better than no spirit all.”—P. 279.

The Trade spirit which so strongly characterizes English society has, our Author thinks, largely succeeded in assimilating the Church to the World. He hints indeed that religion, and ‘saintship,’ have been extensively assumed as good commercial speculations; but fortunately the trick has been discovered, has exhausted itself by its unwary impudence, so that any pretension of that sort only puts men upon their guard. Still he thinks though Religion no longer serves the purpose of a cover for over-reaching and disingenousness, that there is no perceptible difference between Tradesmen professing to be members of a Spiritual Kingdom, and those who make no such profession, in the spirit which they carry into their business, in the loftiness of their honour, or the delicacy of their scruples—that they alike aim at an income *from* Trade, not a spiritual and beneficent life *in* it—that they both seek “acquisition not development—the gain of somewhat external to them, not the ripening of somewhat inherent in them.” He guards himself against making unqualified charges, but such he takes to be the general fact. He traces numerous and unquestionable indications of the Trade Spirit in English life and habits—and fastens the guilt upon the British Churches mainly because they have not succeeded in expelling and overcoming it. The only instance of the Trade Spirit manifested in immediate alliance with the Church itself, cited by our Author, emanated from a Member of the Church of England, and is only incidentally alluded to in another connection. It is that unfortunate defence of the Establishment by Sydney Smith, that some high prizes were necessary to lure men of family and ambition into the Church, and that, by this lottery scheme, worldly dignity was secured at the cheapest cost. The strongest example of the pervading taint of the Trade spirit in English life is the *unmoral*

character of the connection between employers and all classes of employed. Dependents and servants perform services and receive wages. It is a system of exchanges. It simply belongs to what Whately calls the Science of Catallactics, and Christian intercourse and spiritual brotherhood are not recognized in the matter. Our Author makes a just distinction here: the economical relations of labour and capital are beyond the control of the employer; but his *moral* relations to his people depend entirely upon himself; and the intercourse of service provide him with the opportunity of manifesting the spirit that is in him, of doing fraternal work.

“Because the rate of wages rises or falls with the demand or supply of labour in the market, it is too generally taken for granted, that the condition of his workpeople is in no respect a matter of special concern to their employer. And yet, surely, they who make their wealth by the unceasing industry of other men might, without any transgression of economical laws, recognise in those men the rights and claims of humanity. A soul duly impressed with a sense of responsibility might determine upon, a sympathising heart might plan, a vigilant eye and a liberal hand might execute, not a few projects of systematic benevolence, calculated to smooth the rugged path of toil, to enlarge the circle of its enjoyments, to aid it in misfortune, to reward persevering merit, and to diffuse through the factory, the workshop, the mine, or the farm, a sentiment of oneness in nature between the master and the men. Christian principle has here a most favourable opportunity for displaying itself to advantage—and occasionally it does so. I have witnessed instances of it—heart-cheering instances—and hence I am not to be told that it is the mere dream of an amiable enthusiasm. I believe, too, such instances are fast multiplying—but as yet it must, I fear, be conceded, they are comparatively rare.”—P. 329.

The opportunity which a life of Business affords for the natural and healthy exercise of the religious spirit, with the evil of its neglect, is admirably put.

“The absence of a ruling religious motive in the prosecution of trade has been akin to the want of common intelligence in the man, who instead of drinking from the stream which flows at his feet, should put his head into it, and then wonder why an agent so destructive of life should be permitted to exist in such abundance. Who can marvel at the sickliness of piety in our day? How was it possible for it to have been otherwise than sickly? It has cut off

from itself almost the entire scope appointed for its development—and, as a delicate man who keeps his chamber, and sends his servant to do everything required to be done out of doors, loses more and more of his own energy daily, and sees his menial obtaining it, so, religious purpose confining itself to religious engagements, and employing worldly purpose in worldly affairs, is doomed not only to grow weaker, but to see its inferior become hardier and stronger. This comes of making Christianity a branch of duty, instead of the universal motive to it. We take the children's bread and give it to the dogs."

Mr. Miall has a Chapter on the Social and Political hindrances to the success of the Churches. These are abject wretchedness, incessant toil, blank inaccessible ignorance, and political religionism. There is a class amongst us that has not experience of that condition of common decency and physical soundness, out of which the spiritual instincts are developed. They have not reached that stage of the animal man when the spiritual is born. This class is powerfully, we fear truly, described.

"It may be safely laid down that there are positions of physical depression and degradation which disqualify human nature for the appreciation of the Gospel. Men exiled by want from the sympathy, and even the notice of the great mass of their fellows—driven to subsist precariously and scantily on garbage—clothed in rags, loathsome both to sight and smell—preyed upon by vermin—herding for shelter in dark damp cellars, or dilapidated and filthy garrets, or, still worse, packed nightly in nakedness, body to body, along the noisome dormitories of cheap lodging houses—to whom the next wretched meal is always an uncertainty—in whom a sense of cleanliness can scarcely ever, by any chance, have been realized—whose mode of life precludes order, comfort, prudence, reflection—who live half their time in an atmosphere of poison—who cannot, if they would, escape close and familiar contact with obscenity and vice—devoid of all moral motive, because divorced from hope, and denuded of self respect—men in this frightful abyss are, as a class, as much below the immediate reach of the gospel, as the better tended cattle that are driven to the shambles. And to the shame of philanthropy in our land be it spoken, these festering heaps of misery have gone on until just lately, increasing in bulk, unnoticed by society, until they comprehend hundreds of thousands of individuals. Their numbers alone might well alarm us—but there is something more appalling than their numbers. Out of this slimy bed of physical destitution rises perpetually a pestiferous moral exhalation dangerous to all other classes of society—most dangerous to those immediately con-

tigious to it. Swarms of thieves, trained from infancy to their business of plunder, and of prostitutes turned nightly into our thoroughfares to ply their deadly seduction, carry with them the taint of demoralization into all the other sections of the social body. That physical wretchedness which we have selfishly allowed to accumulate, passing by it, like the Levite, on the other side of the road, avenges itself upon our supineness and neglect, by permeating the entire mass of uplying humanity with a moral typhus, perilous to every family in the land, and carrying into not a few the germ of death.—What can Christianity do with this terrific mass of rottenness? Ragged Schools and ragged Kirks are admirable institutions in their way—but alone they will never Christianize this region of the shadow of death. Most efficient they are as pioneers of benevolence into the heart of this matted jungle of poverty, ignorance, vice, and crime—but they are pioneers only. They may heroically carry religious truth into the haunts of desperation—but religious truth cannot well abide there. The spiritual man must be in some measure, at least, contemplative, and contemplation asks privacy—but with the class to which we refer there is scarcely a possibility of retirement. In order to religious emotions there must be some maintenance of self-respect—but self-respect cannot linger amidst the dirt, brutality, and hopelessness, the vicious and polluting sights and sounds of scenes like these. The culture of piety requires a frequent reference of the mind and heart to God, in his works and word—but here almost all the facts met with are embodiments, not of the divine but the human, and radiate not purity but corruption.”

We refer to Mr. Miall's painful pictures of over toil and popular ignorance, only to express our regret that he closes them by saying, that he deprecates the intervention of Government in the matter. Does he deprecate the intervention of the people of England in the matter? Does he deprecate the people of England doing upon system, and with combined resources, and unity of method, what individually, upon his own showing, in the past they have not done,—and what, in the future, there seems no more reasonable probability that they will or can do? Has not the result of individual efforts and supplies been long enough looked to and waited for? What is Mr. Miall's own powerful description of existing vice, ignorance, and animalism, but a judicial summing-up against it, an awful finding of its miserable and hideous insufficiency? Yet he closes with begging that the system, or rather no-system, which has had such results, may not be interfered with. He still trusts in volun-

taryism, after writing its condemnation. Nor is the use that is made of the word 'Government' in this connection quite ingenuous. Are the people of England, when applying by their collective voice, and their constitutional methods of self-government, a competent remedy to enormous social evils, unmanageable by efforts of a random nature and conducted on a smaller scale, a mere nose of wax in the fingers of cabinet ministers to be twisted as they please? What can be more insidious than the employment of the word 'Government,' to stir the political prejudices and passions that have so unhappily been enlisted in this question, and have so successfully impeded the great work of National Education? Who ever dreamed of consigning the people to the Government, to be drilled and educated according to their notions? Who ever complains of the Government for bringing criminals to justice, or sending letters through the post? Has England no constitutional method of redeeming herself from destruction by a National Decree,—without being told that she is pitifully in the hands of the Government? Is the Nation giving legal expression to its purposes, the Government? Assuredly it is,—but not in the sense insinuated, as if the executive were our masters. This kind of language (we do not now refer to Mr. Miall, but to a party he has countenanced) is only an appeal to hidden passions which, as obstructives, more than serve the purposes of truth and reasoning.

Under political religionism our Author includes all attempts to dispense Christianity through institutions devised and upheld by the State. The Church of England has latterly been affording rich opportunities for one of Mr. Miall's tastes, principles, and power, to select varied sketches of her dissensions, corruptions, inconsistencies, and insufficiencies. The pictures are for the most part not overdrawn, though they have a colour from the artist's hand—but the most ample, and conspicuous, condemnation of the Church of England does not close the question. Because our present Establishment is manifestly unjust in principle, in spirit anti-national, and in practice mischievous, it does not follow that there are no beneficent provisions for religious life and culture which a People may constitutionally adopt.—The great body of the Clergy are said to be drawn into the Church through inducements

that are not spiritual. The great impediment in village districts to any irregular effort to save the people is said to be the authorised clergyman, the parish priest. The effect on the popular mind of sacerdotal claims is thus represented :—

“ If upon the serving of a summons to a besieged fortress, to open its gates to lawful authority, it should appear that there are two parties insisting in the name of their sovereign, upon prompt compliance with his demand, one of whom, however, warned the besieged that they alone had authority to receive submission, and that the fulfilment of the terms offered could not be guaranteed by any but authorized servants of the Crown, is it not certain that the moral impression likely to be made upon the insurgents by the offer vouchsafed them, would be suspended until some decision had been arrived at as to which of the parties before the gates of the fortress represented the supreme authority? and would it not be probable that doubts would occur whether either the one or the other could make good their professions? Some such result as this is produced by the distinction set up between an authorized and an unauthorized ministry. The reluctant will which a sympathizing and hearty exhibition of Divine forgiveness might have gained, is called upon to determine in the first instance a question of apparently rival pretensions—a question, too, in the discussion of which some of the most unlovely of human qualities must need come into prominence — and there cannot be a reasonable doubt that, in myriads of instances, the interposition of this inquiry has acted like a breakwater against the subduing force of God’s manifestation of his mercy, and in myriads of others has operated to obtain, in the place of a childlike and unsophisticated surrender of the whole being to the moral government of God, an act of partizanship having more regard to the pretensions of the herald, than to the character of the tidings which he came to announce.”

Hence come *ritual* religion and regard to *holy orders* on the part of those attached to the Establishment by education and habit; total indifference on the part of the neglected many; and a vulgar distaste for unauthorized teaching, a sensitive shrinking from dissent, on the part of all those rich and *respectable*, who are somewhat ambitious, but whose position in society is not very clearly established.

In the face of this whole state of things, Mr. Miall exposes the platitude of offering Christianity as the remedy. Most true: but that is just the difficulty. It is the absence of Christianity that is deplored. And the

question is, how is it to get life and operation? No one doubts that if men were Christians all would be right. But how in the condition of our people, are you to get them to become Christian? When men become Christian their souls have flowered—but with multitudes the living seed is not in their hearts, and the soil will not receive it.

“As a rule, and speaking of classes rather than of every individual of which the class may consist, we are bold to say that people huddled promiscuously together, and crowded as our lowest poor into filthy domiciles, *cannot* be made religious—that people strained with unintermitting toil, exhaustive of all elasticity of body and mind, cannot be brought to take an active interest in moral truths—and that people who have surrendered themselves to political religionism cannot be influenced by a gospel which they take care shall never, if they can help it, come across them for consideration. It may be very well, and it seems very pious, to say, ‘Preach the Gospel—go on preaching the gospel—that, after all, is the only way to recover lost souls.’ But preaching the gospel in England, every body knows, would not be the way to save souls in New Zealand—in order to this, there must be, not preaching only, but preaching within the hearing, and in the language of those who are to be regenerated. Physical obstacles must be overcome by physical means—political obstacles by political means. For the purpose of the New Zealanders, he would, in the outset, best meet the necessity of the case, not who could preach the gospel in England, but who could steer a ship to the antipodes, and who could master the language, and adapt himself to the habits, of the natives. So with regard to our own poor, and our politically prejudiced, what is wanted is, that the distance between us and them should, in the first place, be conquered. The hindrances in the way, so far as they are concerned, are of as immovable character by direct religious agency, as if they were geographical When will they [Christian professors] get clear of the childish error, that religious acts are only acts performed by religious means; or come to know that any act, whether it be prayer to God, or street-cleansing for men, whether it be arguing away a prejudice of infidelity, or removing a tax upon oppressed but patient industry—every act which is done from a religious motive, and with a view to religious ends, is as much an offering of affectionate and faithful homage to the Saviour, as if it had taken the most spiritual form, or had been presented in the most solemn worship?”—P. 399.

Accordingly foremost among our Author’s remedial suggestions, is the removal of all external obstructions to the

vis medicatrix of vital Christianity. He asks, first and almost solely, for circumstances in which the souls of men may be impregnated with religious life. Not that his reliance is on circumstances, but on spiritual vitality—only there are outward conditions that have the power of suppressing this, and that render the soul inaccessible to the gospel. The tardy success that has attended Christianity would seem to show that, however in itself well fitted, by the views of God it presents, to draw the minds of men into sympathy and union with His character and intentions, there must be some signal defect in the mode of its administration;—that though an energy of God to save souls by showing the righteousness of faith to faith, some disastrous element of weakness and failure belongs to the manner and the instruments of its application. Mr. Miall affirms, and who can deny it, that a nobler, a diviner style of Religion must be manifested in the persons of Christian men before Christianity can repeat again its first triumphs over the spiritually dead. A more faithful image of Christ in living men would work the old wonders. This is true: but how are these personal powers to be provided? Spiritual influence can indeed work all miracles; there are no limits to what is possible to it. A word, a look, a tone, an impression of goodness received from itself, are energies of God for the conversion of men that are not subject to any calculation. But who can furnish these living Instruments?—It is no small matter, however, clearly to perceive that our hope is not machinery, nor dead means however industriously plied, —but in the power of living spirits,—and that as the fullest image of God must have the most power to awaken divine sentiments in man, only those who live, and act, and speak in Christ's spirit can reproduce his energy, and draw men's souls by an attraction kindred to his. It is much to see the false dependence on Propositions, and Creeds, and means of Grace, cast away, whilst unbounded Faith is expressed in all living representatives of God himself. Such a Faith, earnestly held and nobly uttered, is itself a foundation for new hopes of Christianity and man; and for those Churches one of whose servants worthily proclaims it. Personal intercourse, of the freest kind, between the religious and the non-religious is Mr. Miall's

main reliance for mighty changes. He does not devise any system of means for this result; but the principle is all important, and he has done good service in showing that in it alone is our hope. To the existing Churches he recommends a more lively interest in man, in the earthly man, to break up the fallow of men's souls by sowing in them any seeds of good.

"I have no pet project to recommend. What might be suitable for one vicinity, may be simply ridiculous for another. This village may stand in need of something which it would be preposterous to propose for that town—this city may require very different remedial measures from that hamlet. Here, water may be needed—there, drainage; here, improved dwellings—there, baths and wash-houses; here, education—there, books. A wise solicitude for man's welfare, here and hereafter,—which the Churches profess to feel, might, in my judgment, do worse than exercise itself in looking round with an inquiring eye, marking the most copious source of suffering within reach: devising some expedient for its removal, and making energetic efforts to secure and organize, and apply that assistance which promises most effectually to compass the object. All this kind of work, it may be said, may be done, and yet leave men spiritually just where they were. This is a mistake. They are *not* where they were, any more than Manchester is in relation to the metropolis where it was prior to the construction of a railway between them. Literally, it is true, Manchester has not changed places, but really, instead of being at a travelling distance of twenty hours from London, it is brought within five. And literally it may be the fact that temporal advantages wrought out for men by the activities of the religious world would not produce the smallest actual approach of their minds to the truth of the gospel—but really, they render those minds much more accessible by the gospel, much more susceptible to its healing influences. A striking display of care for man's interests is a sure method of gaining man's sympathy. Why should not every Church be anxious to exhibit this care? Why, if it is so, should it not show such care where, when, and how, it will be best understood and appreciated? What organization of believers would not rejoice in the increase of its moral influence which would accrue from the possibility of men pointing to some beneficial achievement, and saying, 'This we owe to the energy and agency of such and such a religious Society?' And if the Churches might legitimately rejoice in the issue, why might they not as legitimately find delight in employing the means to secure it? More than five-sixths, probably, of the happy proposals which are approved of by Society, are abortions, because no

one step forward to give them practical effect. If the British Churches were on the watch for usefulness and influence, might they not cherish and nurse such proposals into strength enough to make their own way, and fulfil their own ends? . . . The Churches would lose nothing of their spirituality in such increased attention to temporal affairs, so long as their own motive and end were spiritual—and they would gain an amazing accession to their moral power—their ability to attract, to win, and to reward, popular confidence.”—P. 439.

We have confined ourselves to the humble office of giving some account of the contents of Mr. Miall’s earnest and suggestive work. At a time when the Establishment is clothing herself in the garments of foolishness, the paltry rags of priesthood, and bringing contempt upon herself by pretensions that have as little relation to any thing real as sick men’s dreams, it is something to hear so deep a voice from the bosom of orthodox dissent,—pleading on behalf of practical and vital Religion, of spirit and truth, in opposition to all that comes short of the inward union of our souls with God,—a pleading for Christianity as the religion of Life, with a fitting scorn for all that is only ecclesiastical, ritual, sacerdotal, or speculative. Would that, in the exposure and degradation of the Establishment, the other British Churches were in a condition to instruct her by example, in the performance of her noblest work, that of worthily representing the Faith, feeding the Devotion, expressing the Worship, and teaching the earthly Duties of the British People!

ART. V.—LETTER AND SPIRIT.

Letter and Spirit: a Discourse on Modern Philosophical Spiritualism, in its Relation to Christianity. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. London: 1849.

THIS discourse was delivered before the ministers and delegates of the Congregational Union. The audience was choice; the subject, great; the preacher, eminent; and the hearer,—still more, the reader,—might reasonably expect a thoughtful contribution towards the settlement of a deep and intricate question. He will be disappointed. Should he already be in Dr. Vaughan's state of mind,—alarmed at the freedom with which the outward authority of Scripture is often treated, and startled by the tones of a Christian piety apart from the reputed essentials of Christian dogma,—he will find vigorous expression here given to his own disturbed feelings and offended attachments. Should he, on the other hand, be in any sympathy with Theodore Parker or Francis Newman, or even J. D. Morell, he will experience the peculiar style of cruel candour distinctive of pulpit polemics; being first mildly coaxed into the preacher's hands, and then sharply beaten. But should he be an earnest thinker, needing real guidance between these two directions, he will receive no help, unless he can extract it from this riddle, which contains the substance of the sermon,—that he must take *both* paths, and for that end never quit the preacher's *one*. "You must believe nothing against the spirit: you must believe everything according to the letter: which may be easily done, by just accepting the letter as the rule for the spirit."

The object of Dr. Vaughan is to counteract the influence of the writers just named, by assailing a position common to them all, viz. that we are "to subject everything religion may be supposed to include, to the test of an intuitive susceptibility or power of the mind, which, quite apart from the ordinary lights of the understanding, is held to be our great denominator in respect to all religious truth, and all certainty in relation to it." This "dreamy theory" (the "Religion of the Spirit") he re-

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gards as an extravagant reaction against the "Religion of the Letter,"—the "superstition which looks more to documents, institutions, observances, than to any of those realities which are among the necessary elements of an inward and spiritual life." He undertakes to weigh the good and evil of both these opposite tendencies, and to find the point of equilibrium where they combine in a partnership of wisdom.

If Dr. Vaughan had fulfilled this promise; if he had adjusted the claims of the inward Soul and the outward Book; if he had shown how the one is to be the judge without ceasing to be the disciple of the other,—to impose on it conditions and yet be ruled by it as a law;—he would have relieved the religion of the age from one of its most oppressive embarrassments. The problem is in truth the ecclesiastical form of the great struggle between Idealism and Realism,—between the rights of subjective consciousness and those of objective tuition. As, in the doctrine of Perception, the question is raised, whether the mind spontaneously provides Space as a condition for apprehending Body, or from experience of Body learns the lessons of Space; as, in the logic of the natural Sciences, it is doubted, whether our thought throws out the law of Causation upon phenomena, or gathers it from them; as, in ethical Philosophy, there is a controversy, whether the sense of Obligation indigenously springs from reflection on our own acts, or is imported into us by observation of the acts of others:—so, in Religion it is asked, how far the native faiths of our purer mind are to bear authority, and how far we are dependent on the historical testimony of physical miracle, and the propositions of a verbal revelation. This last question cannot be discussed, any more than the others, without carrying the research pretty deep into the constitution of human nature, so as to determine the precise relation of the faculties to one another and of all to their outward opportunities. Whoever contends for intuitive apprehensions of divine truth supposes the mind spontaneously active; whoever denies them, conceives of it as merely receptive. He who never doubts a faith to be true which he feels to be holy, places his understanding at the disposal of moral sentiment and affection: while he who cannot own

it as holy till witnesses have proved it to be true, postpones the suggestions of conscience to the intellectual estimate of probabilities. A different conception of the mind's action, and a different ranking of its several powers, evidently lie at the bases of these contrasted theories; and a discussion which does not sink to these foundations must remain without result; superficially exhibiting an antipathy which it cannot radically resolve. Our author's unconsciousness of this renders his whole treatment of his subject loose and unsatisfactory.

The very problem on which he is engaged is so unsteadily conceived as to fluctuate with almost every statement. The antithesis of "letter and spirit" is employed chiefly to contrast *intuitive* with *testimonial* authority in matters of religion; and the rivalry between these two *sources* or *antecedents* of faith is the main topic of discussion. But on one page (p. 1) "the letter" is defined to mean "the *truth* which our Lord taught," and "the spirit" to be "that condition of our spiritual nature which is the natural *result* of Christian truth." On another (p. 5), "the letter" becomes "the *Church system* to which a man has given his adhesion;" "the spirit,"—"the *character* he has realized." On a third (p. 6) the opposition lies between "the *form* of godliness" and "the *power* of it." On a fourth (p. 10) "the state of a man's soul towards the object of religion" is given as the true definition of the word "spirit:" "this," we are told, "is *our Lord's meaning* in the text" (John vi. 63); yet is *not* "its strictly evangelical signification!" In short, the preacher's ideas, directed only by the metaphor of his text, visit irregularly anything to which that metaphor applies; contrasting now the Pharisee and the Mystic; and now opposing orthodoxy to deism. Habitually he employs the word "spirit" to denote the moral affections *produced* by faith; and not, as his argument requires, the moral affections *producing* it. A thesis thus inconstant forbids all durable result.

And even where the question under consideration is rightly presented, the *method* adopted for its determination can produce no conviction. Recourse is had exclusively to the argument of promise and threat: the reader is to be frightened or enticed into his conclusions

by a picture of what must become of him, if he will not believe according to the approved pattern. "Beware how you trust to any moral and spiritual evidence, or you will find yourself a Deist! Let nothing slip from the authenticity and infallibility of Scripture, or your Christianity is gone!" It may be so: but how does this help me to any new light, or resolve any devout scruple? As well, and with injury scarcely more coarse, might you urge; "Take heed how you believe about the Atonement, or you will lose your salary! Think discreetly on the matter of religious education, or your party will disown you!" The sanctified and conscious effrontery with which the Tractarians have pressed this meanest of arguments can surprise no one who knows the contempt with which they regard human nature, and their despair of attaining objective truth. But such a weapon is too vulgar for such a hand as Dr. Vaughan's; and we are astonished that he condescends to touch it. Is our faith then without positive grounds, that we must be hunted into it as a mere refuge from worse evils? Are there no first truths in religion, to which our schemes may be referred for legitimation, and our errors for detection? Or are we to determine our position by shrinking and avoidance, to believe by repulsion, to worship by fear? We confess to an abhorrence,—instinctive or otherwise,—of this argument from consequences: we believe the resort to it to be an infallible mark of a sceptical age: and no conservative airs can beguile us from the persuasion that, where it is used, the orthodoxy which it defends has become an empty habitude, and the root of genuine faith been cut. Whoever applies to us such an instrument of conversion not only fails to convince us, but makes us aware that he is unconvinced himself. This may easily be without any moral insincerity. The stages through which an age or an individual mind passes in a change of faith are gradual, and many of them unconscious of their tendency; and the appeal to consequences, so habitual in the present day, is one of the last struggles of a yet possible sincerity.

This impression is not removed, when we attempt to define from this Discourse Dr. Vaughan's own theological position, in relation to the question of internal and ex-

ternal authority in religion. He appears to us not to know clearly where he stands; but to say and unsay, to concede and retract; to attack opponents for propositions indistinguishable from his own; and applaud doctrines at variance with the data he supplies. For instance: he says,—

“We readily admit that there are certain religious ideas and sentiments that may be said to be common to the race, and that will perish only as man shall perish. These ideas, and the impulses natural to them, have their place at the root of all religion In a word, it is not more clear that man was born to see the light and breathe the air, than that he was born to be religious. But if this be true, it cannot belong to revealed religion to contravene these tendencies, or to act independently of them. It may be a part of its office to correct and elevate them, but it must be itself in substantial agreement with them—must, in fact, be founded upon them. We go one step further, as consequent on this admission. It is not enough that documents, regarded as containing a revelation, should be to all appearance genuine; the contents of the supposed revelation must not be at variance with the moral nature of man, rightly interpreted, nor with the known facts of the divine government. This distinction between the external and the internal proofs of Christianity is old as the literature of Christian evidence; and we are not disposed to attempt any vindication of the language employed by some eminent orthodox disputants in which they seem wholly to overlook this fact. It is not true, in our humble judgment, that the authority of the documents being once settled, in so far as the moral evidence derivable from history may be expected to settle it, we have henceforth nothing to do but to receive the contents of the documents unhesitatingly, however much at issue they may seem to be with what may be known of the Divine nature through other channels, or with what we feel to be the unalterable laws of our own nature. On the contrary, we have to do, as responsible agents, with the matter of which a supposed revelation may consist, as certainly as with the evidence by which it may be attested.”—P. 10-12.

Now if this concession means anything, it surely allows that the moral sentiments are to be used upon the contents of a supposed revelation, in the same way as the understanding upon the sources of its documents; and that as the latter is competent to test the extrinsic evidence, the former is no less “certainly” competent to

test the intrinsic spiritual truth. We have something else to do,—it is acknowledged,—than “to receive the contents of the documents unhesitatingly.” *What* else then, unless to *judge* of the contents, by criteria treasured in our own highest reason and affections? If, in spite of their credentials, we are *not* to take them on trust, how can we proceed a step further but under the guidance of our own religious sentiment? Is not that sentiment then a “test of truth or falsehood in a religion?” Yet a few pages later Dr. Vaughan says—

“The evidence which should establish a religious authority of any kind or degree in a *book*, must of course be fatal to the absolute authority claimed for religious sentiment in the *mind*. Hence the tendency of this whole school to depreciate all the forms of ‘historical proof,’ in relation to this subject. Hence their solicitude to draw the Christian away from this ground—to bring him to admit that the proper test of the truth or falsehood of a religion lies, after all, not in anything historical, outward, or written, but in the sentiment of the mind—in the conviction and feeling of man’s moral nature. The Christian being once so far seduced as to make this concession, resting his argument on half the basis proper to it in place of the whole, all that is distinctive of Christianity is then readily explained away, and the residuum is a philosophical deism under a Christian name. The pride of our pseudo-spiritualism cannot brook a rival. Man must have all his needed resources from himself. He must be equal to his own destiny. The word *within* him must be the only *living* word, the word *without* him must be the *dead letter*.”—P. 20.

We submit that our author has himself made the very concession which he here denounces. He granted to “religious sentiment” the “authority” he is now so eager to withdraw. It is vain to plead that its authority was not to be “absolute,” or to supersede its “rival.” There *is* no rivalry, and can be none, between historical criticism as to the age of books, and moral intuition as to internal sanctity of sentiments. The object-matters to which they apply themselves as criteria are perfectly distinct; and each power is independent, within its proper sphere, of interference from the other. We cannot, on the one hand, decide by moral sentiment whether Matthew’s gospel was written in Hebrew; or, on the other,

prove by the testimony of ancient heretics and fathers, that "the pure in heart shall see God." The two kinds of evidence, our author does not deny, must *concur*, in order to prove a Divine revelation. Each therefore has a *veto* upon the assertion of a revelation, and suffices to exclude it; though neither by itself is adequate to establish it. This is all that is meant when "historical proof" is depreciated in relation to Christianity. It is an apparatus that results in nothing, unless the seal and suffrage of the soul be added to the faith it recommends.

The right which Dr. Vaughan claims for the human mind, to judge of the contents of a proffered revelation, we are also unable to reconcile with his doctrine of scriptural infallibility. "The idea of a revelation to be contained in a book includes," he observes, "the idea of inspiration, *that the truth recorded may be pure truth.*" By what process of evidence does our author ascertain the presence of this unerring inspiration? Does he take it on trust, *before* estimating the teachings thus conveyed? Then what becomes of the trial to which, "as a responsible agent," he is bound to submit "the matter of the supposed revelation?" Or does he accept it not till *after* this trial has been completed, and all the contents have proved satisfactory? Then does he believe the Scriptures inspired because they are true, instead of owning them true because they are inspired. If the truth be a condition of the inspiration, all is granted that the "spiritualist" asks: if the inspiration is to be security for the truth, the contents must be taken on trust, and less is granted than Dr. Vaughan himself demands. Our author professes to be shocked that men should find in the Scriptures any inconclusive reasoning, or regard any of their various writers as capable of error. But of what service is the permission to judge of the matter of a book, if the verdict is to be thus bespoken, and we are prohibited to see anything imperfect?

"It is too commonly maintained, not only that we should regard the language, the whole literary character, and the natural science of the Bible, as of purely human origin, but that even in respect to moral and religious matters, the sacred writers should

not be viewed as secure from misconception—from degrees of error. On the contrary, it is said to be manifest that these writers could reason illogically, could fall into mistakes and differences about religious things, and were by no means superior to the current prejudices of their times. The best of them, accordingly, is to be received as being no more than substantially trustworthy.

“Now let the authority of the Scriptures be once reduced to an affair of this defective and fragmentary kind, and of course that authority ceases to have any real existence. If the sacred writers may reason badly, and err even in respect to religious things, it is natural to ask—how am I to distinguish between the sound and the unsound in their reasonings, between the truth and the untruth in their statements? In this case, it must be obvious, the only authority left to settle these questions is our own mind—what to receive, what to reject, must be determined simply by our own sense of fitness. This sense of fitness, accordingly, comes to be our revelation—we have not, cannot have, any other. Each man becomes a Bible to himself, and the Bible external to himself possesses no more authority than the Bible within him may be prepared to cede to it—that is, it possesses no real authority at all. Such is the natural history of our modern spiritualism.”—P. 22.

Are we then to understand that our author,—in order that the authority of the Scriptures may not become defective and fragmentary,—does not choose to see any difference between St. Matthew and St. John, any Hebrew prejudice in St. Peter, any temporary logic in St. Paul? or, that having studied these writings freely as a literature, he can discover, by the critic's ordinary tests, no trace of any such human features; and therefore holds them of infallible authority? Is he then prepared to stake the existence of revelation on this issue? and if he should meet, in the epistle to the Galatians, with a questionable argument, or find the Thessalonians instructed in a mistaken hope, or read in Luke a prophecy of Christ's return within the limits of that generation, will he throw his Christianity away? Does Dr. Vaughan think that believers in demoniacal possession were altogether “superior to the current prejudices of their times?” Or will he avail himself of the saving clause by which he escapes the responsibilities of precise statement, and say, that errors of this kind are not “*about religious things?*” The evangelist who declares “the devils knew

that he was Messiah," and who supposed himself to be thus adducing a supernatural testimony to the divine office of his Lord, would have been surprised to learn that this was no "religious thing." The apostle whose eye was fixed upon the near *παρουσία*, and who found his joy and crown in the theocratic prospect, would hardly have consented to degrade this faith into a mere secular hope. Wherever this idle distinction is drawn, it is invented for the mere purpose of evasion. Everything in the Bible has always been regarded, by its mere presence there, as *being religious*, until criticism has fastened on it some doubt: but as soon as it becomes incredible, it is suddenly discovered to have no relation to religion. To those who disbelieve it, it has none; but to its believers it was sacred as the doctrines that still remain. This shifting line is as purely subjective as the "sense of fitness" which, on that ground, our author charges with incompetence; and is just as certain to surrender successive ingredients of Scripture, till each mind and each age "becomes a Bible to itself." Dr. Vaughan asks, "how am I to distinguish between the sound and the unsound in the reasonings of the sacred writers?" We can only do it, he replies, by the exercise of our own minds: and *that* he prohibits as an infidelity. It follows that we must not do it at all, but *take the whole reasoning on trust* and ask no questions. This, however, implies that we are forbidden to *understand* the reasoning which Scripture may spread before us. For no man can understand *an argument* without either feeling its force or failing to feel it; the successive propositions might possibly be taken on trust; but their logical sequence cannot be owned without being felt; nor can their logical inconsequence be suppressed from the intellectual consciousness by any act of will. What then would our author recommend as the fit attitude of mind for the study of an apostolic argument? We had always supposed that whoever *reasons* with us appeals, by the very act, to our understanding, and invites a judgment on what he says. But if we are forbidden to draw distinctions between the sound and the unsound, the reasoning is a mockery, and the appeal a snare. The very existence of ratiocination in the Scriptures is at variance with their plenary inspi-

ration and their use as infallible oracles : and when once the least infringement is allowed upon that plenitude of authority, there are nothing but degrees between Dr. Vaughan and his most obnoxious opponents.

The appeal to the evidence of our moral and spiritual nature in matters of religion is egregiously misrepresented when described by our author as yielding the following rule : "*We are to receive Christianity as from God, in the measure in which we see that it MIGHT have come from man, and ONLY in that measure*" (p. 17). Truth which touches the conscience and finds our highest nature, is not made human,—does not cease to be divine,—by simply entering our consciousness. It does not follow that, because we can recognise its worth when presented, we could originate it, if it were not. As well might you say, that because we can see the sunshine, we could make it : and that, since we are insensible to it till it falls upon our sphere and visits our eye, "*We receive it as from Heaven, in the measure in which we perceive that it MIGHT have come from Earth, and ONLY in that measure.*" Dr. Vaughan, as often in the windings of this Discourse, supplies the proper answer and the just rebuke to himself, when he says, "The capacity to see the reasonableness of a truth when revealed, is confounded with the capacity to discover that truth without the aid of a revelation. The distinction here is so obvious that no philosopher should be pardoned for overlooking it."

With these few criticisms we quit this little volume ; not attempting, with so slight a basis, to lay out systematically the great subject of which it treats. With some of the writers to whom he refers we have no sympathy of faith ; with others, only a very qualified accordance : but we think they all deserved a better answer. Had the matter of this Discourse been of a higher order, the manner would probably have been less assuming and the style more restrained within the limits of good taste. The preacher's undeniable vigour degenerates continually into harshness and browbeating, and impresses his readers more with the strength of his antipathies than with the depth of his convictions. Dr. Vaughan is an accomplished man ; but he wins our admiration more as an historian than as a polemic.

ART. VI.—NEW POEMS BY BAILEY AND BROWNING.

1. *The Angel World and other Poems.* By Philip James Bailey, author of "Festus." London: W. Pickering. 1850.
2. *Christmas Eve and Easter Day.* A Poem, by Robert Browning. London: Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand. 1850.

RELIGIOUS Poetry is in danger of falling into two opposite vices, either that of dying away in mere moral or theological dissertation, in which case it becomes "dull and even dreary"—or that of using the mysteries, and infinitude of a divine theme, merely to enhance the interest and heighten the picturesque effects of a vivid and scenic imagination. The latter fault arises commonly from two very distinct causes, either from want of moral reverence in intellects of great power and depth that delight in the excitement of wonder, though they have little of the spirit or humility of worship—a class of minds that have been conspicuous lately in this country as disciples of Mr. Carlyle—or on the other hand, from the mere want of moral sensitiveness and discrimination, which makes them identify physical things with spiritual, and represents the whole of religion to their minds according to the analogies of law and sensuous conceptions. All these faults are common enough in the religious poetry and poetic prose of our own day. The first of them simply makes a religious poem unreadable; the second inexpressibly painful and repulsive to reverential minds; the last makes it low-toned and disagreeable to all of higher perceptions. Mr. Bailey's new work is so far an improvement upon "Festus," that he never wearies with mere moral and theologic prosing in the short poem before us; and though in one place he gives us a short abstract of the very transcendental views which Wisdom was unfortunately accustomed to inculcate on her pupils, as when she taught

"The secret harmony of good and ill
Which Being with existence reconciles
In the mid axis of necessity;"

yet he never troubles us with any very tedious reflections. In other respects he does not seem to us to be improved. The extreme richness of imagery remains the same, but there seems far less genuineness and earnestness of thought and feeling, and the utter spiritual poverty which is so often to be found in the religious poetry of the evangelical school is not concealed by the brilliant and too luxuriant ornaments of his style. In "*Festus*," as here, there was a keen appreciation and love of physical beauty, and a powerful delineation of a certain kind of unrefined character of a rather low moral order, but there was no dramatic power, and only that confused physical sort of thought which is forced upon a man of much ability by the constant necessity of self-defence in life. Where there is no imagery in "*Festus*," a well-regulated mind finds considerable exercise for the inalienable right of omission; but while employed on an earthly subject, Mr. Bailey was much more genuine and at home than he is in this angel-world of præternatural good and ill. Genuine Evangelical poetry is not pleasant on subjects of faith at all; at least when it passes beyond the mere depiction of guilt and penitence, its remedies are so gross, and its conceptions of purifying influences so unspiritual, and its tone of thought so shallow, that the whole beauty of poetry is destroyed by the poverty of the theme. It is only from natures rich in spiritual insight like Keeble, Montgomery, or Wesley, that we can draw pure religious poetry; and even with them the physical analogies of the lower orthodoxy are often made too prominent. But to make a poem on the celestial natures above man in any sense a high work of art, requires a depth of spiritual insight and power of conception far beyond the aim of Mr. Bailey's poem. The obvious danger is that of making a world very much brighter and more blessed, or, on the other hand, very much darker and more wretched than earth, without having characters at all on a corresponding difference of scale; so that the angels are likely to be kind, weak individuals, destitute of all reality,—mere forgiving phantoms in white,—and Heaven itself a brilliant scene of physical beauty and peace. Now this is the real way in which Mr. Bailey has gone astray. With all the brilliant metaphor of this poem, there is very little strength, depth, or reality of sentiment in

it, and in this respect it is, we think, inferior to "*Festus*." There is nothing more disagreeable, and even approaching in its tendency to vulgarity, than this disposition in writing of a spiritual world to show no appreciation of higher spiritual natures ;—than this betrayal, in fact, of a disproportion between the senses and the higher aspirations, so great, as to be satisfied to rest in the image of a brighter world, without spending any power in the conception and delineation of the higher life it should contain. It is the extreme difficulty of this task that has kept almost all poets from venturing on a sphere so tempting to a high and devout imagination, and it seems as though it were Mr. Bailey's blindness, not his superiority to its difficulty, which has induced him to undertake it. "*In Festus*" there is at least one real human character, impulsive, powerful, imaginative, self-confident, pompous and coarse, carried into nearly every scene, and there is no sort of failure in its delineation. But here we have no reality in character of any kind, and notwithstanding the brilliancy of its dress, the poem is felt to have no life ; its peculiar theme only has the negative effect of suppressing the unrefinements and roughnesses of earth, without introducing any higher conditions of mind, and so, notwithstanding its orthodoxy, it is liable to the charge of a somewhat heathen tone, in entering on so sacred a subject without the exercise of a spiritual imagination, but only of physical fancy. It is exactly the absence of this defect which has given their immortality to the great works of Milton and Klopstock, where the moral and spiritual thought and feeling which suggested the scenery, breathes through the poem, and the beings are real beings, even though it be rather power and intensity of nature than any difference of kind, which removes them beyond the ordinary latitudes of human nature. Genuine poetry however of its kind, though not of the kind that the pretensions of the poem demand, there is here and there in this little volume, but it is only seldom that it is sufficiently connected with human want or feeling to elevate it above mere shining fancies. In the following passage, however, there is much beauty, though, as everywhere, too little simplicity :—

" Among that heavenly race
There dwelt two angel-sisters, nymphs divine,

The daughters of the Lord of gods and men,
 Star-dowered, light-portioned, forms full realised
 Of the Eternal Beauty. Yet how unlike
 Their nature and their loveliness; in one
 A soul of lofty clearness like a night
 Of stars, wherein the memory of the day
 Seems trembling through the meditative air—
 In whose proud eye, one fixed and ark-like thought
 Held only sway; that thought a mystery:
 In one a golden aspect like the dawn—
 Beaming perennial in the Heavenly East—
 Of paly light; she ever brightening looked
 As with the boundless promise unfulfilled
 Of some supreme perfection; in her heart
 That promise aye predestinate, always sure,
 Her breast with joy suffusing, and so wrought,
 Her sigh seemed happier than her sister's smile;
 Yet patient she and humble."

The description, too, of the effect produced by the loveliness and falsehood of the evil angels is not without considerable beauty:—

"No lack was there
 Of direful sign and portent; chief was this
 Each day grew murker, for the light of Truth
 Suns those serenest firmaments; and all
 The falsehoods each one uttered, lie by lie,
 Rolled into rings of darkness round their heads—
 * * * and still
 With gathering shades the stranger spirits grew
 Still lovelier, and, like light outletting flowers
 Glowed in the lengthening eve."

The introduction of the "hugeous monster" (intended we suppose to impersonate Sin) with 100 heads, which speaks 10,000 tongues altogether, and is otherwise remarkable for his teeth and tail, is in the worst style of inflated grandeur. We need make no comment on the evangelical moral of this poem, because it is identical with that of "Festus," which was examined in a former Number: it is evidently written to defend the "purifying suffering of sin," and the whole pseudo-evangelical scheme of regarding guilt as a wise contrivance of predestinating wisdom, as a man of straw set up by the divine Being, purposely

that He might have the glory of subsequently overturning it:—

“In this, too, God permitted them success,
And in far more, that at the close he might
Their highest height o’ertop, and with the arms
Of love, all-conquering, fling forth more supreme
His thrice victorious standard.”

Mr Bailey should avoid committing himself to moral and theological systems; his mind seems to have no intellectual subtlety and very little moral sensitiveness, so that the force of his character only leads him to throw himself with a very distressing fervour into the grossest forms of ethical and religious philosophy. There is nothing very remarkable in the few shorter poems, appended to the “Angel World;” in the piece on Autumn, there are a few beautiful lines.

Of Mr. Browning’s poem we have little to say: we only placed it at the head of this article because it affords an instructive comparison with Mr. Bailey’s in arriving at any distinct views as to the peculiar mental characteristics of a poet. These new poems of Mr. Browning exhibit a higher intellectual power, a keener moral sensitiveness, and altogether a far more spiritual nature than Mr. Bailey’s: still, though they are far more religious, they are, as it seems to us, decidedly less poetical, than the “Angel World.” “Christmas Eve” is written apparently with the intention of showing that Christ blesses by his presence all the churches that earnestly and in truth desire to follow and love him, from the Roman Communion down to the intellectual audience of a German rationalist, whatever be their errors, and yet that the eclectic principle in religion is spurious and worthless, since the true faith lies in one view and in one only. In “Easter Day” he enters on the discussion of the relation between faith in Christ and moral acceptance with God, and connects the moral quality involved in faith with the intellectual fact of belief in this manner, that our doubts of the incarnation are mainly moral, arising from the feebleness of our own love, which renders it difficult, sometimes impossible, for men to believe that the divine love could ever have been so infinite as to lead God to put on for our sakes man’s imperfect nature, and submit to the

sufferings and the sorrows of a mortal lot. We have no contest at present with Mr. Browning's views, and only wish to speak of him in his character of a poet, and especially of a religious poet. The only passages that could be thought to be poetical in these new poems are the descriptions of the moonlight night with the lunar rainbow and the appearance of the vision in the first poem ; and in the last, the description of the Aurora Borealis on the night before Easter Day.

. "And as I said
 This nonsense, throwing back my head
 With light complacent laugh, I found
 Suddenly all the midnight round
 One fire. The dome of Heaven had stood
 As made up of a multitude
 Of handbreadth cloudlets, one vast rack
 Of ripples infinite and black,
 From sky to sky. Sudden there went,
 Like horror and astonishment,
 A fierce vindictive scribble of red
 Quick flame across, as if one said
 (The angry scribe of Judgment) 'There—
 Burn it !' And straight I was aware
 That the whole ribwork round, minute
 Cloud touching cloud beyond compute,
 Was tinted each with its own spot
 Of burning at the core, till clot
 Jammed against clot, and spilt its fire
 Over all heaven, which 'gan suspire
 As fanned to measure equable,—
 As when great conflagrations kill
 Night overhead and rise and sink,
 Reflected. Now the fire would shrink
 And wither off the blasted face
 Of heaven, and I distinct could trace
 The sharp black ridgy outlines left
 Unburned like network—then, each cleft
 The fire had been sucked back into,
 Regorged, and out it surging flew
 Furiously, and night writhed inflamed,
 Till, tolerating to be tamed
 No longer, certain rays world-wide
 Shot downwardly, on every side,
 Caught past escape ; the earth was lit ;

As if a dragon's nostril split
And all his famished ire o'erflowed ;
Then, as he winced at his Lord's goad,
Back he inhaled : whereat I found
The clouds into vast pillars bound,
Based on the corners of the earth,
Propping the skies at top : a dearth
Of fire i' the violet intervals,
Leaving exposed the utmost walls
Of time about to tumble in
And end the world."

The rest is for the most part either moral argument in doggerel verses of a very unharmonious kind, or descriptions of scenes and persons, often clever, but not by any means beautiful. Mr. Browning's poetry is indeed altogether of a hard description, and shows, to use a distinction pointed out by Mr. Ruskin, more appreciation of the picturesque, than of the essentially beautiful and sublime : this is shown, we think, even in his ungraceful versification, which is totally devoid of melody and even smoothness, and yet is not ill adapted to bring out sharp distinctions and pointed contrasts. This is a fault which has increased upon him ; though his poetry has always been less genuine poetry than illustrated thought, or intellectual description of beautiful scenes. There is one circumstance which the comparison of all the greatest poets of the world forces more and more strongly upon us, that their peculiar power consists mainly in the perfect closeness with which their sentiments are bound up together in their minds, so that while they are expressing one, they pass into another, and never call up a mere phase of human sentiment, but unite all the finest and most complex shades of feeling in the wonderful web of their full and glowing utterance. This we take to be the main characteristic of a poet ; he passes directly from sentiment to sentiment, and illustrates one emotion through the medium of another, so as to touch at once all the varied springs of feeling that each object may excite in a human soul ; and yet one tone of feeling may, and generally must, remain predominant ; only while ordinary minds detect this alone, and strive to express it as if it were single and distinct, the poet passes by none of those minor accompaniments unconsciously present with

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us, which "fill up the melody, though scarce interpreting the thought." In truth, it is the part of the poet to present, in living combination, the groups of sentiments which are roused, and, even more still, that ought to be roused in human minds towards objects of human interest; and if we keep fast hold of this principle, we are convinced that it will explain a great proportion of the deficiencies and merits of poetical writers. No human sentiment, any more than chemical element, is ever found in the actual world uncombined; and to express and arouse the various clusters of sentiments, in their truest and purest living combinations, is the highest task of poetry. The highest poet seems to require not only the highest qualifications of every other human being, but, in addition to these, that peculiar cast of mind which binds up all the sensitive parts of his nature, physical, moral, and spiritual, in the most intimate union. This it is which distinguishes him from the artist, who has usually the finest sensitiveness in some particular power of perception, but in whom this fineness of faculty remains in itself, and does not take constant illustration from the neighbouring sentiments: the poet, in order to be the highest of his order, should have all the sensitive perceptions as fine and keen as artists of every class, and in addition, that intimate tie existing among them all which allows each to seek illustration and expression from the refined analogies of the others.

Now this is the reason why we maintain, that though Mr. Browning's mind seems intellectually and spiritually of a higher order than Mr. Bailey's, the latter has far more of the poetic nature than the former. Mr. Bailey's mind is of that kind, that all its finest sensitive faculties seem fused together so essentially, that one sentiment cannot be expressed without a similar expression of all those bordering and minor feelings which really touch upon it in the human soul. Thus when he says—

. "In one
A soul of lofty clearness, like a night
Of stars, wherein the memory of the day
Seems trembling through the meditative air,"

he combines in so wonderful a manner all the shades of feeling with which we regard that kind of clear sad nature,

and expresses so perfectly the real and close analogy between them and the feelings excited by a quiet star-light night—and that, too, without making any harsh transition from persons to things, so beautifully does he impersonate the “meditative air”—that the whole fulness of the actual sentiment (indeed more than the whole fulness of the sentiment that any but a poet would have felt) comes flowing into the mind. Again, where he describes the jewels of the Queen as—

“Now gleaming forth defiant, now reposed
In silent capabilities of light,”

the poetry is felt to consist in the spontaneous passage from the feeling excited by the mere visual beauty of light, to that higher sentiment felt towards the light that comes and goes with mental life, and moral agency. Indeed all Mr. Bailey's sentiments seem linked together in that close alliance, that his poetry summons up and expresses at once not a single phase, but a various complexity of feeling, thus combining in language the numerous elements of emotion, and, by touching the various chords, calls out not single notes, but musical harmonies from the mind. All we complain of is, that the feelings he thus frequently touches are never among the highest; his hand never approaches even the higher notes of moral sentiment and religious love; and in a poem professedly religious, we reach no higher tone of feeling than is afforded by the most ordinary experiences of human life. With Mr. Browning it is quite otherwise; there is true spiritual feeling and moral keenness in his poem; but his mind is more intellectual than Mr. Bailey's, and he delineates isolated thought and sentiment without difficulty, but they have the coldness and unreality of mere phases of feeling, prominent phases perhaps, yet not the full expression of the whole sensitive nature. His thought does not apparently live inside but outside his affections, and when one of them is touched, the vibration does not pass on to the others with that facility which in truly poetic minds rouses into expression so many shades of sentiment at once; there seems to be (as indeed in all ordinary minds there is) some non-conducting medium which separates his various feelings

and affections, and his imagery is taken, especially in these latter poems, not from the natural analogies of related feelings, but from recollection of similar intellectual ideas. Poetry has been defined to be the "expression of the affections by means of the imagination;" but this is not strictly true; it is the expression of some parts of our sensitive nature, with relation to, and through the analogies of, other sensations or affections. The detection of mere intellectual resemblances is one function of the imagination; yet to express the affections by such analogies is not poetical, but the contrary; this would be *illustration* and not poetical expression. Lord Bacon had a rich imagination, and yet his language, even when expressing the affections, is seldom or never poetical: because his expressions arise not from the natural connection of associated or adjacent sentiments, but from the intellectual connection of associated ideas. Shakspeare is everywhere admitted as the highest poet the world has ever seen; and yet his theme is not often, if ever, the highest possible; there is perhaps scarcely one character conceived in the highest tone of Christian and spiritual thought, in the whole of his dramas. Human beauty and perfection abound everywhere; spiritual perfection was not within the range of even his vast intellect. Yet what marks him as so essentially the poet, far above those with even higher aims, and higher nature, is that all his transitions are the natural movements of his mind amongst kindred sensations and sentiments, while for their power and fineness of perception, those sentiments are at least very near to human perfection. But for this very reason Shakspeare never draws a man of absolute will, where the emotional changes are not supreme but subordinate; it has often been noticed that the powerful characters of Shakspeare owe their power to their strength of impulse and passion, not to more commanding volition; the *ἐγκρατής* of Aristotle was a character that even Shakspeare did not understand. Perhaps no perfect poet could draw such a character faultlessly; for the dramatic element in poetry is the overflow of the spontaneous part of our nature in its complexity, the transition from feeling to feeling; and perhaps the conception of an absolutely perfect dramatist and poet is an impossible one, involving contradictory elements of character.

It is just on this account that Sir Walter Scott's poetry is so poor and (in Mr. Ruskin's sense) so merely picturesque as contrasted with what is essentially beautiful or sublime, namely, that his nature seems to have had none of this involution of sentiment as we may call it; he only described what he saw by a single sense or sentiment; and then to enhance the interest, he is obliged to seek out non-essential incidents, strange and grotesque collocations, vivid meeting-lines of different and disconnected feelings, which are called picturesque, rather because they rivet the attention by the novelty and wonder of their coincidence than because they are in themselves imaged forth as beautiful and fine. In this sense the picturesque is a combination that may result from mere intellectual imagination, not from the imagination that is caused by inwardly associated emotions: and accordingly we often see that the most picturesque writers are nearly devoid of poetry. They *conceive* of new and startling combinations of forms, colours, sentiments, and thoughts, without being led to them by any inward connection of the feelings themselves, and so they produce striking effects, and contrasts, that are artificially artistic, and not a consequence of inward feeling. This is in a very great degree true of Mr. Browning; his poetry and his descriptions are picturesque, not beautiful; there are sharp divisions in his thought, and vivid outlines in his sensations, that give anything but the blended effect of true poetical description, and yet his descriptions are vivid and striking. Mr. Ruskin is, on the other hand, a high example of one who describes natural beauty not with intellectual keenness, but by inward sympathy with the influences of the scene. The description of a scene in the Jura, in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*,* is one of the most exquisitely poetical we have ever read; the thoughts fly after each other, not in the order of intellectual observation, but of closely-associated feelings; and instead of the half-startled and novel interest with which we read a description by Scott, we experience as we read, those strange mysterious feelings that the actual presence of majestic natural beauty always excites.

Keats, whose poetry is almost purely sensuous, still

* Chap. vi. Lamp of Memory, § 1.

always writes under the influence of the natural associations of fine senses, never from the analogies of intellectually associated thoughts ; and in Shelley, the charm may be always traced to the wonderful play of all the finer emotions in the ever-varied tints of his fascinating lyrics. Wordsworth too, so universally regarded as a poet of meditation, not of emotion, owes all his finest passages to the quiet and subtle transition from sentiment to sentiment secretly connected by some tie that we know not of : so that one is made to illustrate and shine upon another, and the scattered rays of different affections are brought to a focus in the scene or thought of which he sings. Thus what is the exquisite delight with which we turn to such lines as the following from his often wearying goodness of mind and calmness of thought, unless it be that here he weaves together many threads of the finest feeling into one beautiful web, while elsewhere he spins out a single sentiment, or drops the sensitive altogether for the mere intellectual nature :—

“ The Stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.”

The mere fine expression of a single sentiment or sensation is not yet poetry, it is only beginning to be so ; just as music is not yet music when only a single note has been struck ; but when many feelings are gathered together by the spontaneous affinities of the mind, or at the very least according to the same laws by which the spontaneous affinities might draw them together, and not by the mere intellectual effort of volition, then poetry may be said to arise.

It appears easily from this view of Poetry what is the reason which makes it the tendency of the poet to impersonate or humanize the objects of nature and the world of thought : if that be the essence of poetry, to express the intimate connection of the sensitive faculties of the soul in their collective and simultaneous activity, yet in that well-ordered harmony which gives prominence to the highest,

and only calls in the lower sensations to add a fringe of brightness to the whole, then it is obvious that this end can fully be attained only when the object delineated is a person. Towards persons only, are the higher sentiments of the mind awakened, so that their various and transfiguring presence must be lost, if the thoughts are fixed only on passive and lifeless things. And above all, a religious poem gains all its beauty and grandeur from realising everywhere the divine personality: from regarding all the quiet brightness, and gentle shadows of life as unfolded from sentiments yet more mysteriously blended than those of man; and from throwing across all, that infinite shadow of power, which mingles even the profoundest trust with the sublimity of wonder, and softens the narrow intensity of earthly purpose, by revealing beyond its poor horizon that vista of diviner things which must unfix, at last, the gaze of the most downcast soul, and show the boundless spiritual world, in which it has been treading, unaware, its dangerous, though not unguarded way.

ART. VII.—RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Ragged Schools: their Principles and Modes of Operation
By a Worker. London: Partridge and Oakley, Paternoster Row.

IN strange, gentle and hopeful contrast to the Latter-Day Pamphlets of Mr. Carlyle, appears this cheap little Book on Ragged Schools, by a Worker. Children who are brought up and taught, by those whom Nature constitutes their guardians and guides, to lie and steal, to be filthy and idle, are not criminals. They obey in this conduct the instincts of ambition and even duty. They are subjects of a Reformatory—punishment is only due when that has failed. As they have taken one set of notions that have been taught them, see if they will take another by teaching. Thus the fit objects of restraint and severity will be distinguished from the unfit. But if ever there was a class of human beings, for whom a merely intellectual training is insufficient, this is the class. Simple schooling will only fit them for entering the higher ranks of their profession—render them more largely, powerfully mischievous. There may be unwisely conducted ragged schools, then. The discriminating and Christian-hearted writer of this book is fully aware of this fact.

“We know that unwise efforts to do good, do harm, unmixed harm it would be if the love which prompted them did not soften it: we are now fully assured that the abundant alms-giving of our ancestors fostered the mendicity they would have destroyed; and that the gigantic and costly efforts of our country to repress the slave-trade by armed force, are fearfully aggravating the evil;—it is worse than useless to have zeal without knowledge, and we must try ‘who loving best, can wiseliest love.’ ”

But where, as in the course recommended in these pages, the miserable children are only taught reading and writing as one among several instruments of changing the current of their thoughts, habits and ambition—where they are led to imbibe a disgust for filth, and a shame of dishonesty,

when a new standard of honour and duty is created in their minds by a new code of morals—we cannot see how they can avoid returning at least a balance of good. Even the honest poor, living in the same neighbourhood, and paying for the education of their own children, must feel the benefit of benefitting these outcasts, and making them a little less fierce, a little less dirty, and a little less dishonest: and must rejoice in the proximity to their own households and families being an improved one. No doubt therefore in doing something for the “young scoundrel-class,” we are doing much for the young honest-class,—and (a consideration that appears to occupy a conspicuous place in our tax-hating days) much also for the tax-paying class—as such. Mr. Burnall is here declared to have stated that the 18,000 prisoners in the prisons of Middlesex alone (1849) cost, on an average, first and last, £120 to £150 each.

“Why, then, will the public continue to support thieves, at a cost of £150 per annum, and the government to maintain them, if committed to its charge, at an expense of from £20 to £30 per annum, besides the enormous cost of prosecution; while the young offender, if placed at once in a Reformatory School, and retained there until he had given evidence of altered conduct, would not be a third of the expense, and would restore the wandering to be useful members of society?”—P. 93.

It may be further asked, How long will the public consent to devote large sums annually to army, navy and prisons, and to require that the comparatively trifling sums required for reformatory-schools shall be painfully and uncertainly collected by amateur labourers in their spare hours from door to door, by half-crowns and sovereigns—and the salary offered to the Teacher be such at last as will rarely enlist the services of any persons with feelings, education and objects much above those of an ordinary working-man? If ragged-schools do not answer, it is because the right persons are not sent to conduct them. If “workers” like the present writer could be procured in sufficient abundance, the letters in the *Morning Chronicle* had never been written. But people so highly endowed with united judgment, charity and piety as this “Worker” are rarely to be met with in our present state of society. Let this

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Worker's Book, then, go forth, if not to make others as good, to make them at least much better, than they would have been without it. We fear that most of the Ragged Schools are taught by mere routine, with all the effects of routine, and not by love and piety, with all their effects. And yet—

“It is necessary that those who commence Ragged Schools should be in the highest sense religious; should be actuated by so strong and earnest a desire for the glory of God, and for the extension of his kingdom, as to seek that end only, and employ those means alone, which are in accordance with his known and revealed will;—that they should be ready to sacrifice self, to take up the cross daily, if need be, in the work;—that they should have a firm and ever-acting faith in God, and in the power of his might, which will sustain them under apparent want of success, and frequent disappointment, by the conviction that all that is good in the seed they are sowing, will, in due time, spring up and bear rich fruit.”—P. 23.

The withered formal Catechism of the English Church will not answer the purpose of religion. The Teacher and pupils must form between them a living Catechism. Those who wish to see what we mean may apply to this Manual of a “Worker.”

CORRIGENDÆ.

In the article, in our last Number, on the Relation of the Second to the First and Third Gospels, the reader is requested to make the following corrections :—

P. 61 and elsewhere, *for* epitomater *read* epitomator.

P. 64, the foot note belongs to p. 62, l. 16, “Nothing either in its opening or elsewhere has any reference to a future reader.”

P. 66, *for* Luke (Matthew ix. 1) is here very concise, *read* Luke (Matthew ix. 1 is here very concise).

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No. XXIII.

ART. I.—BUSHNELL : GOD IN CHRIST.

God in Christ. Three Discourses, delivered at New Haven, Cambridge, and Andover : with a Preliminary Dissertation on Language. By Horace Bushnell. London : John Chapman. 1850.

HERE is another of the many indications that daily meet us, of wide-spread dissatisfaction with the existing state of theological opinion, in bodies reputedly orthodox. From the heart of the Calvinistic section of the New England Congregationalists, Mr. Bushnell has put forth doctrines that vibrate with a deep undertone of the newest philosophy and shake the old dogmatic system to its centre. With all the qualities that are wanted for a stirring reformation of old and stagnant opinions, his mind, as expressed in the work before us, seems richly endowed. His bold and somewhat dashing treatment of his subject, though seasoned throughout with great warmth of devotional feeling—the quaintness and originality of his copious illustrations—the juicy freshness and vigour of his style, not without a native roughness which enhances its poignancy—bespeak no ordinary man, and must ever have secured interest and attention to a book like this, apart from the remarkable circumstances which attend its publication. That he is often inconsequential and open at many points to the attack of a rigorous logic, follows inevitably from the union—indispensable to one who would act

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strongly on popular sympathies—of profound religious susceptibility with intellectual acumen. Perhaps no writer could be more constantly quoted against himself than Paul; and yet to this apparent want of logical consistency—a result of different tendencies developed in their utmost force—he owes no small portion of his extraordinary spiritual influence.

Our readers are probably aware, that the descendants and representatives of the old Puritan stock which originally colonized New England from this country, have not all adhered with equal tenacity to the Calvinistic standards of their forefathers; and that while the settlers in Massachusetts have cast off their ancient creeds and gone through nearly the same course of theological development with the English Presbyterians, the churches of Connecticut have hitherto preserved in its integrity their original profession of orthodoxy. The consequence has been a general suspension of ecclesiastical relations between the two bodies—the chasm widening with the continuance of the controversy. But a reactionary tendency is already perceptible. The spirit of the age—breathing direct from the schools of Germany, or qualified in its passage through the writings of Emerson and Carlyle—has swept with no slight influence over the cultivated minds of North America, and softening down the sharp and rigid lines of previous separation, appears to be awakening a desire for mutual approximation. The rationalists thirst after more spirituality; the orthodox demand larger sympathies and greater freedom of mental expansion. Mr. Bushnell's book is a herald of this auspicious movement. He professes respect and sympathy for the Unitarians, without participating in their doctrinal views: and of the three discourses which constitute the substance of his volume, while the first and the third were prepared for the orthodox Academies of Yale and Andover, the second was delivered by request in the Divinity School of Harvard University, where an Unitarian theology is publicly taught.

These discourses are preceded by a preliminary dissertation which takes up the subject from a deeper and more fundamental principle, and assumes as an essential condition for the adequate treatment of the questions involved, a previous determination of the necessary limitations of

language in its efforts to express the spiritual. So much unfruitful controversy has sprung from this source—in spite of the repeated cautions of philosophical minds—that too much praise cannot be given to the author for again directing public attention to the subject. In his general theory there is nothing original: what we owe to himself, is the more immediate application of it to Christian dogma, and the forcible manner in which he has set forth its importance and deduced its consequences. His leading view may be thus described.—The bases or types of all words or forms of speech for the expression of spiritual ideas, are to be found in the objects and operations of the physical world; for simple states of consciousness are of course incommunicable, except through association with some outward sign which is a common object of perception to different minds. But the inherent power of the physical to represent the spiritual—the correspondence and as it were pre-adaptation of the outward to the inward world—implies a secret and mysterious affinity between them, which finds its explanation in the original conception of the universe by a Sovereign Mind. This is a favourite idea with the author, which enters largely into the subsequent applications of his theory, and which he particularly insists on as distinguishing his view from that of Locke. In the main we think him right; but he has rather indicated than developed his idea: and in the absence of any sufficient analysis on his part, we crave the reader's indulgence for a few moments, while we briefly trace the process through which, as it appears to us, the imagery suggested immediately by the gross impressions of material objects, is transformed and subtilized, and becomes continually a more refined and delicate exponent of spiritual agency.

The earliest states of mind requiring expression in speech, must have been such as were excited by outward objects of want, desire, aversion or fear. A latent instinct would most likely prompt the sounds, that associated themselves with those objects and were used thenceforward as their vocal designation. With the remembrance of the object not only the sound or word would be recalled, but the feeling, appetite, or passion under which it was originally given. By a double association, therefore, the word would denote at once an object and its associated feeling;

and if, as must often happen, different terms should be applied to the same object, when viewed under different relations or blended with various states and gradations of emotion—some terms in which the expression of feeling was most intense and predominant, would in time be loosened off from their object, and be reserved and set apart as simple exponents of emotion, while others would retain undisturbed their primitive adhesion to the objective reality. Thus language would possess from the first a two-fold office—that of registering the impressions of sense, and that of expressing the emotions awakened by them; and while perception and memory continued, as for a long time they must, the sole or chief operations of the mind—its spiritual vocabulary, if we may so call it, would be limited to the few terms that would be yet needed as representative of the most prominent states of human consciousness. Imagination would come next into play, in the endless forms of myth and song—using the materials which sense and memory had already treasured up, and still further spiritualising them—and elaborating a rough terminology for those incipient efforts at abstraction and generalisation which are demanded by a quickened sense of moral truths and obligations, and by the mind's transference of its own consciousness to the laws and operations of the visible universe. With increased habits of reflection the facts of consciousness would become more distinct and clear, and specific designations be appropriated to them; till at length in many words the spiritual so thoroughly absorbed and dissolved the material element by which it was at first stimulated into existence, that the most sagacious etymologist can no longer detect any traces of it. When this conversion is completed, a reflex action takes place. The spiritual element of the mind having now acquired an independent force and consistency, repays with ample interest the tribute that it once received. It no more wants a ray from without to light up its dim machinery and buried laws, but throws back its own intellectual lustre on the face of the material creation. It is no more a passive recipient of external imagery, but reads the phænomena of earth and heaven in the light of its own higher thoughts. It gives speech to the silent hills and inarticulate woods, and opens with them a solemn

communing of love. The poetry of the old world was objective and sensuous; that of the new is essentially reflective. There is no counterpart in antiquity to the poetry of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson.

But this action and reaction of what we distinguish as matter and spirit, implies—we think with Mr. Bushnell—that the human mind must originally be something more than a vacant chamber or *tabula rasa* for the mere admission of images. It has evidently an activity of its own. It is clear, that the world without and the world within are corresponding utterances of the Infinite Mind. The most ancient philosophies speak of creation as a Word. The *logos* in our souls answers to the greater Logos of the external universe. Grammar is an expression of eternal laws; for men from their origin are linguistic natures and speech is a necessary development of their inward being. The physical bases and types of language have thus an inherent affinity with the spiritual ideas they are used to express. The adaptation is not arbitrary, but, if we may so express it, congenital. But as these types are fixed, while mind is ever-unfolding and progressive, they are always an imperfect medium for the representation of its most refined and exalted states—a medium whose clearness is unavoidably dimmed by some retention of the material element. The mind is ever soaring towards the Infinite; and language through constant accessions of significance and a constant process of refining, is ever striving to keep pace with it: but after all these efforts, the symbol falls immeasurably below the idea.

These views Mr. Bushnell has applied to a solution of the many vexed questions of dogmatic theology. Such questions, he shows, relate for the most part not to any essential truth of Religion, but to some interpretation of the material adjuncts which are indispensable to a definite apprehension of spiritual things. The central truth which is sought after, viewed from opposite sides of the field of vision and through different interposing media, draws into its resulting expression many of the accidental conditions of the contemplating mind. All creeds, for example, which are human attempts to express the Divine, are liable to this imperfection. They contain in them elements, due to the particular influences under which they were com-

posed, that must be dropped to gain the purest conception of the truth desired. On this ground he contends that a multitude of creeds is an advantage; because one neutralises an other, and a comparison of all eliminates the excrescent adjuncts, and leaves a clearer and deeper impression of the residuum of central truth.

This idea, though novel and suggestive, must not be admitted without cautious limitation. As put forth by Mr. Bushnell, it is open to the serious objection of being unaccompanied, so far as we can perceive, by any precise statement of what must ultimately be appealed to, as a criterion of spiritual truth, and therefore, when extensively applied, of landing the inquirer in a negative result. When the material element is dropped on all sides, what remains? Form, says the author, is indispensable to give us an apprehension of that which is necessarily formless. But take the form away, and what does it leave behind it as an object of thought? There is a spiritual, and there is a material, world—and language, built up of materials which the latter alone supplies, takes us across from one into the other. But into what does it convey us? What are the *realities* that encounter us in the realm of pure spirit? And how are we to apprehend and verify them? This is not brought out with sufficient clearness in the work before us. We are vaguely referred to the truths of Revelation, without any attempt to develope the eternal laws of consciousness—those standing witnesses of truth within the mind, into which all belief in Revelation itself must ultimately be resolved. It is only by an appeal to some mental standard of this description, that we can distinguish those higher forms of expression which result from the immutable conditions of human thought, and in all languages of any cultivation have permanently incorporated themselves with universal truths, and may be safely taken as a basis for the superstructure of men's reasonings on spiritual things—from such as have plainly originated in the gross and limited conceptions of an early stage of mental advancement, and are chiefly valuable in an historical sense as indications of the road along which the mind of man has pursued its intellectual journey. Mr. Bushnell has nowhere expressed himself with sufficient distinctness to preclude the inference, that *all* symbols are in his judg-

ment of equal value—that such, for example, as express the grossest anthropopathy, are as pertinent and acceptable, as those which have entered into indissoluble association with the universal truths of morals, psychology and religion, and spring as it were spontaneously from the deepest intuitions of consciousness, and which, if they do not express the whole truth, are still in the way *towards* it, and represent it with no serious error so far as they go. That this is no captious and groundless objection, will appear presently, when we come to speak of the second discourse.

There is another omission in Mr. Bushnell's book, which makes it difficult to apply consistently the doctrine which he has laid down for the interpretation of symbolical language. He nowhere states, in what light he views the Bible as a whole—and whether consequently he thinks we are justified—as we certainly should be in the case of any other book—in recurring to the known circumstances and mental condition of the parties employing its language, as a guide to its real meaning, or whether we are to regard *all* its narratives, without reference to the mind of the narrator, as objective realities embodying spiritual truths. The following eloquent passage, amidst much to which we heartily respond, is chargeable with a want of distinctness on this head :—

“There is no book in the world that contains so many repugnances, or antagonistic forms of assertion, as the Bible. Therefore, if any man please to play off his constructive logic upon it, he can easily show it up as the absurdest book in the world. But whosoever wants, on the other hand, really to behold and receive all truth, and would have the truth-world overhang him as an empyrean of stars, complex, multitudinous, striving antagonistically, yet comprehended, height above height, and deep under deep, in a boundless score of harmony ; what man soever, content with no small rote of logic and catechism, reaches with true hunger after this, and will offer himself to the many-sided forms of the Scripture with a perfectly ingenuous and receptive spirit ; he shall find his nature flooded with senses, vastnesses and powers of truth, such as it is even greatness to feel. God's own lawgivers, heroes, poets, historians, prophets, and preachers and doers of righteousness, will bring him their company, and representing each his own age, character, and mode of thought, shine upon him as so many cross lights on his

field of knowledge, to give him the most complete and manifold view possible of every truth. He has not only the words of Christ, the most manifold of all teachers, but he has gospels which present him in his different words and attitudes; and then, besides, he has four—some say five—distinct writers of epistles, who follow, giving each his own view of the doctrine of salvation and the Christian life (views so unlike or antagonistical that many have regarded them as being quite irreconcilable). Paul, the dialectic, commonly so called; John, the mystic; James, the moraliser; Peter, the homiletic; and perhaps a fifth in the Epistle to the Hebrews, who is a Christian templar and Hebraizer. The Old Testament corresponds. Never was there a book uniting so many contrarious aspects of one and the same truth. The more complete, therefore, because of its manifoldness; nay, the more really harmonious, for its apparent want of harmony. —Pp. 59, 60.

From this passage, taken by itself, it might be imagined, that the author had sufficiently answered the question proposed; but from the ensuing comparison with the poetry of Goethe, and the allusion to "those august and magnificent forms of Scripture"—incarnation, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, atonement as blood, &c.,—we are still left in doubt, whether we are to accept the Bible as poetry, or are to look on these dogmas as something objective and real. We have still to ask, is its manifestation of divine things a simple reflection of the human mind filled with the light of religious inspiration, or is it the display of a vast supernatural apparatus from age to age, for the formation of the religious sentiments of mankind? We conclude, that the latter is Mr. Bushnell's opinion. But the subject he has opened, is too vast to be shut in by such arbitrary limits. The language that utters strong religious emotions, demands a qualified interpretation, not only in relation to the objects of the invisible world, but also to the events and the personages that are called up by remembrance from the dimness of the past.—We wish distinctly to guard ourselves from the imputation of denying the possibility of an intermixture of *superhuman* signs and agencies in a course of human history; but in a discussion professing to open from its very depths the whole question of the symbolism of religion—it strikes us as a serious omission, that the author should never have touched on the test of a distinction between the *subjective* and the *objective* in its nar-

ratives; since, if we are not to probe the power of influences external to the Bible as a literature, and determining the conditions of its formation, we are obviously incompetent to appreciate the force and pertinency of the symbolism that is so deeply interwrought with every portion of its contents.

With the limitations now indicated, we think there is much that is just and worthy of attention in Mr. Bushnell's preliminary dissertation. Its influence will work most beneficially towards a less dogmatic and a more spiritual interpretation of the Bible; and our opinion of it is not the less favourable, because, without at all weakening the foundation-stones of Christian faith, it is capable, in the hands of thoughtful readers, of a still wider and more fruitful application.

The three discourses on the Divinity of Christ, on the Atonement, and on Dogma and Spirit—are included under a common title—God in Christ; and the author's principles find their application in his showing, how contradictions insuperable by human understanding, are inevitably involved in every attempt to bring down the infinite into the finite, and to blend the divine with the human. On this ground he puts himself in prominent opposition as well to the old orthodoxy as to its natural re-action, Unitarianism. Although at opposite poles, he argues that both agree in a common principle of rationalism, and make the same mistake of attempting to confine within the limits of a logical definition, what is necessarily too vast for human comprehension. On his replies to the orthodox we shall not dwell. To us they seem unanswerable. Our curiosity is rather drawn to the position which he assumes in relation to the Unitarians. He takes up the three following grounds against them: (1,) the simple statement of Scripture, affirming the incarnation; (2,) the impossibility of any direct communion between God and man, apart from the intervention of a being at once divine and human; (3,) the inevitableness of the contradictions which constitute the objection, and the existence of which (the necessity for the interference being pre-supposed) is an indication rather of truth than of falsehood. The first point we shall not here discuss with him, not because we think it unassailable, but because we have only time to say

a word or two on other topics. We shall merely remark by the way, that however the simple assertions of Scripture may pass unquestioned among those who agree in general terms to accept its contents, the position would not be so easily tenable against that large and, we fear, increasing class of men who are disposed to question the credibility of Scripture altogether, and who would put such a fact as the incarnation in the front rank of their objections. But to these, the two latter positions may be expected to furnish a reply. The grand theosophic argument advanced by Mr. Bushnell for the Incarnation, is that in no other way can we conceive the possibility of an union between God and Man. The difficulty and the solution as stated by him, differ but little from those suggested in Swedenborg's celebrated argument on the Infinite; and indeed throughout Mr. Bushnell's theory of the Trinity, it is impossible to overlook a very perceptible influence of Swedenborgian ideas. The question is, how to approximate the finite and the infinite. It is solved by the assumption of a nature that is at once finite and infinite. If we hesitate to admit the possibility of such an union, Mr. Bushnell replies :—

“You have the same objection in reference to the first revelation, the Word in the world. This also is limited—at least what you have known of it is limited; besides, you have a special delight in seeing God in the smallest things, the minutest specks of being. If, then, it be incredible, that God should take the human to express himself, because the human is finite, can the finite in the world, or in a living atom, express him more worthily, or do it more accordantly with reason?”—P. 135. “As regards the interior nature of Christ, or the composition of his person, we perhaps know nothing; and if his outward nature represents an unknown quantity, it may, for aught that appears, represent an infinite quantity. A finite outward person, too, may as well be an organ or type of the Infinite as a finite thing or object; and God may act a human personality without being measured by it, as well as shine through a finite thing or a world, without being measured by that.”—P. 136.

No doubt the Infinite does shine through the finite; but not in the sense in which God is affirmed to be in Christ. God in his fulness is never said to be revealed in any par-

ticular finite, but only in the totality of finites. Or if it should be maintained, that the whole essence of God is present to each individual existence, we then take away all distinction between Christ and any other being. There is no more of God in him than in a blade of grass, or in a pebble on the sea shore. We are astonished, that Mr. Bushnell should have lapsed into so obvious a sophism. On his own hypothesis, it was to fill up the chasm between God and Man, that a peculiar manifestation in Christ became necessary. The Trinity set forth in this discourse is a threefold condition of God's self-revelation to the universe, differing from Sabellianism inasmuch as it does not identify the Father with absolute Deity. Like the Trinity of Swedenborg, it begins with revelation, and terminates with it; and to that extent alone can be regarded as inherent in the nature of God, that we find it impossible to conceive of the Divine existence apart from some expression of itself in a work of creation. But the true and absolute God—the Power which is the ground and vital energy of the Universe—is declared by the author to be incommunicable, the revelations of Father, Son and Holy Spirit disclosing only sides of his infinite nature. In himself He lies beyond the reach of human apprehension, and takes his place above the triple Godhead in the same rank of invisible sovereignty, as Parabrahma beyond the Trimurti of the Brahmins, or Zeruane-Akerene, who crowns the dualism of the Zendavesta, or Cneph, who presided unseen at the head of the multifarious deities of ancient Egypt. But what is gained to the plain and simple monotheism of the Hebrew Prophets, by intruding into it distinctions that are essentially polytheistic, and had their source, we have little doubt, in the refinements of sacerdotal speculation? For that the Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Father of the New, we hold it impossible for any one to doubt, who has compared the two parts of the Bible with each other, and corrected them by the intervening links of thought that may be traced in the Apocrypha.—And why, we may ask, first, this gratuitous effort to put God at such a distance from us, and then, a recourse to this subtle machinery to bring Him back again, and place Him in living contact with our souls? Divines have gone to work like the lawyers.—They have made business for

themselves unnecessarily ; they have entangled the plainest questions with a multiplicity of imaginary difficulties, and then reaped honour and profit from a solution of them. There is far more piety in a simple acceptance of the words of Paul, that "in God we all live and move, and have our being, and that he is not far from any one of us." Only the inward vision of the soul needs opening, to behold his presence with us continually. We then first behold Him clearly in Nature, when the Soul is conscious of Him within :—and the most effectual disclosure of Him to the inward sense, and the surest way of opening the soul to a perception of his living presence—is the exhibition of a human life filled with his spirit, doing his work, and moving in harmony with his laws. The life of a true prophet who unreservedly submits his entire being to the Divine will, and gives up his heart and devotes his life to its accomplishment, is the highest conceivable revelation of the infinite Mind.—Mr. Bushnell urges against some Unitarians—not altogether, we are of opinion, without reason—the extremely rhetorical language, in which, to justify their retention of orthodox phraseology, they still continue to speak of the superhuman virtue and absolute sinlessness of Christ. Virtue of this sort, he says, would cease to be human, and therefore be without efficacy or example. When we behold a God incarnate, the feeling is different ; we are elevated by the contemplation of a spiritual ideal, and not disconcerted by a sense of its inapplicability. We cannot stay to argue this point with Mr. Bushnell, or we think it might be shown, that the moral power of Christ's life lies wholly in its coincidence with human sympathies, and that what it gains in the incommunicably divine, it must lose in the proper human. But we are anxious to remove from ourselves the charge of inconsistency that he has brought against others. The only perfection that we claim for Christ, is a human perfection—such a superiority to the weaknesses and sins, and such a triumph over the trials and temptations of life, as we can safely predicate of a human nature, wholly possessed by the power of religion, and down into its deepest consciousness united in perfect friendship and sympathy with God. Such—as we read and feel it—was the life of Christ. We desire nothing higher than a human virtue

for our guidance and consolation. It is as the prophet of Humanity, that we own and accept Christ with religious veneration. It is in this character that we are willing to bow our hearts to the sway of his spirit, and commit our lives to the pure and noble impulses of his god-like example.

After all, we must come to the incomprehensible at last—to that mysterious relationship which subsists in Christ, as the highest form of manhood, between the human and the divine. Only let us not force it on prematurely or unnecessarily. The finite and the infinite are really brought into no closer or more explicable union, on Mr. Bushnell's than on the Unitarian Hypothesis; and the language of Scripture which is supposed to call for this—not simply incomprehensible, but absolutely self-destructive, phenomenon—would be just as full of religious meaning, and express as deeply and solemnly the manifestation of the Divine *through* the Human—if accepted for the overflow of poetic fulness from a devout heart, as if compelled to find a rigid and literal interpretation in some objective reality. In truth, what acts upon and influences man's soul—what brings Deity and the blessed warmth and vital power of religion, home to every human bosom—comes to us with the same evidence and authority, and stands on precisely the same footing, as far as the divine presence in the midst of us is concerned—whether we recognize in Christ a Man filled and possessed to the inmost depths of heart and will with the intensest consciousness of union with the omnipresent God, or whether we suppose him the intermediate being, finite and infinite conjoined, compounded half of man and half of God, whose intervention, we are told, is necessary to bridge over the gulph between the seen and the unseen worlds. We can draw no other conclusion even from Mr. Bushnell's own words:—

“As to any metaphysical or speculative difficulties involved in the union of the divine and the human, I dismiss them all, by observing that Christ is not here for the sake of something accomplished in the metaphysical or psychological interior, but for that which appears and is outwardly signified in his life. And it is certainly competent for God to work out the expression of His own feeling,

and His union to the race, in what way most approves itself to Him. Regarding Christ in His exterior, and, as it were, æsthetic way, he is that Holy Thing in which my God is brought to me,—brought even down to a fellow relation with me. I shall not call him two. I shall not decompose him and label off his doings, one to the credit of his divinity, and another to the credit of his humanity. I shall receive him in the simplicity of faith, as my one Lord and Saviour, nor any the less so that he is my brother.” —P. 147.

We must be excused for calling this a kind of theologic vapouring. A man makes statements flagrantly at variance with overt phænomena, and when he is pressed with the consequences, he coolly tells us, he shall not offer any explanation, but only insist on the phænomena that are admitted as fully by ourselves as by him. Mere language—conceding it all the force that is contended for—(inasmuch as it admits of another solution) is no plea for the assumption of an astounding contradiction, which it appears after all has no effect on the ultimate results, and leaves them in the very same relation to the human soul, as if it had never been introduced.

The second discourse (on the Atonement)—delivered before the Divinity School in Harvard University—is the most elaborate of the three. But though it contains some fine and noble passages, it is blemished by a good deal of special pleading, and comes to no satisfactory conclusion. It is here that the principles which he has developed in his preliminary dissertation, for the use of symbolical language—are brought most freely into play. He cuts the doctrine of the Atonement into two corresponding halves—the *subjective* and the *objective* view. With a few exceptions, we accept almost entirely his statement of the former view, which he has set forth with great argumentative skill, and much felicity of illustration. The Atonement in its subjective sense—as here defined, is the deliverance of man through the new moral power brought into the world by Christ, from the enthrallment of sin. Expulsion of sin is the one great end of Christ's mediation; and this end is accomplished by making men feel, in the circumstances of his death, at once the sanctity of the moral law, and the mercy of God in relieving them from the

penalty of its violation. But we will let Mr. Bushnell be his own expositor:—

“Such a character [as Christ's] has, of necessity, an organic power. It enters into human thought and knowledge as a vital force: and since it is perfect, a vital force that cannot die or cease to work. It must of necessity organise a kingdom of life and reign. The ideas it has revealed, and the spirit it has breathed into the air, are quick and powerful, and must live till the world itself is no more. The same sun may shine above, the same laws of nature may reign about us, but the grand society of man embodies new elemental forces, and the capacity, at some time or other, of another and a glorious renovated state. The entering of one such perfect life into the world's history, changes, in fact, the consciousness of the race.”—P. 185.

“Sin, once existing, becomes, and even must become, a corporate authority—a law or Ruling Power, in the world, opposite to God.” —“To break the organic force of social evil, thus dominant over the race, Christ enters the world, bringing into human history, and incorporating in it as such, that which is Divine. The Life manifested in him becomes an historic power and presence in the world's bosom, organising there a new Society or Kingdom, called the Kingdom of Heaven, or sometimes the church. For the church is not a body of men holding certain dogmas, or maintaining, as men, certain theologic wars for God; but it is the Society of the Life, the Embodied Word. Thus it is expressly declared to be the body of Christ, the fulness of him that filleth all in all. Hence our blessed Lord, just before his passion, considering that now the organic force of evil was to be broken, said, now is the judgment of this world, now is the prince of this world cast out. The principdom of evil is dissolved—the eternal Life, manifested in the world, organises a new society of life, breaks the spell for ever of social evil, and begins a reign of truth and love that shall finally renew the world.”—P. 188.

This subjective process, the power of which is ultimately resolvable into a profound influence on man's heart and will—is aided, according to our author, and stimulated into stronger action, by an *objective* representation—by the dramatising—as it were—of human relations towards God—which acts with an æsthetic force on the mind. We cannot indeed—he argues—give the dogmatic “equivalents of the life and death of Jesus Christ;” for the only real equivalent is the representation of the life itself.

"It is not absurd, however, to say something about the subject, if only we do not assume the adequacy of what we say:—we could offer some theoretical views of a tragedy, but our theoretic matter would not be the tragedy. No more can we set forth, as a real and proper equivalent, any theoretic matter of ours concerning the life and death of Jesus Christ, which is the highest and most moving tragedy ever acted in this mortal sphere; a tragedy distinguished in the fact that God is the chief character, and the divine feeling, moved in tragic earnest—Goodness Infinite manifested through Sorrow—the passion represented."—P. 184.

This reference to scenic effect is a favourite topic with Mr. Bushnell, and it is here that we find our point of divergency from his system. With us, the subjective impression—the state of mind produced towards Christ and God—is *everything*—the objective accompaniments of the case having no moral significance whatever, but as they take a colour from the reflexions of the mind itself. In Mr. Bushnell's view, the public death of Christ with the propitiatory ideas investing it, is something *ultimate*, pre-arranged and progressively led up to in the eternal order of Providence—the indispensable condition and immediate cause of the state of mind where the salvation of the Christian is to be found. With *us* the spiritual change originating in the mind of Christ and imparted through moral sympathy to other minds—gives all their value to the outward circumstances under which it was developed, and which can only so far be regarded as the subject of special appointment, that they occupy their fitting place in the comprehensive scheme of Providence. With *him*, the inward renovation takes its character from the occurrence of a particular event, and even depends on it for the possibility of existence. The distinction is a vital one. To our feelings, we must confess, there is something offensive, and out of harmony with the unobtrusive simplicity which marks the Divine dealings with mankind—in the notion so emphatically dwelt on by Mr. Bushnell—of God's getting up a grand spectacle for the sake of a calculated effect. We here see the certain consequence of seeking to place the efficacy of Christ's mediation on any other ground, than its action on human convictions and sympathies. Divines rush into the contradictory and im-

possible to account for that intercourse and union between God and Man, which is neither more nor less conceivable on one supposition than the other; and when they have thus cut off the channel of natural sympathy, they resort to the mystic spells of the imagination, and overwhelm the mind with a terrific display of the agony and bloody sweat and death-struggle of a God, at which earth trembles to her centre, and the sun hides his face for dismay. To us this reads like the poetry of a lingering heathenism in the traditions of Christianity. So the Greeks, when their national mind was first awakening to its moral consciousness, did not trust to the representation of simple humanity for dramatic effect, but brought heroes and demigods on the stage, that by the contemplation of their crimes and woes, the heart might receive a deeper impression and be awakened to a strange and awful sympathy. That such stimulants should be felt necessary, is conclusive evidence of the actual weakness of the moral sentiments. It indicates a time, when imagination was still more powerful than conscience.

With these views of the objective value of the Atonement, erroneous as we deem them in the main, a profound truth is collaterally blended, in the importance which the author justly attaches to every influence which is fitted to carry the mind out of itself. So far as the Atonement takes away the inducements to scrupulousness and morbid self-introspection, it works with beneficial effect. But the same result would follow—and we believe more perfectly—from any earnest surrender of the heart and will *immediately* to God. In the most favourable view, the doctrine of Atonement can only be regarded as a disciplinary process (inevitable it may be in certain conditions of mental advancement) to help the affections out of the bondage of anthropomorphic conceptions of God, into a purer service of freedom and love—all propitiatory obligations being henceforth cancelled by the one propitiation of Christ. There is a large element of truth in the following observation:—

“Christianity, set forth as a mere subjective, philosophic doctrine, would fail, just where all philosophies have failed. Instead of bringing us into the bosom of a divine culture, it would throw
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us on a work of mere self-culture, producing, it may be, another sect of Pythagoreans, or another Academy somewhat more illustrious than the old, but scarcely a religion; for it is the distinction of a religion, that the soul adheres by faith, to being out of itself, and lays itself recumbently on causes which are not in its own superintendence."—P. 240.

Still more happily it is added in one short and pithy sentence—

"Any experience which drops out self, to be filled, guided, animated by God, is sure to be happy, free, and triumphant."—P. 243.

But we affirm *all* true religion has this effect. It is the test of its genuineness and reality.

The point which Mr. Bushnell has laboured with most care in his objective view of the Atonement, and which furnishes the main application of his theory of language—is the assumption, that a series of physical types or bases had been instituted from the beginning of the world, to create a phraseology capable of adaptation to the sufferings and death of Christ. This is only a modified expression of the type and antitype of the early interpreters of prophecy. Speaking of sacrifice, he says—

"There is a certain forelooking in this ritual, and then, when Christ appears, a certain retrospection, one answering to the other, one preparing words and symbols to express the other, and a beautiful and even artistic correspondence kept up, such as argues invention, plan, appointment, and indicates a Divine Counsel present, connecting the remote ages of time, and weaving them together into a compact and well-adjusted whole. And if the redemption of man is the great work of the world, that in which all existences here find their highest moment, as most assuredly it is, then what may better occupy the wisdom and the greatness of God, than the preparation of so great a work?"—P. 201. Compare also pp. 42 and 236.

Much stress is also laid on the mysterious efficacy attached by ancient notions to the blood of sacrifices, as if there were a latent reference in the dim feeling respecting it, to some great provision in the Divine economy of the world, and to the more precious blood that was destined

to be ultimately shed on Calvary. That such ideas were widely diffused throughout antiquity, cannot be denied. But we put a different construction on them from Mr. Bushnell. We read their history in quite a reverse order. What he regards as specific and exceptional, we view as universal and inevitable. We do not believe heathenism borrowed its notions and its practices from revelation; but we are convinced by the clearest testimonies of the past, that the development of the religious sentiment among the Hebrews and all other ancient nations—notwithstanding certain vital distinctions between the two—has been exposed to common influences, and presents in consequence many parallel phenomena.* It would be easy to show that the language of Scripture respecting sacrifice, has had its roots in the same anthropomorphic conception of Deity, which everywhere pervades the religion of the earliest ages. Sacrifices at first were for the most part eucharistic or propitiatory. As moral ideas blended themselves more intimately with the religious sentiment, they became piacular: and when human legislation enacted fines and punishments for the commission of sins, on a principle of apparent equivalence—the same notions were transferred to man's relations with God, and the doctrines of satisfaction, and even of vicarious satisfaction or substitution, found their way into theology. The costliness of the oblation measured the enormity of the offence. Whatever was most precious—what man himself could not replace, if once destroyed—what was looked upon as the special gift of God—it was thought, must be most acceptable to Him as a sacrifice. Hence the value of blood, inasmuch as “the life is in the blood.” To be sprinkled with it, was regarded as a peculiar means of purification. When such ideas were taken up by popular fanaticism, and pushed to excess in the decline of heathenism—they led to the disgusting rites of the Taurobolia and Criobolia, which have furnished Prudentius with a subject for one of his most revolting pictures.† The certain effect

* On the mystic significance assigned to blood in the sacrificial rites of different religions, there are some instructive observations in *Le Maître's Soirées de Petersbourg*, tom. ii. *Essai sur les Sacrifices*.

† Van Dale, *De Origine ac Ritibus Sacri Taurobolii*, c. iii.

of the wide diffusion of such ideas and usages, was a current religious phraseology respecting human intercourse with the Deity, which was gradually systematised by those who superintended the religion of the people. We have long felt, that much of Paul's language on this subject is imperfectly comprehended by us, in consequence of its manifold but unperceived allusions to a subtle theology that had been developed in the more learned schools of his countrymen. A phraseology so prevalent as this, could not be all at once cast aside—especially as the ideas which it had generated and fostered, had grown into the very substance of the popular creed, and mingled with every new impression it received. This was equally the case with the Heathens and with the Jews. With so obvious an explanation of the origin of these forms of speech, why should we seek for any other? Simply because an application has been made of them to the case of Christ? Yet this could not have been otherwise—considering the new relation in which he was believed to have placed men towards God—considering also the resistless desire of his earliest followers to avert from his ignominious death the repelling influences associated with it, and to invest it with the mystical efficacy which, with the prepossessions of their education, it was impossible for them to detach from it. But though such association was perhaps inevitable—nay, in the first instance might even be necessary as a conduit for truth into the mind—by its artificial preservation and that vast accumulation of theological refinements, of which it has been made the nucleus, it has obscured instead of unfolding, the true value of the death of Christ. The objective, has been set up as an indispensable counterpart to the subjective, view—and a significance distinct from the purely moral and spiritual has been attached to it. And yet if the subjective view, as developed by Mr. Bushnell himself, were to acquire in any mind its utmost spiritual force, the objective elements of the doctrine would hang very loosely on the interior belief, with little more of adhesiveness than a simple figure of rhetoric. All that was primitive and characteristic in those elements, would be felt to require explanation and apology—and whatever influence they might still retain, would not be moral, but due to long-established association, acting on the feelings

and imagination, but with no direct effect on the conscience. The old theory of Atonement, which, in his objective view, Mr. Bushnell substantially receives, though he dresses it up in the newest fashion of philosophical diction—involves a vicious circle of reasoning. The old sacrifices, it is said, show what was meant by the death of Christ; and the death of Christ gives a spiritual meaning to the old sacrifices. But we cannot interchange these terms at will—taking sometimes the one and sometimes the other, as a *datum*. We must assume one of them as fixed, and abide by it. If we start from the old sacrifices, and limit our views to them, we have not the slightest reason for regarding them in any other light, than an expression of anthropomorphic feeling towards God. If, on the other hand, we begin with Christ's death,—and survey it by itself as an historical event—apart from the language which popular conceptions have associated with it—we discern in it nothing mystical, but something far higher—the spirit of noble-minded martyrdom—of self-sacrifice to truth and duty—and of unreserved and confiding devotedness to the Divine Will. But on the ordinary theory, the terms of comparison—type and anti-type—like bankrupt merchants, draw on each other with fictitious bills, for a wealth of significance which is to be found with neither.

To us the most pleasing and satisfactory of all the Discourses is the last. To its general spirit and tendency we give our almost unqualified assent. We should merely embrace within the less favourable designation of Dogma, and exclude from the essentials of Religion—some things which the author would retain under the milder name of Doctrine. The distinction between the religion of the heart and the religion of the head—so often misunderstood—is well put and strikingly illustrated—though with obvious amplification of a familiar line in Pope—in the following passage:—

“In this matter of head and heart, you may figure the head or understanding, it seems to me, as being that little plate of wood hung upon the stern of the vessel, that very small helm by which the ship is turned about, whithersoever the governor listeth. But the heart is the full deep body of the ship itself, with its sails lifted to the breath of a divine inspiration, containing in itself the wealth,

the joy, and all the adventuring passions, wants and fears of the soul. In a certain superficial sense, you may say that the helm is everything, because by that, so great a body is so bravely steered and turned about in the sea. And the man at the helm may fancy, too, that he is the moving and directing cause of all. But look again, and you shall see how foolish a thing this little piece of wood may be; for when the wind sleeps, when the great heart of the ship receives no inspiring breath, then how idly does it swing from side to side, as a vain and silly thing! It is by the love of the heart only that we know God. Here is all inspiration, all true motion and power. And when the great heart of faith is not parting the waves of life before it, and rushing on to its haven, the busy understanding is but a vain and idle thing, swinging round and round with an addled motion, whose actions and re-actions are equal, and which, therefore, profit nothing."—P. 302.

This is the tone of Cudworth and the old Latitudinarians.—In the Spirit which Mr. Bushnell would fain substitute for Dogma—we trace the rising of that finer element of faith and love, in which the now divided Churches of the earth are destined hereafter to unite and co-operate, and in which he will himself—we are sure—have to part with some peculiarities which he still clings to as essentials. It was not their rejection of his own reserved dogmas of the Incarnation and the Atonement, that made the older Unitarians less susceptible to the impulse and breathing of this quickening spirit; nor will their resumption of them bring the Unitarians of the present day more deeply and decidedly under its influence. It was the antagonism of inevitable rationalism against the metaphysics of orthodoxy, that superinduced this cold intervening phasis of the religious life in both parties—the preponderance of logical caution, and a dread of those warm and earnest spiritual feelings towards God and Christ and a Heavenly Life, which they sometimes saw artificially excited in connection with the orthodox dogmas, but which will really become purer and more intense, when disjoined from every dogmatic form. Still, we agree with Mr. Bushnell, that sectarian divisions of opinion may yet have work to accomplish in healthfully developing the true kingdom of God—and that so long as one deep, discriminating or repellent conviction subsists at the heart of any party—every forced amalgamation of disagreeing elements—every com-

promise of principles felt to be vital—is to be strongly deprecated. There will be silent, ceaseless, irresistible growth and expansion on all hands, so long as men are honest and fearless, and faithful to themselves. From his own standing-point, each will advance unconsciously towards the common centre of truth and peace. Before they are aware, men from divers quarters will find themselves in proximity, and embrace. Ashamed and grieved that they should have been so long estranged, they will break the fetters that once held them apart, and out of the very links of their former bondage, weave the bright chain of Christian brotherhood around the united family of God.

ART. II.—IN MEMORIAM.

In Memoriam. London: Moxon. 1850.

SUCH is the mystic title-page of a remarkable volume. No explanatory hint is added with the exception of these few words and letters, which following a prefatory hymn face the collection of elegiac poems of which the book consists: *In Memoriam A. H. H. Obiit. MDCCCLXXXIII.* From internal evidence, and we suppose from direct knowledge, all the literary authorities agree in affirming that the mourner is Alfred Tennyson, and the mourned Arthur Hallam, the son of the Historian.

When grief seeks the expression of poetry, it has ceased to be a cry out of the anguished heart. While the fancy, imagination, and invention are dealing with such themes, and mechanic skill adapting the forms of unpliant words, the diverted affections must have stopped their bleeding. Time at least must have lent its healing, and the Sorrow, no more an agony of bereavement or passion, have passed into the perhaps holier form of a spiritual influence, a sentiment, a worship. Its object is translated, the sense of daily loss has been gradually softened, the memories of earth have become the hopes of heaven, and wear only spiritual looks, and speak only spiritual words. It is the soul that now communes with grief, and no longer the unshielded heart. It is necessary to remember this in our perusal of '*In Memoriam*,' else a sensitive mind may be in danger of revolt and disgust at its appearance of fondling and making much of sorrow. The poems seem to have been written at intervals extending over the seventeen years which have elapsed since the death of the poet's friend. In that time grief has ceased to be a pang, and has become an aspiration and a worship: and the friend, not lost but invisible, no more felt as belonging to earth yet with all his personal relations preserved, has become one of the spiritual influences of God. In such a frame the heart, having had time to adapt itself to the altered conditions of place, intercourse, and bodily relation, has risen into a holy contentment with all that is left to it,—

more perhaps than what was taken away,—with the faiths and contemplations of the soul and the spiritual imagination. We are not sure that this theory will apply to every part of ‘*In Memoriam*.’ Certainly the mere fancy seems at work at a time when from the recency of bereavement we should wish the heart alone to be at liberty to speak. When Horace invokes the precious ship that carries through the Mediterranean his dear friend, the living Virgil, we expect the poet’s imagination to be as free as the breeze,—yet to us there seems more heart in the protest against the impious boldness of mankind, which disregarding the divine barrier of disuniting Ocean has borne away from him the half of his own life in the person of his friend, than in the imaginative strains with which the modern poet salutes the ship that over the same Mediterranean bears the unburied corpse of his friend to its grave at home. It is difficult to conceive that the heart could so soon bear to give itself to the contemplation of the images which the fancy so exquisitely supplies :—

“ Fair ship, that from the Italian shore,
Sallest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur’s loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o’er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain ; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror’d mast, and lead
Thro’ prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, thro’ early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above ;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love.”

There are no less than eight poems addressed to this ship, and most of them of a wonderful beauty, yet so full of the untroubled suggestions of fancy, and of the finest observation of external nature, and so elaborately wrought

by the poetic art, that one is induced to believe, indeed to hope, that the chronology of the events is not the same with the chronology of the compositions ; and that though now arranged in the order of time, the poems are not the records of the very feelings of the first anguished hours. We confess to a start of repulsion, and a wonder how any man's heart could dwell upon the image or offer it to another, when in the opening of the volume the old Yew over the tombstone is introduced for no higher purpose, for what follows is but a gloomy unspiritual dirge, than to show us the fibres netting the dreamless head, and the roots wrapped about the bones. This surely is an untender abuse of power, a needless wound to the heart. In the same way we cannot all at once sympathize with the poet's contemplation of the wreck of the vessel that carries the corpse, and of the "sea-change" on the body of his friend buried beneath the waves, nor with his ascription of it at that moment to a foolish, home-bred fancy, that it would be sweeter to our hearts that it should rest beneath the clover-sod. Yet what a living mind, what a variety of thought, sympathy, and power, is in this short poem !—

"I hear the noise about thy keel ;
I hear the bell struck in the night ;
I see the cabin-window bright ;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife
And travell'd men from foreign lands :
And letters unto trembling hands ;
And thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him : we have idle dreams :
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies : O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God ;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom deep in brine;
And hands so often clasped in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shells."—P. 15.

The "chalice of the grapes of God," is a remarkable, perhaps not a justifiable, expression, to indicate the village worshippers taking the sacramental cup around the altar-rail, but it shows the Poet's power, and aim at exact truthfulness of description, for there are other intimations through the volume that his friend lay buried in the chancel: and this in itself is proof that the poem was an after-thought. The volume is full of such fine links and harmonies as connect this and the preceding line, evidently suggested by the truth of facts, with the deep pathos of the following poem, in a much later part of the book:—

"When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls;

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the chancel like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn."—P. 92.

We must give another of these exquisite poems addressed to the ship that carries the corpse, indicating, as we think, that before it could have been written, the strong grief of the torn heart had become a quiet theme for the contemplative imagination. The poet's soul leaves his body, and hovers like a bird round the death-freighted vessel.

"Lo! as a dove, when up she springs
 To bear through Heaven a tale of woe,
 Some dolorous message knit below
 The wild pulsation of her wings;
 Like her I go: I cannot stay;
 I leave this mortal ark behind,
 A weight of nerves without a mind,
 And leave the cliffs and haste away
 O'er ocean mirrors rounded large,
 And reach the glow of southern skies,
 And see the sails at distance rise,
 And linger weeping on the marge,
 And saying: 'Comes he thus, my friend?
 Is this the end of all my care?'
 And circle moaning in the air:
 'Is this the end? Is this the end?'
 And forward dart again, and play
 About the prow, and back return
 To where the body sits, and learn,
 That I have been an hour away."

Whilst this melancholy ship is on her voyage the poet's
 thoughts are with her on her track. But there seems to
 us some unreality in the "fancies which aver," whether
 the day is calm or stormy,

"That all thy motions gently pass
 Athwart a plane of molten glass."

The pathos of this picture of the calm day, the calm
 sea, and the calm dead, cannot be exceeded. How won-
 derfully is the stillness, and the very air and feeling of an
 autumn morning, made present to us by the image of the
 falling chesnut!

"Calm is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only through the faded leaf
 The chesnut pattering to the ground:
 Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."—P. 17.

There are many confessions throughout the volume that it is not the true expression of the poet's grief, but rather a mechanical attempt to relieve it, to deaden the bitterness of the heart-sorrow by calling in all the powers of the intellect, and even that skill which deals with the artificial structure of verse, to bear a part of the burden and take the strain off the affections. There are times when though faithful nature could not bear another task or another contemplation, it yet need not sit vacant and passive under the weight of woe, and the spirit can now exert itself on the calamity that before crushed it. Still we must confess that, even on this hypothesis, there is in this volume too much of the luxury of woe, too much of a fond and wilful dwelling on its circumstance, and too little of the holy and peaceable fruits to the heart that is exercised thereby. We have indeed the distinct statement that he writes not to utter his grief, but to divert the mind from the sense of pain.

" I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
 Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
 But that large grief which these enfold
 Is given in outline, and no more."—P. 5.

In another place, he says that his spirit can find relief in words only when the tides of his grief are not full. This he illustrates by some exquisite imagery. His friend, it would appear, lies buried by the banks of the Wye, which murmurs past his grave ; but it is silenced, like his more tranquil sorrow, when the waves of the mighty deep rush in and overwhelm it. Each audibly trickles again, only when the swelling waters have subsided. For the full enjoyment of the poem we have only to remember that his friend died at Vienna.

" The Danube to the Severn gave
 The darken'd heart that beat no more ;
 They laid him by the pleasant shore,
 And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a-day the Severn fills,
 The salt sea-water passes by,
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,
 And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along ;
 And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
 When filled with tears that cannot fall,
 I brim with sorrow, drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
 Is vocal in its wooded walls :
 My deeper anguish also falls,
 And I can speak a little then."—P. 32.

The same feeling is expressed under very different, but not less perfect, Imagery, in the next poem.

"The lesser griefs that may be said,
 That breathe a thousand tender vows,
 Are but as servants in a house,
 Where lies the master newly dead ;

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the mind :
'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find
Another service such as this.'

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win ;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze ;

For by the hearth the children sit,
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw a breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit :

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
'How good ! how kind ! and he is gone.'—P. 34.

Sometimes indeed there seems a resoluteness in his
mourning, a retention of it by the will.

"Still onward winds the dreary way ;
I with it ; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say."—P. 43.

But this is always accompanied by a protest, that these
flying shades of the inner darkness must not be mistaken
for the realities of the unspoken agony.

"If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn :

Her care is not to part and prove ;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love :

And hence, indeed, she sports with words ;
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords :

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
 But rather loosens from the lip,
 Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
 Their wings in tears, and skim away."—P. 70.

He is conscious that he will be upbraided for a selfish indulgence in the luxury of woe;—and his defence is not of a very spiritual order; he must yield to the instincts of feeling, and obey nature like the birds. One plea he puts in, in mitigation of judgment on his abandonment to his mood, which it will be well to regard,—that only those should be his judges who have shared his experience and know his case.

"I sing to him who rests below,
 And since the grasses round me wave,
 I take the grasses of the grave,
 And make them pipes whereon to blow.
 The traveller hears me now and then,
 And sometimes harshly will he speak;
 'This fellow would make weakness weak,
 And melt the waxen hearts of men.'
 Another answers, 'Let him be,
 He loves to make parade of pain,
 That with his piping he may gain
 The praise that comes to constancy.'
 A third is wroth, 'Is this an hour
 For private sorrow's barren song,
 When more and more the people throng
 The chairs and thrones of civil power?
 'A time to sicken and to swoon,
 When science reaches forth her arms
 To feel from world to world, and charms
 Her secret from the latest moon?'
 Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
 Ye never knew the sacred dust:
 I do but sing because I must,
 And pipe but as the linnets sing:
 And unto one her note is gay,
 For now her little ones have ranged;
 And unto one her note is changed,
 Because her brood is stolen away."—P. 36.

We shall set down in order the few particulars which the volume itself enables us to collect, of the friendship whose earthly interruption it deploras.

It was not of long life, nor had it its roots in Childhood. It was only of four years' duration, if we are not taking this elegy too literally.

“The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow :
And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May :
But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ;
Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold ;
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip ;
And bore thee where I could not see,
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste ;
And think that somewhere in the waste,
The Shadow sits and waits for me.”—P. 38.

But though thus short its intensity was not unnatural ; for it seems to have had its origin in the noblest springs of youthful faith, when two minds, enthusiastic, pure, and richly gifted, strengthen in each other the holy aspirations which no experiences of men, and no failures of virtue in themselves, have yet dishonoured. A friendship that began and had all its being in that golden light of life may well consecrate the heart for ever. Its birth could not have been very remote from the genial remembrances here recorded.

“ I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown ;
I roved at random through the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

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And heard once more in college fanes
 The storm their high-built organs make,
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake
 The prophets blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,
 The measured pulse of racing oars
 Among the willows ; paced the shores
 And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
 The same, but not the same ; and last
 Up that long walk of limes I past
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :
 I linger'd ; all within was noise
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
 That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
 And labour, and the changing mart,
 And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
 But send it slackly from the string ;
 And one would pierce an outer ring,
 And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
 We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
 The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point with power and grace,
 And music in the bounds of law,
 To those conclusions when we saw
 The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;
 And over those ethereal eyes
 The bar of Michael Angelo."—P. 127.

The friendship begun at College was made more dear

and intimate in the intercourses of a home in the country, when Arthur was the poet's guest.

“Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright :
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore ;

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town :

He brought an eye for all he saw ;
He mixt in all our simple sports ;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusky purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking through the heat :

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn :

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon.”

The “happy sister” was to have been the bond of their love. How beautifully this is told, and how lovely the vision of this life of related companionship !

“When I contemplate all alone,
The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown ;

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
 A central warmth diffusing bliss
 In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
 On all the branches of thy blood ;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine ;
 For now the day was drawing on,
 When thou should'st link thy life with one
 Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee ;
 But that remorseless iron hour
 Made cypress of her orange flower,
 Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,
 To clap their cheeks, to call them mine,
 I see their unborn faces shine
 Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honoured guest,
 Thy partner in the flowery walk
 Of letters, genial table-talk,
 Of deep dispute, and graceful jest :

While now thy prosperous labour fills
 The lips of men with honest praise,
 And sun by sun the happy days
 Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair ;
 And all the train of bounteous hours
 Conduct by paths of growing powers,
 To reverence and the silver hair :

* * * * *

What reed was that on which I leant ?
 Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
 The old bitterness again, and break
 The low beginnings of content."—P. 116.

The poet refuses to give any description of his lost friend ; partly from the hopeless difficulty of conveying in words the impressions produced by personal power and converse ; and partly in natural shrinking from that coldness of the world "which credits what is done," but has

little care for unfulfilled promise, though it was Death that broke the earthly performance which is going on somewhere else. But he is not always able to retain this distrustful silence. We give one of several attempts to communicate the peculiar presence of his friend:—

“ Heart—affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw thro’ all the Muses’ walk;

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassion’d logic which outran
The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch’d with no ascetic gloom;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Thro’ all the years of April blood;

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England, not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt;

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine
And find his comfort in thy face;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look’d on: if they look’d in vain
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.”—P. 168.

Some of the most touching poems in the volume, for all have had the experience that inspired them, are those which celebrate the return of anniversaries after the death of one with whom all their joy and all their hope had been interwoven. We have the records of at least three Christmas days, and they mark the spiritual stages of grief. The first is but a patient, all enduring concession to custom: the holy emblems do not yet sway the

heart, though the pious will consents to lift the consecrated signs :—

“ With such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace,
And chains regret to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve ;

Which brings no more a welcome guest
To enrich the threshold of the night
With shower'd largess of delight,
In dance and song and game and jest.

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont
That guard the portals of the house ;

Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing new ;
Why should they miss their yearly due
Before their time ? They too will die.”—P. 47.

The next Christmas, the outward calm is recovered, and the tears dried, but there sleeps at the heart, “the quiet sense of something lost :” on the last, whose record we have, the spiritual Hope is quite in the ascendant. Christ, and all who slept in him, are alive that day ; and comforted Sorrow has become ardent, longing, perhaps impatient, Faith. The dirge of death gives place to the hymn of confidence : and the heart of the reader, somewhat oppressed by the long melancholy, rejoices at last to have the claims of Earth and Heaven harmonized in the trustfulness of love and expectation. It is finely marked by the incidents of domestic history appearing in the poem, that this effect had been aided by the liberation from overpowering associations consequent on a change of dwelling. The old bells, now heard no more, had tones that could recal only one set of feelings. The change of scene has helped to break the bond of use, and give the Future its rightful power.

“ Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And antient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”—P. 163.

The deepest interest of these poems is in the strivings of the spirit to hold converse with the dead, to conceive aright the nature of the unseen ties that may still connect the loving and faithful of each world, and through the heart

to reason against and set aside the fear of widening separation between souls in different conditions of existence, and subject perhaps to different laws and measures of spiritual growth. There is much curiosity, both of a physical and of a moral kind, which simple love should silence, taking her own trusts and prophecies as sufficient for her confidence, as Mary was satisfied to ask no questions of Lazarus, of his four days' sojourn beyond mortality, in her full contentment with his presence, and that of the holy Love which gave him back.

" Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?"—P. 51.

There is no more common trepidation of the heart, than that new and inconceivable modes of existence may so deprive us of all fellowship "in the links that bind the changes" of the dead, that never can we be truly mated again. The fear belongs to the speculative, not to the spiritual nature. It is powerfully put in one of these poems, and nobly answered in the next.

" I vex my heart with fancies dim :
He still outstript me in the race ;
It was but unity of place
That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,
And he the much-beloved again,
A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows ?"—P. 64.

Love indeed is the only condition of intercourse, and so he speaks his confidence out of the noble trusts of the heart :—

" I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more."

Nor does Love fear the holiness of God's sainted ones. How noble, how truly Christian and trustful, is this vindication of the boldness of earthly affection, even through much consciousness of failure, weakness, and sin, to meet the inspecting eye of the righteous dead. The heart suggests no fears, so long as the will is loyal, and the aspiration that admits us to God, cannot be rejected by any that stand between us and Him.

" Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side ?
Is there no baseness we would hide ?
No inner vileness that we dread ?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love ?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :
Shall love be blamed for want of faith ?
There must be wisdom with great Death ;
The dead shall look me thro' and thro' !

Be near us when we climb or fall :
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other, eyes than ours
To make allowance for us all."—P. 73.

Again how true to love, and therefore to God, is the strong desire for personal identity and recognition, though compelled to struggle with spiritual trusts and weapons against some of nature's signs of individual decay! There is something spiritual even in the constancy with which he clings to the "eternal form" that shall still individualize, "divide the eternal soul from all beside," as a protest and protection against the heartless mockery of any "remerging in the general Soul."

"The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave;
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?"

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering every where
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear;

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."—P. 79.

The fears and doubts that issue out of the perishableness of our bodies and the sins of our souls, are worthily extinguished by the cries of the heart, and the prophecies of the spirit, accredited by Faith as God's own voice and word. That faith is itself not the evidence, but the reality of a divine nature in us.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold ! we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.”—P. 77.

This subservience of Knowledge to Faith appears from first to last as the Poet's confidence, for he every where takes the knowledge of the Heart as that margin of experience, of real contact with God, which gives strength and ground to trust the infinite unknown. Thus in the prefatory poem :—

“ Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,—
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster.”

And the volume is closed and rounded with the same sentiment, that Faith grows out of Knowledge, and that Knowledge is Wisdom only when culminating in Faith.

"Half grown as yet, a child, and vain—
 She cannot fight the fear of death.
 What is she, cut from love and faith,
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her place;
 She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
 If all be not in vain; and guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side
 With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
 But wisdom heavenly of the soul.
 O, friend, who camest to thy goal
 So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
 Who grewest not alone in power
 And knowledge, but from hour to hour
 In reverence and in charity."—P. 177.

How truly religious is this noble affirmation of the rights of the Heart to have its experiences and testimonies taken for the holy pledges of God!

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
 I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'
 And heard an ever-breaking shore
 That tumbled in the Godless deep;
 A warmth within the breast would melt
 The freezing reason's colder part,
 And like a man in wrath the heart
 Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'"—P. 191.

The progress of individual man and of the race, and the successive changes even of the inanimate earth through the slow periods of geology, are all signs to the poet's heart of God's full intention to fulfil the longings after perfection, the prophetic intimations of the nature He has given. We have the earnest of His spirit; and such are the proofs with which Religion deals: all else is sense or science. And this faith touches all the springs of indi-

vidual effort, for unless we co-operate with God's spirit where can be our confidence that we are born to such hopes? All the inferences we may trace from the course of Providence are for us null and void, until we partake of the creative spirit, and feel the force of Christ's axiom, "My father worketh, and I work." It is only the consciousness that there is no answering reality within, that could dim the prophecies of man's future blessedness and perfection.

"Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;
But trust that those we call the dead,
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever noble ends. They say
The solid earth whereon we tread
In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;
Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time
Within himself, from more to more;
And crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears;
And dipp'd in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."—P. 183.

This faith can spiritually subdue all the outward and material evidences of decay and annihilation—the worm

and the grave, but it cannot subdue the hunger of the heart for renewed personal communication. If it could, indeed, it would subdue the heart itself, the basis of Faith, for what redemption of His pledges could God owe to us, if it could become to us a matter of indifference whether our affections fed on phantoms or realities? It is unsatisfied desire that promises the future.

"I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak."—P. 112.

The sentiment of the last verse, somewhat impatiently and rebelliously expressed, under the influence of time and faith assumes towards the close of the volume this chastened and perfect form:—

"The face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
The dear, dear voice that I have known
Will speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be."

There are two pieces which we wish to bring into immediate connection: the difference between all earthly partings and that parting which places the great gulf of death

between us and our friend ; and the spiritual qualifications
for any feeling of communion with the dead :—

“ Could we forget the widow’d hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower !
When crown’d with blessings she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes ;
And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother’s face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love ;
Her office then to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each ;
And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruits
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.
Ay me, the difference I discern !
How often shall her old fire-side
Be cheer’d with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,
And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss’d her most,
Shall count new things as dear as old :
But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low ;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover’d lands.”

“ How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour’s communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day,
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest :

But when the heart is full of din,
 And doubt beside the portal waits,
 They can but listen at the gates
 And hear the household jar within."

We must draw these extracts to a close. We had designed to say much more of our own, but as we turned the pages something exquisite forced itself upon us and extinguished our thought. We do not regret this. The best review of such a book is that which will draw the reader into some sympathy with the spirit which, out of such circumstances, breathes such sweetness and sacredness. The key-note of the whole is struck at the beginning:—

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
 I feel it when I sorrow most;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all."*

And the same sentiment seeks strength to sustain and justify itself in the last prayer:—

"O living will that shalt endure
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual rock,
 Flow through our deeds and make them pure,
 That we may lift from out the dust
 A voice as unto him that hears,
 A cry above the conquer'd years
 To one that with us works, and trust

* These lines remind us of Monckton Milnes', than whom none has developed more worthily the Religion of Sorrow. The coincidence of the words that form the rhyme is curious:—

"He who for Love hath undergone
 The worst that can befall,
 Is happier thousand-fold than one
 Who never loved at all."

With faith that comes of self-control
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul."—P. 201.

There is added to the volume a Marriage Lay ; but the old strain returns at the remembrance of another marriage that was to have been : and when through those fair portals he beholds the unspoiled Future, and the unborn races that in the long succession of the ages are to have their origin in Love, and God giving with every new generation a new hope and a new trial to mankind, his faith in the far-off Perfection, which would seem thus secured, is still strengthened by the remembrance of what has been :—

"Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,
That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

ART. III.—A CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF ANTIENT GREECE.

A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Antient Greece. By William Mure, of Caldwell. Vols. 1-3. London : Longmans. 1850.

THE Poet and the Poet-lover, are certainly very different persons from the critic and the critic-lover. The former bear to the latter the same relation that the spiritualist or religious man does to the Theologian, or the accomplished Physician to the skilful Anatomist and operator. Judgment is essential to perfection in the originator, but the perfect originator will not be fond of judging. The creative and the critical faculties, though the existence of the last be necessary to the perfection of the first, never find co-ordinate expression, without being mutually injurious. The great Poet must be a great Critic, but he sits in judgment on others for his own benefit, not for theirs, or for that of the public. He treasures up the results of his judgment, but he does not express them—except in the indirect way which occasions his avoidance of some things, and his cultivation of others, in his own works. In the proportion in which Aristotle was the Prince of Critics, and Homer the Prince of Poets, would one have found it impossible to be the other. This would not prevent Aristotle from writing Poetry, or Homer from pronouncing his opinion on the defects and excellences of past or contemporaneous poetry. The existence of a certain amount of power in these directions would be essential to the perfection of the specific genius of each, but a large expression of this power in either direction, must have injured completeness in the other. Horace is one of the few great Poets who has signalized himself as a publishing Critic of Poetry ; and even in him, the criticism which he offers seems to confirm the general truth of these remarks, because it was more a self-revelation than anything else—a declaration of those rules which he felt should regulate his own judgment and action as a Poet, and which (having

evolved them for his own use) he was thus enabled to apply to the critical measure of others. The poetical faculty then must exist in the successful critic, and the critical faculty in the successful poet, but they must be entirely subordinate to the more absorbing and specific object of each—and seek but a secondary expression : for the poetical temperament is averse to critical employment, inasmuch as this employment is the opposite to itself, is eminently uncreative, and lives upon the life of others. Thus the two faculties, in great prominence, destroy each other. As Southey began to write more reviews, he necessarily began to write fewer poems. He thought it was because the fire of his youth was cooling by the progress of time : it was really, because from necessity he had been calling into exercise a set of faculties and feelings, which were counteractive, and, indeed, eventually destructive of poetry. No doubt the observer might have seen the marks of the critical faculty in full play upon the brow and mouth of Shakespeare, as he listened to some Drama of another author, but the *expression* which his judgment found, was in the indirect, but positive form of his own Plays. Even the clever scenes of the actors and the introduced play in “Hamlet,” in which the Poet is the critic, we feel to be something of a trespass upon the idealism of the rest. Poor Byron was never less a Poet—had the genial, all-embracing, all-apprehending spirit of a Poet never less—than when he thought himself most of a critic. Thus therefore in all past time, and we suppose in all future, the great poets will stand on one shelf, the great critics on another.

Obvious as this distinction has ever practically been, it has to be much more widely applied than it has hitherto been, before the principle it involves will be fully understood. It lies at the root of many of the mistakes that some men are now making, and many of the sorrows that other men are now suffering, in the region of religious thought. Foreseeing the certainty of many of these, unless provided against, we have long been earnestly deprecating the tendency to confound critical with real theology—the subject-matter of religion with the science of its exposition. While we have observed writer after writer

placing the whole burden, the very existence, of religion upon the authenticity, genuineness, and inspiration of a certain collection of books, admitting, nay asserting with all the intensity of entire conviction, that there was no communion of the Spirit of God with man, no revelation made to his soul, no certainty in duty, no assurance of immortality, unless these books proceeded from the exact age and quarter, and in the exact manner predicated—we always lamented the rashness of this folly, and trembled for the result in matters of the highest possible moment to man. We saw in these critical questions much most importantly connected with the subject-matter of religion, but much more that was entirely separate and distinct from it. We never rested the existence of religion on their settlement, one way or the other. We were ready to meet, to avail ourselves of, and to consider the results, whatever they might be, for the service, the advancement, and the better assurance of religion, but never to subject religion to them. We saw that the logical faculty was not the only portion of our nature that was to be consulted in the matter of religion, and therefore were by no means prepared to adopt in their solitariness and isolation, the apparent results of pure reason, and would not consent to stake the issue upon them. We saw that many present conceptions of religion, our own among the number, might be liable to considerable modifications, according to the issue of several of the critical questions under consideration, and we were prepared to consider those results, and to receive them in as far as they were well-founded, but we could not believe that any questions of literary evidence involved the essence of religion. If the conclusions arrived at were according to the received assumptions, they might confirm the received conception of religion as connected with, and dependent upon literary documents and evidence; if they were not, our conception of religion would have to undergo modification, according to the character of the new elements of judgment. We wished, therefore, to make use of the critical faculty and the fruits of its exercise, as of the purely logical faculty and its results, but certainly not to place the existence and the doctrines of religion at their absolute control, so that these

were annihilated if the critical and logical conclusions reached, as regarded the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures, were against existing impressions.

While therefore we witnessed the violence and alarm with which all critical investigations which seemed to throw doubt upon the received views of the Scriptures, were resisted, we observed with regret, that in this process the critical faculty was viewed with suspicion, lest it should destroy religion, and religion was looked upon with fear and doubt, lest it should be destroyed by the criticism. Even scholars divested themselves of that calmness and patience with which they should always regard critical inquiries, because they fell into the lamentable error of supposing that in *attacking*, as they called it, the Scriptures, that is, investigating (often it must be avowed in obedience to some most extravagant passion for a given hypothesis, and therefore in a very one-sided and untrustworthy spirit of excess) all the literary questions connected with the age, origin and character of the Scriptures, the critics were attacking the very principle, sentiment and authority of religion in human nature itself, and in the express providence of God. For our own part, we listened to everything with seriousness, as we would to anything issuing from any genuine department of human knowledge, but received nothing without a much more full and cautious investigation of the general questions at stake, than the limited province of the critic demanded of himself. We are sorry, therefore, but not surprised, to see men who had regarded the truth of religion as depending on the truth of certain of their own critical notions, sadly shaken in the foundations of their religious belief. The simple result, however, of these inquiries, as far as they can be certainly affirmed, (and it is an incontestible result,) is the shifting off of religion from its entire dependence upon the absolute inspiration, or even authenticity, of any documents, and placing those documents in the much truer position of instruments to be used by religion, and existing for her service—they in fact depending for their value on religion, not religion (except incidentally) on them. Religion, therefore, was to take them for what they were, not for what they were not.

The recent controversy on the real age, value and au-

thenticity of the Scriptures, has partaken something of the nature of one that we might suppose, for illustration, to exist in medical science, in which the Physician should declare that he had always understood such and such to be the facts and phenomena of the human frame, that the whole science of healing, not merely as at present practised, but in itself and necessarily, depended on these facts and phenomena always continuing to be regarded as true; that if we ever ceased to regard them as true, the art of healing would be destroyed. And when there were at least some indications that these facts were not as he supposed, instead of simply investigating the nature and worth of these indications, he should resolutely deny them, and say that the Anatomist asserting the same, was an enemy to the health of man, to the medical profession, and the science of cure.

The real position of the Physician and his science is in truth far above this vulgar and degrading fear. His duty and glory is to make facts and truths, whatever they are, subservient to the great and essential object he has in view. It is not for him to fall down before anatomy, but for anatomy to afford assistance to him; and especially if there be reason to believe that any anatomical or physical facts have been loosely or incorrectly stated, and require investigation, he should be prepared to enter, on its own merits, and apart from the consideration of supposed consequences, into the question of actual fact. Anatomy is not to declare, "Certain facts, which I myself have supplied to you, are incorrect; I now offer you the results of other investigations in which I have since been engaged; they are inconsistent with your present mode of treating disease; therefore the art of healing is destroyed, and your pretended science is a fraud." But curative knowledge is to say, "I will consider these facts calmly, and on their own merits; I will consider them in connection with others which have not been included in your investigations; in as far as they are falsely or insufficiently supported I shall entirely or for the present reject them; in as far as they are true, or appear to have an element of truth in them, I shall be benefitted by the discovery of them, and endeavour to make them useful to me."

This is the relation of the Divine to the Critic—and as

the Physician should be able to embrace a wider view of relations and results than the mere operator on a particular limb for a particular purpose, or than the trier of a few experiments—so the Divine has to consider and to test, not only the facts put before him by the critic—put before him often with a single eye to that critic's calling—but the cognate facts and necessities of the spiritual frame, and the history of religion.

The recent books, then, published in this country, such as Foxton's, Froude's, Newman's, excite in us no surprise—excessive as we think the strain is, which they put upon the logical and critical tendencies, when they employ them exclusively: and they supply us with no results which we had not anticipated, and anticipated as in part well-founded. It must gradually appear to the public mind incontestible that the old theory of the infallibility of the Scriptures as written records, and their absolute truth in every doctrine and statement delivered in them, must cease to be the foundation of our religion: that even in the matter of the authenticity of the Gospels as wholes, we must be prepared to meet with what shall be proved, or rather must be prepared to find the common views of their authenticity, whatever be still the presumption in favour of it, incapable of positive demonstration: and the result of this must necessarily be that the Scriptures will have to be received as instruments of religion, not as lords of religion. Religion is not to bow before them as supreme over her, but to accept them gratefully as hand-maidens and attendants given for her use and service by the Lord of all. Thus freely and thankfully received, they will be judged of, not according to any untenable theory of infallibility and inspiration, but according to their essential service to the human soul. Notwithstanding all that the critical and logical faculties have done—and as the logical faculty, consistently with its own laws, may reason us out of a belief in the existence of a material world, the critical faculty may also, consistently with its own laws, disprove the trustworthiness of the Gospels and Epistles—we believe on wider grounds than these, though accepting the aid of these faculties with others, that we have a holier and higher, a truer and more commanding, revelation of God's moral character and will, and our

duties and hopes in the New Testament, than in any written book upon this earth ; and that, without believing that the portrait of Christ contained in any of the Gospels has the precise and unerring faithfulness and literalness of a Daguerreotype, we believe that it is a faithful portrait of a living reality, drawn on the tablets of human hearts, in the undying colours of truth and nature. And of that original we further believe that he of all men that ever lived was in the fullest spiritual communion with the Divine Being ; and that he is to us, at this day, the one Way unto the Father.

The connection between some present remark-worthy tendencies of the religious mind, and a portion of the subject before us, has led us into this digression. Each age has a great tendency to carry some decided characteristic into all its pursuits. There is no possibility of holding any special influence exercising itself upon any one of the three great departments of mental effort, theology, metaphysics, or literature, off any of the others. The metaphysics of an age affect its theology and its literature, and the literary tendencies of an age affect the religious. That man must have a very feeble discernment who does not at once see what Wolf on the Homeric Poems has had to do with Strauss on the Gospels ; what Eichorn has had to do with Niebuhr, and Niebuhr with Ranke. The current of thought at present in England, as recently in Germany (and the word recently applied to Germany necessarily of course precludes the possibility of the same thing continuing to exist when that word is penned), is in the mythical direction ; and, therefore (we can see no better reason), Mr. Grote turns the scale in favour of a mythical Homer. For ourselves, while reading such speculations with interest and a species of literary curiosity and amusement, we are as little affected by them, as regards all our stabler and more practical convictions, as we are by Bishop Berkeley's irrefutable reasonings, about there being no outward world. Strauss's *à priori* Messianic confabulators produce about as much effect upon us as Wolf's Homeridæ ; and both are as real to us as those interesting personages who descended to take a part in the loves and hates of certain human realities one summer night in a wood near Athens. We believe in Shakespeare all

the time, though not in Oberon and Titania; in Homer, though not in the Homeridæ; and in like manner the gigantic spiritual reality, which we cannot bring ourselves to name in this sentence, stands out in everlasting duration, while the host of inventors of what that reality might have been, should have been, ought to have been, and therefore was, pass before us like a train of ghosts.

We listen to the Chorizontes, arguing that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are not from the same hand; we listen to the ultra-separatists (for it is the ultras who answer the intras), showing how even these poems, separately considered, are not *integers*, but that there are some dozen little poems (only all of giant-limbs) in the *Iliad* itself, just as we listen to Schleiermacher "rightly dividing the word" of Luke's Gospel, and showing in the most irrefragable manner, exactly where each of some twenty Gospels begins and ends. And though these criticisms bring out a thousand unobserved features and points of interest, and though we even grant something to the theories themselves, in as it were an infant and unfledged form, we no more think of ceasing to read, to admire and to reverence the *Iliad* as a glorious Unity, and to believe in Homer as a transcendent Poet, than we think of ceasing to apply to those formations of pure and living water (so pure and living that no argument can either show them to be so, or show them not to be so), which we and our fathers have found, and our sons, wiser than their fathers, shall more wisely find, to be a main sustenance of our spiritual life: or denying the existence of Him, in the image handed down to us, who is simply as real to us as our own souls.

While Wolf, Payne Knight, and their admirers, amuse themselves with their respective anatomies, and anatomical theories, operating as upon a dead body, but finding it determinedly living still, resisting all their efforts to point out how the living whole is the result of a leg put on there, and an arm there, a heart, and a brain, and a lung, variously contributed by clever and disinterested gentlemen—who retire, having made their contribution, without leaving their names—we are believing in Homer all the time, reading him, loving him, no more doubting him and his, than sensible men shall doubt Milton (of whose unity

there are, however, far more internal grounds for doubting than of Homer's), and after all their ingenuity and observation, much more grateful to any stupid commentator, who will take Homer *in bonam partem*, and touch upon, if he cannot bring out, the material of his author, than to those who concern themselves, however acutely and ingeniously, with the how, and where, and when, of his material—thinking with Wordsworth, that

“Benjamin with clouded brains,
Is worth the rest with all their pains.”

We have to confess ourselves, therefore, as belonging to the class rather of Poet-lovers than Critic-lovers, two classes of men whose characteristics we alluded to at the beginning of this article, as being so different. What well-informed and studious men, whose passion for a special hypothesis has imparted an almost supernatural acuteness to their critical vision, enabling them to discern, with wonderful readiness and penetration, in any work, even the most hidden features which favour that hypothesis—what such men have to say is always worth attentively perusing—not so much on account of the support which it gives to their notion, as for the amount of attention it draws to, and light it throws upon, the staple of the work itself. The full sight into which their united labours bring every peculiarity of the work under their criticism, every power and weakness, every beauty and defect, every fact and error, is the result which will endure, when their respective theories shall have been destroyed, by being simply left to the tender mercies of each other. Except for this most valuable result, we should feel something approaching to shame, for the kind of criticism which has been bestowed on Homer for the last fifty years. When we reflect upon Aristotle's faith in the unity of this Author and his Material, of the manner in which he takes his illustrations of great natural facts or critical canons (albeit often in the syllogistic vein) from the living nature and beauty of the Poems themselves, and contrast such expository and ever-during criticism with that which sees the greatest as the most trifling things principally in the light of so much grist for the mill of its theory, so much proof *pro* or *contra*, that the Iliad was one or twenty, and Homer a man or a cycle—we are deeply impressed with

the conviction that the true modern Critic of Homer is the man who, now nearly neglecting these contests, takes the Poems themselves as at least certainly existing and indisputable phenomena, and gladdens the heart of youth and manhood, with the display of the ever-increasing number of their perceived wonders and beauties.

Colonel Mure is surprised that there should exist no complete history of Grecian literature, either handed down to us by the Greeks, or accomplished by ourselves. He truly says that a nation is first engaged with its own thoughts—and it is not till later, often not until the period of its decline, that it begins to *comment* upon its thoughts, or the thoughts of other nations. He thinks that the political annals of society often exhibit human character in a most offensive aspect, and that it would be much more alluring to trace the history of a nation's mind, record and review its intellectual productions, than perpetuate its feats of valour or political enterprise. That the Greeks themselves should have shown so great an indifference to the value of this species of history, “appears the more remarkable,” he says, “when we consider the infinite number of channels in which, during their latter days, their over-exuberant genius found vent, and the voluminous library of works which it produced in the kindred class of subjects. Yet, among their legion of commentators and grammarians, there is no record of an historian of literature in the wider sense. Similar was the case with the Romans.”

We have no difficulty in discovering the reason of this. The absence of this tendency in ancient literature, and its presence in modern, is not to the advantage or to the honour of the last. The individual study of an original work has many times the worth of the study of that original. There is far too much *derived* literature among us. We go cooking and eating, over and over again, the same viands in every variety of form; but each less nutritious and less wholesome than the form in which they are originally presented to us. The bulk of our learned works unhappily consist of these mere accretions and repetitions. Our time is occupied—is wasted—with the infinite quantity of this unimpressive iteration. The man of true scholarly courage would and does pass over these inter-

vening shadows, and goes to the substances themselves, which form the foundation of the mass. To use Carlyle's image, he penetrates through and sweeps aside these Augean accumulations, and gets down to the marble pavement that underlies them all. And how small do we often find the apex of that inverted cone to be which has become top-heavy with the weight of the accumulations of subsequent historians and critics! Men of an average education will go on their lives through, reading volumes founded mainly on a few pages of Philo and Josephus, essays without end on matters which hang, after all, on a few sentences of Livy or Polybius—and lectures in a never-ending, still beginning succession, on Homer—without, unless they are going to write, thinking it at all necessary to turn to the *fons et origo*—to the real basis of all the wide-spreading, and high-reaching, and weary-climbing edifices that rise upon it. It were really almost easier and surely much more satisfactory, to read through all the principal authors in the early centuries of the Christian Church, than a quarter of the modern historians and theologians upon them. We would speak with respect of the labours of such men as Gillies, and Mitford, and Thirlwall, and Grote; but would not the time, which the scholar bestows on these, be better bestowed on a careful re-perusal of Thucydides and Herodotus? A man who would take the short trouble of learning to repeat the Shield of Achilles would possibly have a sounder and more enduring knowledge of the state of the arts thus at first-hand, in the times of Homer, than by reading the treatises and chapters on them which he does read.

We are quite aware of the advantage and the necessity of learned men communicating to the world and to each other their own conclusions and discoveries on all such interesting matters; giving, with the increasing light of increasing knowledge, their own versions of them. They are necessary, too, on the ground of mutual correction and mutual supplementing. But it is the supercession and virtual concealment of the materials on which they labour from the uninitiated public that we deplore, and we are quite convinced that to the bulk of readers the simplicity of the original staple on which many of these learned lucubrations are hung, and the clearness which a direct refer-

ence to that staple would impart to their own apprehension of the questions or the facts at issue, is utterly unknown. They go on wandering hopelessly in the mist of the ever-deepening thicket, till at last they cannot see the wood for trees. They trust to their hierophants, the critics and the historians, and know not how a little more direct inspection by their own eyes of the adytum would clear up their mysteries.

“Voracious learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.”

The absence, then, of this incalculable load of derived literature, of borrowings and recoctions and repetitions, was one of the greatest privileges enjoyed, and most marked signs of strength and originality exhibited by the Grecian mind—and its increasing presence among ourselves, though an indication of the thought and labour increasingly bestowed on some of the most interesting materials of the human mind, a sign, also, of the increasing extent of popular sympathy and interest in the same class of subjects, and thus together showing the activity of the national mind, must not be regarded as one of the great desiderata of a literature, but rather as an indication of the increasing demand for dispensaries of literature, where the physician may administer his drugs according to the best of his own knowledge and experience, and the necessities and capacities of those who seek them. Accordingly, in reading Colonel Mure’s volumes, interesting and able though they are, and notwithstanding the zest and spirit with which he throws himself into the material of his criticism, thus showing himself a man of taste and feeling, as well as learning, we must confess to a perpetual craving, with difficulty repressed, to leave his page for the page of him whom he is principally celebrating. Why, we have asked ourselves, more than once, should we go on reading the critic’s account—and the better the account the more we ask the question—of the Phœacian visit, the *Domus Priami*, the character of Achilles, the Ithacan court, and the Return of the Wanderer—and not substitute the scenes themselves, and “live o’er again that happy hour”? We calculate that we could have read, in an enjoying, if not a critical way, either the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, in a space of

time little exceeding that which it has taken us to read Colonel Mure's three volumes; and with all respect for the critic and his long labour, we are deliberately of opinion that it would have been better for us to have done so. A better plan still, however, is to read both—and our author, from his evidently glowing interest in the great Bard, would wish no better result than that the reading of his work should lead to a revived interest in that literature of which he is so enthusiastic and appreciating an admirer. The First Book of Colonel Mure's Work, occupying about a third part of the first volume, is principally devoted to the history and characteristics of the Greek language and literature; from its origin to the period of the mythical poets, —Amphion, Orpheus, Linus, &c. The Second Book, occupying the remaining two-thirds of the first volume, and the whole of the second volume, is devoted to Greek Epic Poetry, including dissertations on the Cyclic Poets, on Hesiod, and on the miscellaneous Epic Poetry of the same period, but otherwise almost exclusively dealing with the great Poems of Homer. The Third Book, forming also the third volume, treats on Lyric Poetry, with the biography of the principal Lyric Poets, and has two chapters subjoined on the history of Writing in Greece.

We are interested, and the public will be interested, for the present at least, chiefly in that part of the work which relates to the light, all other lights absorbing, which still and for ever gathers round the Iliad and the Odyssey. Colonel Mure possesses, as a scholar, a sufficient interest in and knowledge of the various arguments which have been adduced by critics both in this country and in Germany, in reference to the real or merely mythical existence of such a person as Homer—to the unity or duality or multiplicity of the authorship of the Homeric Poems—to enable him to give them an adequate consideration: at the same time that he decides without hesitation in favour of the old orthodox view, and quietly turns back from the page in criticism which Wolf has marked with his name, to that in which Aristotle pronounced or rather assumed his judgment twenty-two hundred years ago. We could, indeed, have wished that our author had arranged his matter a little more in the style, and therefore with something more of the condensation, of an argument. He seems to have had

the materials of his judgment constantly floating about his mind, so that they often come in unbidden—some of them presenting and re-presenting themselves at different times, so as to lessen the clenching power of the reasoning, and to occasion considerable and irregular repetition. Indeed, much of the Homeric portion of these volumes seems to have been written at different times, and thrown together subsequently, with the natural additions and amplifications of lengthening study of the subject. The author does not seem to gather up his mind as to an argument once for all, to state then all that he has to state, and to dismiss the topic; but it seems to beset him, so that in any connection which reminds him of some specific ground in favour of his own old-fashioned view, or against the more novel and ingenious hypothesis of his opponents, he does not check the natural flow of his associations, but lets the argument peep out again, often in only a slightly modified, and sometimes in precisely the same form, as that in which it had been adduced before. But perhaps this is only a feature in the diffuseness of style which may be said to characterise the work.

We have strong sympathy, however, with the view of Homeric reality and unity which Colonel Mure adopts, without at all undervaluing the critical value, on purely critical grounds, of the objections urged, from the style, language, and allusions of the Poems themselves, to the soundness of this conclusion. But we attach no such certainty to these grounds, as it seems to be the fashion of the present time to assign them. We think a latter-day critic's idea of what is probable in, what is consistent with, and what must necessarily be characteristic of, all the productions of one mind, in a former age, by no means to be trusted to, as representing what really existed, and what Nature and the human mind chose to be and were. It appears to us that two thousand years hence, were external evidence absent or lost, an ingenious critic on Milton might, with quite as much show of justice, and as we know with quite as little reality of truth, represent the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained*; *L'Allegro* and *Samson Agonistes*, as impossible to have originated from the same author. He might, in like manner, show by quite as ingenious a collection of illustrations, and with a

result quite as far from truth, that Shakespeare could not have been the originator of the characters both of Hamlet and of Falstaff. There is no end to the havoc which would be made, on these principles, with the authenticities of literature. The more we see of the application of these principles, the more uncertain and untrustworthy, and therefore valueless, except as increasing the knowledge of the matter commented upon, do we begin to regard this species of criticism. The *events* of the past, though occurring in ages so distant and so different from our own, are less dangerous ground for this species of criticism to exercise itself upon, because there is a certain reality in history, and unity in the course of providence, which may afford us often some fair grounds of analogy, on which to rest a judgment. But *thought* is a much more delicate thing to deal with than *fact*. To say that a man shall not have thought or written thus, is a more dangerous assertion than to say such an act was never really performed. Ask us to disbelieve the deeds of Homer's heroes from the principles of human nature, and Divine Providence, and the voice of history, and we have not much difficulty in assenting to the request. But ask us to disbelieve that one man wrote of them, on account of certain, remarkable, if you like, differences or even discrepancies of style, of genius, of allusions, nay of manners and of facts, and we may on other grounds be allowed to hesitate.

With Shakespeare before the English mind, and Goethe before the German, we should not have supposed the indisposition would have been so great to allow so much to one mind, as we are obliged to do to that of Homer, if he were the author of the Iliad, and still more if he were the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey; and we trace much of this incredulity to a vanity of disinclination to believe that the momentum which civilization and learning bear down with them in their course is still so light that a man in what we call semi-barbarous ages could have produced that which is unrivalled still. But for ourselves we believe, and in nothing more firmly than, in the existence of these great, astounding Minds. We believe in men making ages, much more than in ages making men. This disinclination to believe in individual greatness is not among the best signs of our age. It is the scepticism of an

age of diffusion, when every body has something and nobody has everything. If there be a danger of the belief in a personal God drifting away into a belief in the universal Godhead of things as they are, there is a similar danger also of belief in individual personalities merging itself into a preferential belief in aggregates, and age-collections—age-sweepings rather.

The non-existence of Homer—that is, of the one author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—and the substitution of a bank or club of Poets—politely called a cycle—would involve us in far greater improbabilities and unlikelihoods than any that our fathers so unperceivingly believed in. Among them are these. Aristotle knew nothing about this. He regards the Homeric Poems as regularly constructed Epics; nay, so regularly constructed, as themselves to supply the laws for that kind of composition. The Alexandrine critics had not got further than the idea of the two-fold separation of the Poems, and dismissed that as unfounded. The multifarious origin is not even alluded to by them as an existing idea. If there were not one Homer, but several, how extraordinary would be the number of first-rate poets, and all selecting the Trojan War for their subject, and the last year, nay, the last month, of the War for their time! The modern fancy of great Poets is to choose subjects somewhat different from each other—but here was a happy family indeed, who, had they not treated their one subject with so much power, might be otherwise regarded as a family of fools. It is true that the collector, Pisistratus, may have limited the time, and have made varied material all refer to the selected moment, but even this (a very clever and not an easy performance) would not affect the singular fact of the choice of one subject. That one Homer should not apply the designations of *Hellas* to Greece, or *Peloponnesus* to the southern peninsula, is easily accounted for, from the more recent application of those names; but that many Homers, spread over 500 years, during the later portion of which period the terms were so employed, should have omitted their use, is not likely. “That one Homer should have been ignorant of the use of cavalry in war, or from eccentricity or antiquarian affectation should have pretended to be so, is possible; but scarcely credible in the case of a number

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of Homers of different ages and countries. That one poet should systematically exclude from his heroes' tables, fish, boiled meat, game, and other articles of good cheer, so much esteemed by heroes of other ages and countries, has often been remarked as singular; that ten or twelve Homers should enter into any such conspiracy against heroic freedom of diet, seems unaccountable."*

One of the favourite presumptions against the unity of the authorship and the age of the Two Poems, is that derived from the supposed differences in the state of manners and the arts, discernible in the Poems. In reply to this, there is the very obvious defence, that one Poem, the scene of which is laid in a military encampment, and the chief actors in which are soldiers, and another, the scene of which is laid in a variety of courts and cities, and in which the chief actors are princes on their travels, or "living at home at ease," may well (calling into view entirely different aspects of human life and habits) have a marked difference in the allusions made in them to the arts, the habits, the refinements and the dispositions of the parties brought upon the scene. But besides this defence, there is always that counter-argument, so dangerous, so fatal in these discussions—namely, the number of passages which an adverse ingenuity may bring forward to prove exactly the opposite opinion. It is this notorious fact in a large portion of the modern criticism—this power in equal ingenuities and perseverances of quoting passages on both

* We think Colonel Mure would inculcate too servile a spirit of submission to ancient critics, when he presumes that Aristotle, Aristarchus, and Longinus, as living nearer the times, and having the whole national library at their command, must therefore be not less competent "to judge of the relation which one portion of that library bore to another in style or merit than foreigners toiling by dint of grammar and lexicon through its scanty existing remains." We admit the reasonableness of this argument as applied to the case, the circumstances, the parties and the subject under our author's immediate discussion. But we think that it would be a very erroneous general ground of judgment. "Foreigners toiling by dint of grammar and lexicon," often see things which native critics overlook. We must not bind posterity to the judgment of their ancestors. We must be careful how we pronounce Livy right and Niebuhr wrong. The argument is applicable to still more important matters, and is one of the most dangerous and unsatisfactory that can be employed. Every matter that receives a discussion worthy of the name, must receive it on the ground of its own merits. Use the opinions of Aristotle, Aristarchus and Longinus as elements of judgment—but do not let their opinions override all others that may subsequently, on new or different data, be brought against them.

sides in nearly equal proportions, which has nearly closed our ears to internal arguments of this character, unless supported by more general considerations of a more solid and reliable kind. In the matter before us, in reply to the subtle industry which quotes the more advanced character of the arts and habits of social life, and therefore the later origin of the *Odyssey*, may be opposed a similarly subtle industry which will show how much more advanced are the arts and habits of the *Iliad* than those of the *Odyssey*, and how much later therefore in its origin must be the former Poem. Horn-dressing, tanning, leather-cutting, chariot-making, wool-carding, (with weights and prices,) the fabric of armour, the winnowing machine, the culture of peas and beans, threshing and irrigation—these arts, mentioned in the *Iliad*, are (if we are to judge by the accident of silence,) unknown to the *Odyssey*. Embroidery, ivory ornaments, and the shield of Achilles,* may be pressed into the same argument. How many arts introduced by force and contrivance in an encampment, and at a siege, and therefore attracting a marked notice, may well be passed over as part of the ordinary and natural course of daily life in the times and places of Peace; and on the other hand, how many indications of culture and refinement might we expect to find in courts and cities, among queens and princesses at home, which might have no existence among the rough warriors of a camp, even though their contemporaries. Thus mole-eyed is a large quantity of this scholastic criticism.

Again the difference in language, in the employment of words, supplies a great many sharp arrows of argument against the unity of authorship. But the opposite view is not without some arrows of defence, which may be found greatly to neutralize the shower from the hostile camp. Payne Knight, among his archaisms of the *Iliad* in contradistinction to the more modern forms of the *Odyssey*, introduces certain contractions of words which are dissyllabic in the *Iliad* as monosyllabic in the *Odyssey*. Thus *κρεα* in the *Iliad* is sounded *κη* in the *Odyssey*. But then unfortunately the occurrence of *ρεα*, *εᾶ*, *βελεα*, in a monosyllabic form in the *Iliad*, entirely reverses this argu-

* Mure, ii. 161-2.

ment, and by the same rule makes the Iliad the more modern, not the more ancient, of the two. It is remarked, again, that βαλλω, κοπτω, πληγω, words of force, are always placed first in the sentence, not only throughout the Iliad, but when they occur in the Odyssey also. The application of epithets would of itself form a study. Their use seems to indicate a great unity of conception and consciousness. Ποδας ωκυς, ποδαρκης, ρηξηνωρ, &c., are expressly devoted to Achilles, while πολυμητις, πολυμηχανος, πολυγλας, &c., are as exclusively applied to Ulysses; and it is not without significance that the last epithet is applied to Ulysses, five times in the Iliad, and thirty-five in the Odyssey,—in which fact, we observe not only the natural difference in the number of times, between two Poems, in one of which he is the chief and in the other only one of several heroes, in one of which he is a large and in the other only a common sufferer—but the anticipatory employment of this epithet in the Iliad (supposing it to have been first composed), and its being taken up again with greater frequency in the Odyssey—or supposing the Odyssey to have been first composed (an idea on which we do not know that the invention of critics has yet much exerted itself), the selection and recovery of the same word, with the appropriate decrease in the frequency of its use. An instance occurs of apparent confusion in the epithets applied to Achilles and Ulysses, in the application in two cases to the latter of the word θυμολεων (Cœur-de-Leon)—a peculiar epithet of Achilles. But in both these cases, it is his devoted Wife, who, in the enthusiasm of her admiration, calls her Ulysses “the lion-hearted.” Κυδιστος, and ευρυκρειων, as significant of the functions of command, are appropriated to Agamemnon.* In the Odyssey, express indications are given of the *non-equestrian* character of Ithaca. Throughout each Poem, accordingly, no epithet connected with horsemanship is given to an Ithacan or Cephalenian hero. The use of ιπποδαμος, generally however as applicable to Trojans, and not to Greeks; its frequent use in the Iliad, where battles are described, and the Trojans are

* When our author translates βονη αγαθος, “good at need,” we are much troubled at finding a new face put on an old friend, whom we used always to render “good at a *shout*.” No doubt the two things went a good deal together in ancient warfare—more we suppose than in modern.

engaged ; its infrequent use in the *Odyssey*, where voyages are the more usual movements, and its application then to precisely the exceptional Greek cases, allowed in the *Iliad*—is an instance of consistency of use, that among other examples may be fairly taken as indicating a unity in the composing power. The force, however, of such arguments lies entirely in the number of adducible instances, and these we have not now time to multiply. They are chiefly interesting to us as showing the skill, precision, and careful nicety of touch in the Poet. As arguments they substantively carry little weight with them to our minds, except when employed as counter-arguments, when they reach an importance, not their own, and become relatively of great value, and of sufficient force. Little, however, is needed for the destruction of most of these hypotheses, but the suicidal element they usually contain within them. They commonly, if left alone, lay violent hands on themselves. The Wolfian theory, which had something worthy at least of careful consideration when applied to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, has sustained much damage by being carried out to the poor *Batrachomyomachia* by Hermann, who could not let one Poet be equal to describe the heroic struggles of Frogs and Mice, but must fain divide the glory of singing of the adventures of Lickdish, Crumb-snatcher and Cheesenibler among many bards, “discovering the existing *Batrachomyomachia* to be a compound of a number of other older *Batrachomyomachia*, by its own particular ‘*Pisistratus*’—of what particular era he does not specify.”

We would not have it supposed that our dislike of, and dissatisfaction with, this petty school of poetical criticism, which in the infinite division of this world’s labour has the province assigned it of making, as its contribution to the necessities of mankind, needle-points for the world’s use—leads us to any extravagant assertion of the existence of an autographic (or autologic) and inviolate Homeric Text. We are fully alive to the difficulties respecting the transmission of the Poems, though some writer goes so far as to suggest that he who could originate the *Iliad* most probably originated also a very improved, and Homeric, style and mode of committing it to writing and perpetuating it. We should be at no pains to deny the probability

of large intermixtures of matter, modifications in the arrangement and other features, which now appear far more filed and perfect, than the much later *Æneid* in its unquestioned authenticity can boast of. But the whole of our scepticism is awake and active immediately on any modern writer pretending to set his finger on the specific passages, phrases or arrangements which are un-Homeric. The sleepy passages, which used to be thought unworthy of the special genius of the principal Bard, and were therefore attributed to some inferior hand in the Homeric club, Colonel Mure, on the old principle of Horace, vindicates, as especially and artistically Homeric. For he reminds us how a great Poet understands the necessity of mixing level land with hill and dale, and to allow the reader to recover his nerves from the last, and prepare them for the next, excitement of emotion and admiration.*

Neither would we be understood to extend our conservatism to the facts, even the main facts, of the Homeric Poems. That some Asiatic city was besieged by the Greeks, on the tradition of which siege were built these beautiful fictions, we believe. But this is nearly all that we should

* When the Pandorean box of ingenuities, in its passage over Europe from Constantinople, let out its contents on Germany, one solitary subtlety remained, till it got to England. It then escaped, and lighted at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, on the head of Dr. Kenrick Prescott, the principal. That worthy scholar, being afflicted with the gout, or other disease contingent upon learning, and being thus disabled from the more active duties of his station, addressed a series of letters to his "men," through several of which he applies himself in a very clever and amusing effort to call in question the probability of Horace's famous, though good-natured, reproach of "*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*," being meant for the Ionic, or, according to our author, *Æolic*, Homer at all. The letters, though commenced as a *jeu d'esprit*, wax so serious in their progress, as at length, we think, to throw more than a little doubt upon the correctness of the general assumption, and to raise a suspicion that it may really have been, as these letters suppose, a Roman Homer—to whom Horace was alluding—no other than the Poet Ennius. The fact that Horace is criticizing Latin poetry, and illustrating it by Latin authors—that Ennius called himself Homer—and the quiz contained in the *dormitat*, when referring to a man who *dreamt* of interviews with Homer, and maintained that in the metempsychosis, it was a Peacock which had been the associative link between himself and the great Grecian Poet—added to Horace's own express declaration of the absolute perfection and faultlessness of the Grecian Homer—when he is really speaking of him—weigh, with other presumptions, we must confess with us a little in favour of the Prescott theory—quite as much, at least, and we are sure with as much reason, as any of Wolf's or his followers' arguments in favour of there being no Homer at all. To those who have not met with them, these Letters of Dr. Prescott's will afford a few hours of very amusing reading.

particularly like to pledge ourselves to. That there were three periods of precisely ten years each, connected with this event—that ten years were spent in preparing for the war, ten years in carrying it on, and ten years in getting home gain, by some at least of the warriors—is not among the articles of our faith. Nor do we believe that all the Greeks (which is throughout the consistent fancy of the Poems), young men and elderly gentlemen, were all inspired to amass this prodigious amount of effort, to leave their homes, and kingdoms, and wives and children, to recover a runaway lady, now some thirty or forty years of age. That such persons as Achilles, or Ulysses, or Hector, or such a gift as the Trojan Horse, ever existed at all, is more than we should like to have to prove. If the Greeks made such a war in Asia, whatever the pretext may have been (and such a one as this is not impossible), they had more solid political reasons for their expedition. It may have been the first of those awkward relations between the Asiatic and European sides of the *Ægean*, which more than once, in the history of the Greeks, made it necessary in them to anticipate the honour of a visit, or to repent of the visit being first paid to them. We regard the two Poems as constituting two utter, gorgeous, unrivalled fictions—the creation of one gigantic mind—endowed with that truly God-like power, the power of creation. There, in the glittering caverns of that wonderful bosom, did all the forms that throng the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* start into life and motion. There first rose the beautiful fabric of those Poems—faint and fair, like the hues of an incipient rainbow, but gathering in its grace, deepening and brightening in its colours, till by the laborious pencil of that genius which first originated the conception, the satisfying structure rose, wonderful and glorious, imperishable itself, peopled with imperishable beings. O tell us not of the Poets who sung the siege before Homer, any more than of the Dramatists who took their scenes and stories from Rome, and Italy, and Old England, before Shakespeare. Doubtless there were many such, alas, too many! Some stupid barbarian named Achilles very likely lived in several forms before the angry, proud, pathetic, affectionate, heroic creature, now called Achilles, sprung from the hand of Homer, and blotted the other out of the consciousness or knowledge of the human

race. Apollo's in abundance, we doubt not, stood and stared, till "The Beautiful to look upon" appeared, like the morning, and dazzled men out of the power of seeing any of his predecessors. The Circean caves, the gardens of Phœacia, the den of Polypheme, the sounding Trojan horse, a Helen and a Priam, a Penelope and a Nestor, had, it may be, all been sung before—what matters it now, whether they had been or not? Probably they could scarce be said to have lived before, certainly they first became immortal on the canvas of that unequalled maker, who, if the critics think proper, shall be without a name—we are content, for he scarcely can be named. We are heartily glad that Colonel Mure is not content to be one of those flies, to whom we have referred, as crawling over the pedestal of this great Statue. He writes like a feeling, understanding man about Homer. So anxious is he to impress the images he desires to create or to revive in the minds of his readers, that he does not scruple to analyse at length the material, to quote in full (a great virtue and accommodation) the passages—instead of trusting the too-often untrustworthy activity of his reader, and satisfying himself with a reference to book and line in a foot-note. We do not know any one work which presents the reader with so much that is at once instructive and interesting on Homer—in which critical labour and hearty æsthetic appreciation are so satisfactorily combined. Without any positive originality, and perhaps without much that is decidedly new in the work itself, it yet comes upon its readers with an air of freshness, from the happy union of what are so often, to the great disadvantage of classical exegetics, separated—a scholarlike attention to details of style and language and criticism, with an enthusiastic love of the ideas and pictures of the Poet. The descriptions of the characters are excellently done, and the selection of passages very happy.*

As we have not yet given our readers the opportunity of judging of Colonel Mure's style of writing, we now propose to subjoin a few extracts, indicating the more popular merits of these volumes; and as the subject which has so

* How is it, that in so large an induction of these, one is omitted, in which Achilles, in a wonderful outburst of mingled ferocity and tenderness, challenges the attention of the young Trojan (whom he is about to sacrifice

far chiefly occupied us is connected with the second volume, the extracts which we make will be taken from the more general matter of the first.

The Dialects and the different styles of composition to which they were suited, form the subject of the first extract:—

“A language restricted to one definite classical standard, can hardly be well adapted to every class of composition. The same musical softness which favours the flow of poetical numbers, must, in a proportional degree, be prejudicial to the gravity of historical narratives and philosophical disquisition, or to the terseness of forensic eloquence: had Demosthenes possessed no other medium for giving vent to his Philippics but the Ionic of Homer, or Plato composed his Republics in the Æolic of Sappho, their works, whatever their intrinsic excellence, must have sacrificed a portion of their external charms, to the comparatively inappropriate dress in which they would have appeared. This may be further illustrated by the example of modern nations distinguished for talent in every department of letters. The French tongue has produced a comic writer equal, to say the least, to the chiefs of the Attic humorous drama; but in the higher walks of poetry, neither genius nor art can overcome the obstacles to a corresponding degree of excellence, interposed by the sound and structure of that language. The finest conceptions, couched in harsh or discordant accents, can no more constitute perfection in poetry, than in music the sublimest airs sung by a weak and tuneless voice. The same general remark applies more or less to all the other European tongues, that in proportion as they may be adapted to one style of composition, they are unfavourable to another. But in the cultivated Greek dialects, we

to the avenged Manes of Patroclus, and who is so unwilling to die) to himself and his own fate, and the fate likewise of Patroclus—beginning:

“Οὐκ ὁραὰς οἶος κἀγὼ καλὸς τε, μέγας τε,”

and going on—

“Καθάρη Πατροκλῆς σὸο . . . πολλὰνα μείνων.”

While referring to this passage, we are reminded by its termination of a remark, which we cannot understand, in Bishop Thirlwall's History of Greece, in which he says, in reference to the time of Homer,—“Their name was not yet given to portions of the day; these the poet usually describes by the civil occupations belonging to them; as, the morning, by the filling of the market-place; the noon, as the time when the woodcutter rests from his toil, and takes his repast; the evening, as the unyoking of the oxen, or as the time when the judge quits the seat of justice.” The last line of the passage here alluded to distinctly names (unless, writing where we cannot verify our recollection, we be mistaken) the three parts of the day, at any of which death might strike its victim, as morning, evening, *ἡ μεσσην ἡμῶν*. Does he mean that the hours were not distinguished?

possess the masterpieces of several languages rather than of one. It were difficult to imagine a vehicle of expression better suited to the varied powers of the Epic Muse than the old Homeric; to the tenderness of amatory complaint, than the Lesbian Æolic; to the mingled gravity and impetuosity of the triumphal lyre, than the Doric of Pindar; or to the precision and energy of dialogue, prose narratives and oratory, than the Attic of Aristophanes, Thucydides, and Demosthenes.

“The above remarks apply chiefly to the flourishing ages of Greece, when a spirit of independance” (*independence*) “animated the institution of every state, and the breast of every citizen. With the decisions of the national character, the establishment of a dominant influence in the political commonwealth was attended, as in other ages and countries, by a corresponding effect in the republic of letters. The preponderance of Attic genius had procured a certain ascendancy to the Attic tongue, even prior to the subjection of Greece to the Macedonians. One great object of this semi-barbarous power, from its first rise into importance, was to establish a claim to the pure Hellenic character, and, by consequence, to promote Hellenic habits and associations among its subjects. As the most effectual means of attaining this end, they adopted the Attic as the court dialect, took the literature and science of Athens under their especial patronage, and established them as models in the new schools founded under their own auspices. Alexandria thus became the metropolis of arts and letters, and the Attic, as it prevailed in that court, slightly modified by provincial peculiarities the classical dialect of the whole Hellenic world.”—Vol. I. 124-6.

Our author, like many hearty admirers, is also a hearty hater—and as, among theologians, the nearer the schools, the greater the hate, so in this case it is the ancient Epic and Epic Poet, coming nearest to the Iliad and to Homer, which most move his disapprobation; but indeed, from the point of view at which he takes the Poem, with very good reason. The incompleteness and disproportions of the Æneid are truly great. But it is hard always to overlook the fact that Virgil had not finished the Poem, and did not publish it.

THE MORALE OF THE ÆNEID.

“This excellence of Homer will appear the more remarkable, as contrasted with the striking inferiority of his most distinguished successor, in regard to the same important feature, amid the full light of ethic science and philosophy. The hero of the Æneid is held up by its author as a model of piety and virtue. But how

sadly do we miss that harmony between the dramatic and the descriptive elements of the poem, so beautifully maintained in the *Iliad* ! In all the principal transactions in which Æneas is engaged, his real character and conduct are in open conflict with Virgil's description. In his connection with Dido, if he be supposed to have no ulterior object in view, he must be condemned as a heartless sensualist. If, as the poet implies, that connection was formed under the faith of a virtual marriage, he becomes a perjured adulterer, while his cold, solemn indifference to the misery caused by his cruel and ungrateful treatment of an amiable and confiding female is odious in the last degree. His invasion of Italy is an act of open usurpation and outrage. His arrival on the coast spreads discord and bloodshed among the previously happy tribes of that country. A father forces his daughter to violate her plighted troth, a mother is driven to suicide by the evils accumulated on her family and nation. All our partialities ought to be on the side, not of the hero whose cause we are called on to espouse, and which is crowned with success, but on that of his adversary.

"The only palliation which can be suggested for these moral blemishes of the Æneid, the divine authority under which the hero acts, tends, if rightly estimated, but to aggravate the offence, by exhibiting not only weak humanity, but the Deity himself, as the patron of injustice and oppression."—Vol. I. 294.

The following passage is one of many descriptions with which Colonel Mure's quick eye and careful hand enrich these pleasant volumes :—

OLD PRIAM'S VISIT TO ACHILLES.

"It is, however, in the closing scenes of the *Iliad* that the brighter side of Priam's character is most prominently brought forward. All sense of his vices or follies is here absorbed by compassion for the calamities in which they have involved him, and admiration for his heroism in braving the dangers of a hostile camp, and the wrath of Achilles, to rescue the remains of a beloved son from mutilation and disgrace. But, even here, the poet, still true to nature, never loses sight of the less favourable traits of the portrait, which, as now reproduced under a change of fortune, impart a new variety to the whole composition. Hitherto Priam had been contemplated in a comparative state of prosperity, and distinguished even in his displays of weakness, by a decorum and placidity of deportment becoming his royal state. Now, at the moment when his energies are intent on the fulfilment of the noblest duties, his temper, under the accumulated excitement of the crisis, breaks through all the restraints of courtly dignity into ebullitions of senile petulance and irritation, as characteristic of the genius of the man, as inconsistent

with the greatness of his conduct. The scene in the palace, previous to his journey, is one of the finest in the *Iliad*. Priam, his family, and the entire city, are plunged in the deepest affliction; their favourite prince and bravest champion slain; his body daily insulted in their sight by his ferocious conqueror. The mode in which the national grief finds vent, exhibits a fine combination of oriental and patriarchal manners. The old king enveloped in his mantle, is seated in the centre of the palace court in a state of gloomy stupor, indifferent to all that is passing. His sons are weeping and his daughters wailing around him; the halls and porches thronged with citizens, flocking with sympathetic curiosity to the centre of the common woe. At this moment Iris, invisible to all but Priam himself, breathes her message from Jove in his ear. The first symptom of response to the divine intimation is a tremor pervading his frame. On a sudden, morbid despair gives place to unwonted vigour; he rises and declares his resolution forthwith to visit in person the Myrmidon camp, and ransom the body of his son. He is assailed by the remonstrances of his wife against the madness of his project, but in vain. On turning to give the requisite orders for his journey, he finds everything in confusion; his palace is crowded with importunate idlers; his sons are bewildered by this sudden change from listlessness to temerity, and the promptness of their obedience falls short of the eagerness of his commands. His temper then gives way, and he breaks forth into invectives, first against the busybodies who encumber his hall, and whom he drives with his sceptre into the street; next against the sluggish apathy of his sons, tauntingly contrasting it with the devoted zeal of their deceased brother. The petulance of these sallies is tempered by the most touching expressions of grief and patriotism. Every word and act is admirably suited to the character and the occasion.

"The sequel of this adventure supplies the more delicate finish to the portrait both of Priam and Achilles. The ardent zeal, senile importunity, and pious resignation of the venerable suppliant, are beautifully contrasted with the generous sympathy and haughty impetuosity of the terrible Myrmidon. The old king returns to the city with his precious freight, greeted by crowds of admiring citizens, and the ensuing rites in honour of the slain champion, afford an impressive conclusion to the great drama. Upon the whole, perhaps, the character of Priam is, next to that of Achilles, the most delicately conceived and finely drawn in the poem. The parallel which it offers to that of Shakspeare's *Lear* cannot fail to suggest itself to the critical student."—Vol. I. 345-7.

ART. IV.—PHASES OF FAITH.

Phases of Faith : or Passages from the History of my Creed.

By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London : Chapman. 1850.

THIS book is a necessary Appendix to the author's former Treatise on the Soul. In that work he presented a scheme of positive Religion, founded essentially on psychological experience, and asking for no data beyond the mind's own consciousness in the exercise of its highest affections. Its object and method were constructive : and in evolving an adequate faith from the inner life of the human spirit, he could spare only an incidental notice for doctrines and modes of procedure at variance with his own. He there unfolded the truths which respect our spiritual relations according to the order in which, as he conceives, they ought to be thought out. This, however, is not the order in which he himself has actually reached them ; still less does it agree with the ordinary path of approach to them. All Christians conceive themselves indebted to an historical revelation, concurrently with the intimations of their own nature, for their most inspiring convictions : and with Mr. Newman himself, they are not a fresh acquisition won by his present mode of thought, but a residue left uncanceled by the mental changes through which he has passed, and provided, by an after-thought, with their new title to continued possession. The present publication describes the processes by which the author, from a commencement in Calvinism, reached at length the religion of "The Soul." It contains his apology for dispensing entirely with all external aids,—miracle or prophecy, Bible or Church,—in the establishment of a Faith ; and for limiting himself to sources purely subjective. It defends his isolated position by tracing the involuntary encroachments of scepticism, as reflection and knowledge increased and imparted a freer action to his mind ; till the ever-narrowing circumference of his ecclesiastical and scriptural belief, drove him at last upon his own centre, and left him as a point alone amid the infinitude of God. As the course of change was ex-

ceedingly gradual, and every stage of it is successively vindicated, the book is necessarily a kind of running criticism on almost every Christian creed, and the whole circle of Christian Evidences; and elicits in each case a negative result. By this aggressive process nothing is brought out of which Mr. Newman's previous book had not given ample notice. Yet to most of his readers this wholly destructive character will assuredly be painful; and many who, with ourselves, have been penetrated with affectionate admiration for his transparent truthfulness and elevation of soul, will feel it a sorrow to lose the sympathy of such a mind in some of their most cherished persuasions. The earlier treatise so abounded in passages of solemn and tender devotion, that the reader was borne on the wing over the chasms in its faith, and no more felt its doubts than he would pause upon a heresy let fall in prayer. But the present work cannot, from its very nature, bespeak the affections by any such pre-engagement. It is rigorously logical: and though the author's fearlessness is manifestly the simple inspiration of a pure and trustful heart, yet the relentless way in which he follows out a single line of thought, and hurries you along it as if it were the whole surface of the truth, provokes something of natural resistance. You feel yourself in the presence of a mind wholly incapable of the least moral unfairness or ingenious self-deception, and devoted with absolute singleness to the quest of the true and the good: but at the same time, too much distinguished by intellectual impetuosity and the intense flow of sympathies in one particular channel, to attain a judicial largeness of view. Hence the work produces all its effect at once: and while many will utter warnings against reading it at all, our counsel would be to read it *twice*. For ourselves at least we must confess that, where our admiration and even reverence are so strongly enlisted, we are apt to be carried away at first beyond the bounds of our permanent convictions; to take over-precautions against our own pre-judgments; and yield ourselves too freely to the hand of a guidance felt to be generous and noble: and it requires time and calm review to recover from the mingled self-distrust and sympathy with which such companionship as our author's inspires us.

To the earlier part of this book singular freshness is given by its autobiographical form, and the perfect simplicity with which it lays open every state of mind bearing on the subsequent developments of opinion. The sketch so slightly given of the thoughtful and serious schoolboy, derided by hearts yet free from the claim of God, and comforted by the kindly clergyman who could read the spirit at work within; of the youth at Confirmation, chilled by the dry questions of the Examiner, and repelled by the sleeves and formality of the Bishop; of the Freshman at Oxford, signing the articles in all the joy of passionate belief, and then finding that among companions they were objects of general indifference; will wake in many a heart affecting memories of life's most fervid and fruitful hours. How far his religious life might have found a less troubled development, had it commenced under a simpler scheme of doctrine, we will not pretend to decide. But it is evident that so active an intellect, enclosed within the complicated economy of Calvinism, gave his faith no chance of long repose: and during his undergraduate course many questions had arisen, on the imputation of Christ's righteousness, on the obligation of the Sabbath, on the ground of difference between the Mosaic sacrifices and the Christian Atonement, on the meaning of the words "One" and "Three" in the Athanasian Creed, all of which he had answered in an unorthodox sense. But, above all, he had given up the doctrine of Infant Baptism, and on this account was almost deterred from the re-signature essential to his Bachelor's degree. Though he overcame his scruples thus far, they exercised a most important influence on the subsequent course of his life; deterring him from entering the Church; determining (we imagine) the class of Christians (the Baptists) whose communion he was afterwards to join; and bringing out for the first time that strong contrast between the brothers Newman, which has become so striking in its results. We have often heard the remark, that the radical characteristics of these two men are essentially the same; that the great problem of faith presented itself under like conditions to both; that their solutions, opposite as they seem, exhaust the logical alternative of the case, and are but the positive and negative roots of one equation; and that, but for accidental

causes, or the overbalance of a casual feeling, their paths might never have diverged. Upon the evidence of their writings, this estimate has always appeared to us curiously false : and a passage in the present volume, which exhibits the divergence at its commencement, corrects the opinion in a manner deeply instructive. Speaking of his crisis of difficulty respecting Baptism, our author says :—

“One person there was at Oxford, who might have seemed my natural adviser : his name, character, and religious peculiarities have been so made public property, that I need not shrink to name him :—I mean my elder brother, the Rev. John Henry Newman. As a warm-hearted and generous brother, who exercised towards me paternal cares, I esteemed him and felt a deep gratitude ; as a man of various culture and peculiar genius, I admired and was proud of him ; but my doctrinal religion impeded my loving him as much as he deserved, and even justified my feeling some distrust of him. He never showed any strong attraction towards those whom I regarded as spiritual persons : on the contrary, I thought him stiff and cold towards them. Moreover, soon after his ordination, he had startled and distressed me by adopting the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration ; and in rapid succession, worked out views which I regarded as full-blown ‘Popery.’ I speak of the years 1823-6 : it is strange to think that twenty years more had to pass before he learnt the place to which his doctrines belonged.

“In the earliest period of my Oxford residence, I fell into uneasy collision with him concerning Episcopal powers. I had on one occasion dropt something disrespectful against Bishops or a Bishop, something which, if it had been said about a Clergyman, would have passed unnoticed ; but my brother checked and reproved me,—as I thought, very uninstructionally,—for ‘wanting reverence towards Bishops.’ I knew not then, and I know not now, why Bishops, *as such*, should be more revered than common clergymen ; or Clergymen, *as such*, more than common men. . . . I was willing to honour a Lord Bishop as a Peer of Parliament, but his office was to me no guarantee of spiritual eminence. To find my brother thus stop my mouth, was a puzzle ; and impeded all free speech towards him.”—P. 10.

Whence this incapacity for sympathy between two minds, both noble, both affectionate, trained in the same home, enriched by the same culture, intent upon the same ends ? With reasoning powers equally acute, and equally uncorrupted by passion or by self, they could not have found concurrence impossible, had it been within the

resources of logic or of faithfulness. The difference, we are persuaded, ascends behind these, and lies in the original data from which each inquirer proceeded as his primary conditions of belief: and we conceive that difference to be one which radically separates Catholic from Evangelical Churches, rendering their approximation intrinsically impossible, and limiting each to the range of one class of minds. A passing remark of our author's unconsciously opens to us the seat of this difference.

"For any one to avow that Regeneration took place in Baptism, seemed to me little short of a confession that he had never himself experienced what Regeneration is."—P. 15.

The new birth,—that is to say,—is something which must be *felt*, and felt under riper conditions than those of the infant Soul; felt as a lifted weight of sin, a broken bondage of self, a free surrender to the will of a forgiving God. This reconciliation of heart, this joyful spring of free affection into the infinite arms, is a fact in the history of thousands: and to him who knows it, it is vain to speak of any other Regeneration. To tell him that the sprinkled babe, in whom he sees nothing supervene, and who is evidently conscious of nothing but the water-drops, undergoes the stupendous change of a Divine adoption, seems to him to degrade the economy of Heaven to a level with the arts of conjuring. When God breaks into the human soul, shall it be without a trace? Must he not shake it to its centre? and as he obliterates its guilt, shall there be no sense of clearness, and no tears of joy to make a fruitful place for every seed of holiness? Thus the Evangelical insists on *consciousness* as an indispensable evidence of a divine change; and can accept nothing as *spiritual* except what declares itself, within the human spirit and exalts its highest action: and further, the kind of experience for which he looks is not possible to every mind, but is incident especially to passionate and impulsive souls. Not all good men, however, are formed in this mould: many who devoutly seek a union with God, and who believe a new birth to be the prerequisite condition, are never vividly conscious of any Divine irruption for the emancipation of their nature: and for the erasure of guilt and the visitation of grace they must look back beyond the period of memory to the cradle

of their life, and its earliest consecration : when they were born of water, they were doubtless born of the spirit too. True, the saving touch was reported to them by no feeling : but are there not secret workings of God ? and shall we deny Him because his approach is gentle, and his spirit, instead of tearing us in storm, spreads through us insensibly like a purifying atmosphere ? What hinders him from redeeming and improving a nature that knows not its benefactor except by faith ? If his presence lurks throughout unconscious Nature, and is the unfelt source of all the beauty, life, and order there, by what right can we affirm that his Spirit cannot evade our consciousness ? According to this view, which dispenses with the evidence of personal experience, the Soul, in the reception of grace, is regarded externally, as a natural object submitted to the disinfecting influence of God : and the Divine Spirit is treated as a kind of *physical* power of transcendent efficacy—or at least as an agency permeating physical natures, and so refining them as to transfigure them into spiritual life. No exact boundary is here drawn between the realm of sense and that of spirit,—between the material energy and the moral interposition of God ;—they melt into one another under the mediation of a kind of spiritual chemistry, descending into organic force on the one hand, and rising into the inspiration of holiness on the other. This appears to us to be the conception which underlies the peculiarities of Catholicism. Hence, the invariable presence of some physical element in all that it looks upon as venerable. Its rites are a manipular invocation of God. Its miracles are examples of incarnate divineness in old clothes and winking pictures. Its ascetic discipline is founded on the notion of a gradual consumption of the grosser body by the encroaching fire of the spirit ; till in the estatica, the frame itself becomes ethereal, and the light shines through. Nothing can be more offensive than all this to the Evangelical conception ; which plants the natural and the spiritual in irreconcilable contradiction, denies to them all approach or contact, and allows each to exist only by the extinction of the other. They belong virtually to opposite influences,—of Satan and of God. They follow opposite methods,—of necessary law and of free grace. They are cognizable by opposite faculties,—of

sense and understanding on the one hand ; of the soul upon the other. This unmediated dualism follows the Evangelical into his theory as to the state of each individual soul before God. The Catholic does not deny all divine light to the natural conscience or all power to the natural will of unconverted men : he maintains that these also are already under a law of obligation, may do what is well pleasing before God, and by superior faithfulness qualify themselves to become subjects of grace ; so that the gospel shall come upon them as a divine supplement to the sad and feeble moral life of nature. To the Evangelical, on the contrary, the soul that is not saved is lost ; the corruption before regeneration and the sanctification after it, are alike complete and without degree ; and the best works of the unconverted, far from having any tendency to bring them to Christ, are of the nature of sin. So again the contrast turns up in the opposite views taken of the divine economy in human affairs. The Evangelical detaches the elect in his imagination from the remaining mass of men, sequesters them as a holy people, who must not mix themselves with the affairs of Belial. He withdraws the Church from the world, and watches lest any bridge of transition should smooth the way for a mingling of their feelings and pursuits. The more spiritual he is, the more will he abstain from political action, and find the whole business of government to be made up of problems which he cannot touch. The Catholic, looking on the natural universe, whether material or human, not as the antagonist, but as the receptacle, of the spiritual, seeks to conquer the World for the Church, and instead of shunning political action, is ready to grasp it as his instrument. As the Gospel is, in his view, but the supplement to natural Law, so is the Church but the climax of Government,—a Divine Polity for ruling the world in affairs of Religion. It was for want of this view that the younger Newman, while able to honour a Bishop “*as a peer of parliament*,” (irrespective of the legislative faculties of the individual,) could pay no homage to his *church functions*, but, the moment he turned to these, looked only at the personal qualities of the man. The elder brother, preserving the analogy between the temporal and the spiritual constitution of the human world, recognised a corporate rule for both

relations ; and saw no reason why if *office* were a ground of reverence in an earthly polity, it should have no respect in a divine.—We might carry this comparison of the two schemes into much greater detail, without any straining of its fundamental principle. But we must content ourselves with the summary statement that while (1.) the worldly and unreligious live wholly in the natural and ignore the spiritual ; and (2.) the evangelical lives wholly in the spiritual as incompatible with the natural ; (3.) the Catholic seeks to subjugate the natural (as he conceives God does) by interpenetration of the spiritual. The tendency to the one or the other of these religious conceptions marks the distinction between two great families of minds. The more impulsive and loving natures, whose good and evil are alike remote from self,—who find it an ill business to manage themselves, but can do all things by the inspiration of affection,—who detest prudence and are perverse against authority, but are docile as a child to one that trusts them with his tenderness,—are necessarily drawn to the Evangelical side. Where the Will on the other hand has a greater strength, and the Conscience a minuter vigilance ; where emotion is less susceptible of extremes, and persistent discipline is more possible ; there religion will appear to be less a conquest of the soul by Divine aggression, than a home administration quietly propagated from within ; and the Catholic (which is also the Unitarian) conception will prevail. Intellectual power may attach itself indifferently to either side. But, if we mistake not, the imaginative faculty can scarcely co-exist in any high degree with the evangelical type of thought. Its tendency on this side is always to *romance*, which is the invariable sign of feeble imagination ; inasmuch as it totally separates the real from the ideal, and keeps them apart like two worlds to be occupied in turns,—the dull and earthly,—the glorious and divine. In the Catholic theory, where the perceptive powers are less despised, and the natural and physical world is deemed not incapable of being the receptacle of God, the sense of Beauty has free range : it mediates between the spheres that else would lie apart, detects the ideal *in* the real, and like a golden sunset on the smoke-cloud of a city, glorifies the very soil of earth with heavenly light. We are convinced that to

some want of fulness in this department of our author's mind must be attributed many of the most questionable sentiments characteristic of his book :—especially his impatience at the historical details of the life of Christ, and his eagerness to hide the mysterious Jesus behind the clouds of heaven. Describing his impressions on first making the acquaintance of a Unitarian, he says,—

“I now discovered, that there was a deeper distaste in me for the details of the human life of Christ, than I was previously conscious of; a distaste which I found out, by a reaction from the minute interest felt in such details by my new friend. For several years more, I did not fully understand how and why this was; viz. that *my religion had always been Pauline*. Christ was to me the ideal of glorified human nature, but I needed some dimness in the portrait to give play to my imagination: if drawn too sharply historical, it sank into common-place and caused a revulsion of feeling. As all paintings of the miraculous used to displease and even disgust me from a boy by the unbelief which they inspired; so if any one dwelt on the special proofs of tenderness and love exhibited in certain words or actions of Jesus, it was apt to call out in me a sense, that from day to day equal kindness might often be met. The imbecility of preachers, who would dwell on such words as ‘Weep not,’ as if nobody else ever uttered such, has always annoyed me. I felt it impossible to obtain a worthy idea of Christ from studying any of the details reported concerning him. If I dwelt too much on these I got a finite object; but I yearned for an infinite one: hence my preference for John’s mysterious Jesus.”—P. 102.

We are far from asserting that the Unitarians are a peculiarly imaginative people: and the disposition, criticised by our author, to magnify small and inexpressive traits, is a sure indication of defect in that feeling of proportion which imagination always involves. But the tendency to unbelief in looking at pictorial representations of miracle; the inability to find an ideal unity in the real Jesus of Nazareth, or to see in that gracious and majestic form the spiritual glory for which the heart craves; and the apparent admission that *anything* realized, anything “too sharply historical,” thereby must “sink into common-place and cause a revulsion of feeling;” appear to us curiously to illustrate the un-idealizing character of the Evangelical mind, and its tendency to run into romance. We have not hesitated to dwell on the distinct mental bases of the rival

systems of religion, because, without reference to them, many of the experiences recorded in this volume can scarcely be interpreted, or its conclusions estimated aright. If the subject has brought us too near to personal criticism, our apology must be, that where great questions of faith are discussed in the form of self-revelations from an individual mind, the idiosyncrasy of the narrator is necessarily drawn in among the elements of the argument.

The close of his Oxford course left Mr. Newman fresh from the impression of Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*—an enthusiastical and somewhat exclusive disciple of the Pauline Christianity. He was thus prepared, on his removal to a tutorship in Wicklow, to fall under the powerful influence of a devoted Evangelical missionary, of whom, under the designation of "the Irish Clergyman," a striking picture is presented. Negligent of his person, careless of his health, casting down in service of the cross the wealth of intellect and culture, this crippled devotee acquired, by force of will and high faithfulness of life, an ascendancy, like that of an apostle, over our author's mind. As the theory of this saintly man led him to scorn every pursuit that withdrew him from prayer and Missionary toil, and to discard every book except the Bible, so by the exercise of voluntary poverty and an unsparing self-sacrifice to the spiritual interests of the peasantry, did his practice severely realise his belief. It was doubtless this solid and absolute sincerity which led captive a soul like Mr. Newman's,—so profoundly truth-loving, yet at that time tremulous perhaps with the consciousness of intellectual tastes and social interests at variance with the spiritual concentration required by his creed. The overpowering impression of this new friend's character at once inspired him with a wish to engage in a mission to the heathen, and deepened in his mind the conviction, that the great instrument of conversion must be sought, not in conclusive arguments, but in persuasive lives; that the critical and learned evidences on which the miraculous claims of Christianity are made to rest, are too unwieldy to be generally efficacious; and that the *moral* appeal of the gospel to the conscience, must be the main reliance for evangelising the world. To embody this appeal in an actual church or fraternity planted upon Pagan soil, and silently appearing there in

all the expressiveness of Christian purity, patience and loving self-denial, became our author's single desire: and in 1830 he went out to Bagdad to join himself to a community of evangelical emigrants already established there with similar views under the influence of Mr. Groves. During a two years' residence in Persia, began the series of corrosions upon the strict orthodoxy of his creed, under which, after another period, the whole system of Calvinism collapsed. The logical activity of his intellect worked, for the present, entirely *within* the limits of the evangelical scheme, and in complete submission to the letter of Scripture. The first weakness detected,—the only one during absence in the East,—affected the doctrine of the Trinity. He found it impossible to reconcile the manifest subordination of the Son to the Father in the theology of Paul and John with the definitions of the Athanasian Creed. The considerations and the texts which forced this conviction upon him, like most of the trains of thought by which he passed to ulterior results—are familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the Unitarian controversy, and need not be presented here. Our author rested for a while in the Nicene doctrine of the *derived* nature of the Son, yet his homogeneity with the Father. While this dogmatic direction was prominently engaging his attention, it is plain that an under-current of thought, charged with most momentous tendencies, was already in motion;—a course of reflection on the logic of religious evidence, and the unmanageable nature of external proof in relation to spiritual truth. The following incident is rich in suggestion:—

“While we were at Aleppo, I one day got into religious discourse with a Mohammedan carpenter, which left on me a lasting impression. Among other matters, I was peculiarly desirous of disabusing him of the current notion of his people, that our gospels are spurious narratives of late date. I found great difficulty of expression; but the man listened to me with much attention, and I was encouraged to exert myself. He waited patiently till I had done, and then spoke to the following effect:—‘I will tell you, Sir, how the case stands. God has given to you English a great many good gifts. You make fine ships, and sharp penknives, and good cloth and cottons, and you have rich nobles and brave soldiers; and you write and print many learned books: (dictionaries and grammars :) all this is of God. But there is one thing that God has

withheld from you, and has revealed to us; and that is, the knowledge of the true religion, by which one may be saved.' When he thus ignored my argument, (which was probably quite unintelligible to him,) and delivered his simple protest, I was silenced, and at the same time amused. But the more I thought it over, the more instruction I saw in the case. His position towards me, was exactly that of a humble Christian towards an unbelieving philosopher; nay, that of the early Apostles or Jewish prophets towards the proud, cultivated, worldly-wise and powerful heathen. This not only showed the vanity of any argument to him, except one purely addressed to his moral and spiritual faculties; but is also indicated to me that Ignorance has its spiritual self-sufficiency as well as erudition; and that if there is a Pride of Reason, so it there a Pride of Unreason. But though this rested in my memory, it was long before I worked out all the results of that thought."—P. 52.

The love among saintly hearts is deep: but in the same proportion their jealousy is quick. No detective police has a vigilance so keen as the instinct of orthodoxy. On Mr. Newman's returning to England in hope of swelling the numbers of the Persian Mission, he had not performed his quarantine on board the ship, before he found that rumours of his unsoundness in the faith had preceded him. The usual results followed: for in these cases, where there is nothing to be forgiven, Christians never forgive. Having spoken at some religious meetings—unordained as he was,—he was cut off by his brother. Writing to the Irish clergyman to acknowledge his Nicene tendency, and to ask for an Athanasian explanation of the text, "To us there is but one God, the Father,"—he was peremptorily, and on pain of alienated friendship, desired to confess that "the Father" meant "the Trinity."

"The Father meant the Trinity!! For the first time I perceived, that so vehement a champion of the sufficiency of the Scripture, so staunch an opposer of Creeds and Churches, was wedded to an extra-Scriptural creed of his own, by which he tested the spiritual state of his brethren. I was in despair, and like a man thunder-struck. I had nothing more to say. Two more letters from the same hand I saw, the latter of which was, to threaten some new acquaintances who were kind to me, (persons wholly unknown to him,) that if they did not desist from sheltering me, and break off intercourse, they should, as far as his influence went, themselves everywhere be cut off from Christian communion and recognition.

This will suffice to indicate the sort of social persecution, through which, after a succession of struggles, I found myself separated from persons whom I had trustingly admired, and on whom I had most counted for union : with whom I fondly believed myself bound up for eternity ; of whom some were my previously intimate friends, while for others, even on slight acquaintance, I would have performed menial offices, and thought myself honoured ; whom I still looked upon as the blessed and excellent of the earth, and the special favourites of heaven ; whose company (though oftentimes they were considerably my inferiors either in rank or in knowledge and cultivation) I would have chosen in preference to that of nobles ; whom I loved solely because I thought them to love God, and of whom I asked nothing, but that they would admit me as the meanest and most frail of disciples. My heart was ready to break : I wished for a woman's soul, that I might weep in floods. Oh Dogma ! how dost thou trample under foot love, truth, conscience, justice ! Was ever a Moloch worse than thou ? burn me at the stake ; then Christ will receive me, and saints beyond the grave will love me, though the saints here know me not. But now I am alone in the world ; I can trust no one. The new acquaintances who barely tolerate me, and old friends whom reports have not reached, (if such there be,) may turn against me with animosity to-morrow, as those have done from whom I could least have imagined it. Where is union ? where is the Church which was to convert the heathen ?"—P. 58.

So bitter an experience cannot befall a sensitive and trusting soul, without driving it with sadness in upon itself, and shutting it up in a kind of lonely love, amid the sufficing sympathy of God. A heart of noble faith cannot indeed, like the worldly who have nothing in them that will *keep*, be soured by such disappointment ; and will even turn into a fruitful sorrow what to the others is an acrid poison eating to the very pith of life. But still, cruelty and injustice cannot go for nothing, or by the miraculous touch of ever so divine a spirit, be transmuted into *only* good. And there is a *religious* type of the unhappy influence produced by mortified hope,—a resolute isolation of soul, lofty towards men, that its tenderness may be reserved entire for God ;—a jealous zeal against the idols of the mind ;—and too quick an apprehension of thralldom from every affection that comes with offers of mediation between earth and heaven. Some traces of such a mood we do think apparent in Mr. Newman's later course of thought,—

an excessive resolve not to be imposed upon by conventional or got-up feelings,—a prosaic, not to say embittered estimate of human nature,—and a slowness to lay the heart freely open to reverential admiration. If it be so, it is but too high-strained a faithfulness to this noble vow and sweet submission :—

“ The resolution then rose within me, to love all good men from a distance, but never again to count on permanent friendship with any one who was not himself cast out as a heretic.—Nor in fact, did the storm of distress which these events inflicted on me, subside, until I willingly received the task of withstanding it as God’s trial whether I was faithful. As soon as I gained strength to say, ‘ O my Lord, I will bear not this only, *but more also*, for thy sake, for conscience and for truth,’—my sorrows vanished until the next blow and the next inevitable pang. At last my heart had died within me, the bitterness of death was past. I was satisfied to be hated by the saints, and to reckon that those who had not yet turned against me would not bear me much longer. Then I conceived the belief, that if we may not make a heaven on earth for ourselves out of the love of saints, it is in order that we may find a truer heaven in God’s love.”—P. 63.

The consciousness of unjust treatment had the salutary effect of raising in our author’s esteem the simple virtues of the good natural heart; the kindly presence of which would have protected him against the social persecution brought to bear upon him. He knew that the friends who were casting him off were persons of deeply devout minds. He knew that they did him cruel wrong. And this combination forced upon him the certainty, “ that spirituality is no adequate security for sound moral discernment.” A kindlier disposition grew up towards the common world of men in whom the moral sentiments had not exalted themselves into religion: and a course of new thought arose, merging at last in the perception that Religion is but the culminating meridian of Morals, and God approachable only by the aim at infinite excellence. It was plain too, that those who did violence to their amiable nature in fancied obedience to the requirements of the Bible, easily fell into crooked and narrow ways: so that be the Scripture rule ever so unerring, it needs either an infallible guide, or a right mind, to interpret and apply it. No

inroad, however, had yet been made upon our author's reliance on the sacred writings, as oracles of supreme and perfect truth; or upon any portion of Calvinistic economy of salvation. The new force given to the moral sentiments revived an old aversion to the doctrine of reprobation, and rendered him so dissatisfied with the appeal to Sovereign Might in answer to objections springing from the sense of justice, that even Paul's authority, "Nay, but O man, who art thou that repliest against God?"—could not stifle his repugnance. In an understanding thus disposed, in which Arbitrary and Infinite Will has ceased to afford a solid basis, it is plain that the whole Genevan system is undermined; and accordingly it rapidly became a mass of ruins. First, some stealthy glances at (we presume) Dr. Southwood Smith's Treatise on the Divine Government, in the library of an orthodox friend, opened up the question of eternal punishment: and the doctrine was discarded on grounds both critical and moral. Next, the Deity of Christ was lowered another step, from the consideration that a *derived* being must be derived *in time*, and cannot be co-eternal with his Source: and then another step again, in order to save some doctrine of Atonement, and obtain a *dead* Christ on Calvary,—which could not be if his nature were beyond the Arian measure. Finally, the entailment of moral corruption on the posterity of Adam is discovered to be without support from Scripture, and intrinsically absurd: and the depravity of human nature is reduced to the historically attested fact of wide-spread moral evil. Upon all these topics the narrative abounds with terse and animated reasonings. Their freshness, however, is mainly due to the directness with which they proceed from the independent action of our author's mind. In themselves they are not new to persons so far gone in heresy as our readers are likely to be: and we quit this part of our work with one citation. It contains an important testimony on behalf of an opinion, exceedingly startling to Unitarians, but, as we have long been convinced, radically sound. Mr. Newman is speaking of his state of mind, when he had resolved the riddle of the Trinity, and become,—in worship,—Unitarian:—

"After all, could I seriously think, that morally and spiritually

I was either better or worse for this discovery? I could not pretend that I was.

"This showed me that if a man of partially unsound and visionary mind made the angel Gabriel a *fourth person* in the Godhead, it might cause no difference whatever in the actings of his spirit. The great question would be, whether he ascribed the same moral perfection to Gabriel as to the Father. If so, to worship him would be no degradation to the soul; even if absolute omnipotence were not attributed, nay, nor a past eternal existence. It thus became clear to me, that Polytheism *as such* is not a moral and spiritual, but at most only an intellectual, error: and that its practical evil consists in worshipping beings whom we represent to our imaginations as morally imperfect. Conversely, one who imputes to God sentiments and conduct which in man he would call capricious or cruel, such a one, even if he be as Monotheistic as a Mussulman, admits into his soul the whole virus of Idolatry."—P. 89.

This crisis in Mr. Newman's course of thought,—when his orthodoxy was gone, but his faith in the authority of Scripture remained intact, was highly favourable for his introduction to the Unitarian conception of Christianity: and it so happened that just then he made the acquaintance of a professor of that faith, evidently qualified, by tenderness and piety of spirit, as well as by familiarity with the theology of his church, to represent the system in its most attractive form. It had however no charm for our author, whose training had been too exclusively Pauline to remove its Holy of Holies into the Gospels; who could not take up with the Judaical Messiah of Matthew, especially with the loss of the first chapters, by which alone the human Jesus could show title to be Lord of the living and the dead, and competency to stand forth as the moral image of God. So he passed this sect by, and pursued his way; taking up now a new set of researches: no longer trying dogmas by the test of Scripture; but trying Scripture by the test of History, Science, Criticism, and all the relevant fixed points in human knowledge. The question had long been struggling for attention in his mind, what was the just boundary between the authority of the letter and the rights of the spirit,—between revealed and natural religion. The *principle* on which, while yet a student, he had provisionally decided it, is the only one of which the case admits: he had consulted the *competency* of the human

reason and conscience in matters of religion ; and only beyond the limits of that competency had allowed miraculous attestation to possess oracular rights. In the *application* of this principle, however, lay the real difficulty : and here, as he freely allows, he had fallen into some vacillation and inconsistency. As the process of evangelical *conversion* begins with appealing to the sense of sin, and relies on the fears and despair incident to conscious alienation from God, his creed had obliged him to assume, among the data of the natural mind, a perception of right and wrong, a knowledge of God as Holy, and an anticipation of retributive justice. From this it would seem irresistibly to follow, that *the whole* of the *moral* elements of religion are within the reach of the human apprehension : for the consciousness which reports to us our alienation cannot be insensible to its removal : and if in the one case it forecasts the shadow of penal suffering, it cannot but throw forward in the other the promissory light of immortal joy. Yet this brighter half of the truth,—comprising the scheme of human *recovery*,—Mr. Newman had set down as beyond the ken of all our faculties ; regarding the Atonement, the Reconciliation, and the Life Eternal, as *outward facts* of the supernatural kind, cognizable only by miraculous media of attestation. The two lists of truths, professedly separated from each other as respectively internal and external—subjective conditions and objective facts,—by no means answer to this classification. The peace and hope of a reconciled mind are as truly matters of spiritual experience as the fever and terror of guilt : and on the other hand, the existence and Providence of God are no less objective facts than the life after death. Moreover, while in theory the only function reserved for revelation was the communication of “external truths,”—the internal and spiritual being left to nature—the main practical reason for clinging to the miraculous had been a distrust of the *depraved moral perceptions* of man. Thus they are first set up as our sole reporters of internal truths, and then put down as untrustworthy : and to check and correct them, we are referred to an informant, whose cognizance is limited to the external. Whether some lingering traces of this logical confusion, which besets almost every scheme of Christian Evidences, may not even yet be found in our author’s creed, we will not

here pause to decide. For some time it continued to entangle him. The habit of distrusting the *moral* judgment, and of placing strong confidence in the results of inductive science and historical criticism, led him to test the infallibility of Scripture, in the first instance, by its verdict on matters clearly within the range of the common understanding,—of Geography, Physiology, Natural History, Language, &c. For one prepossessed with the demand for an unerring record,—one whose early faith had taken into its very essence the myths of Genesis, no less than the story of Gethsemane,—one who, under guidance of the systematising Paul, had worked his way back with one idea through all providential history from the Ascension to the Creation, and who expected, on retracing his steps, to find it all a drama with the opening in Eden, the development among the prophets, and the catastrophe on Calvary; it is easy to foresee the result. Bibliolatry was replaced by Iconoclasm: and the Scriptures lost by degrees, not simply their supernatural authority, but their natural credit. The course of discovery was so little different from the usual one, that it is needless to dwell upon it in detail. Beginning with the genealogies in Matthew and Luke, so evidently faulty and irreconcilable in their contents, and inconclusive in result, Mr. Newman soon found that no such thing as a harmony of the gospels could be made, and that they must be severally treated (the three first constituting practically only one) as human and fallible records. The same criticism, when applied to the Old Testament, invalidated the legends of the Fall and the Deluge, and brought to light the composite structure of the Pentateuch, out of various pre-existing materials. The direct sanction of Jehovah to the iniquities of early Israelitish history is found to be too distinctly claimed to be explained away by any theory of development or accommodation. The demonology of the first three Gospels seems so completely an integral and even a principal part of their evidence for the Messiahship, that the misconceptions involved in it affect, in our author's estimation, their whole case, and destroy all confidence in their narrations. One reliance after another thus giving way, he rests for a while on a consolatory suggestion of Dr. Arnold's,—that the Gospel of John stands alone and unassailable among the materials of pri-

mitive Christian history. The sober-minded Paul too had borne his witness to the risen Christ; and Peter had referred to the Transfiguration. Not even this narrow footing retains its firmness long. Without pronouncing against the authenticity of the fourth Gospel, Mr. Newman is so much impressed with the colouring evidently thrown over all its contents by the author's own mind, as well as by the negative evidence against the public and stupendous miracles which, half a century after their alleged occurrence, he exclusively reports, that he renounces the book as unhistorical. There remains however the dear and venerated Paul. Alas! he descants upon the gift of tongues! and our author, having fallen in the way of the Irvingite pretensions to this endowment, had learned at once to despise it, and to believe it identical in London with the apostolic phenomena at Corinth. This, with the good apostle's easy faith in trance or vision, betrays such eccentric notions of the logic of evidence, that no high estimate can be made of his testimony to the resurrection. He held himself indeed somewhat proudly independent of all natural sources of information respecting Christ, and declared his gospel to be a separate and personal revelation. Unless we know something of the *process* which Paul interpreted into divine communication, and could assure ourselves that it was not wholly subjective, we should not be justified in accepting objective history on his word. So the apostle of the Gentiles, revered for his spiritual greatness, is allowed, as a witness, to pass dishonoured away. One only hope yet remained. The main and central personage might be divine, though inaccessible through the unskilful reports of companions and followers. There was a message worthy of God to send, and, if the intended object of faith at all, needful for man thus to receive,—the tidings of an immortal life: perhaps after all, Jesus was invested with the Messiahship to be the bearer of this truth. Was he then the Messiah?—For an answer to this question we need not depend entirely on the evangelical records. We know in outline both the history of the Founder of Christianity, and the course run by his Religion. We know also whence the picture is drawn of the Ideal Personage fore-announced as the Messiah. By comparing the pre-conception with the facts,

we can pronounce whether a realization has taken place. Mr. Newman's examination dissipates the Messianic prophecies altogether; and he concludes that the last claim on behalf of Jesus vanishes with them. Finally, he digresses into a collateral discussion of the claims of Christianity on the gratitude of mankind for its beneficent influence on civilization: and he gives it as his judgment, that neither the woman nor the slave has any clear reason for looking on the gospel as an emancipating agency: and that we owe the Reformation, less to the disinterested Scriptures and the energies of Luther, than to the Heathen moralists and the revival of letters. Thus, with relentless perseverance, does our author wage war with every objective support of Religion, and not rest till, by sweeping off every medium, he has left a clear space between the individual soul and God. That with one so rich in devout and lofty sentiment, this may all take place, and cause "no convulsion of mind, no emptiness of soul, no inward practical change," we fully believe; we think the time is come when the whole series of external questions noticed by Mr. Newman should be discussed without expressions of holy horror, as if the ultimate essence of religion were profanely touched: and ere we proceed to declare our strong dissent from the most important of the author's negative conclusions, we desire to accept, upon his own terms, the claim of spiritual fellowship preferred in these admirable sentences:—

"I know that many Evangelicals will reply, that I never can have had 'the true' faith; else I could never have lost it: and as for my not being conscious of spiritual change, they will accept this as confirming their assertion. Undoubtedly I cannot prove that I ever felt as they now feel. Perhaps they love their present opinions *more than* truth, and are careless to examine and verify them: with that I claim no fellowship. But there are Christians of another stamp, who love their creed, *only* because they believe it to be true, but love truth, as such, and truthfulness, more than any creed: with these I claim fellowship. Their love to God and man, their allegiance to righteousness and true holiness, will not be in suspense and liable to be overturned by new discoveries in geology and in ancient inscriptions, or by improved criticism of texts and of history; nor have they any imaginable interest in thwarting the advance of scholarship. It is strange indeed to undervalue *that* Faith, which alone

is purely moral and spiritual, alone rests on a basis that cannot be shaken, alone lifts the possessor above the conflicts of erudition, and makes it impossible for him to fear the increase of knowledge." —P. 201.

When we say that with by far the greater part of Mr. Newman's criticism on the Old Testament, we are disposed to agree, and that we would by no means ask equal and indiscriminate admission for all the contents of the New, it will be plain that we are no Bibliolaters. But in simple obedience to the feeling of literary justice, we must profess our opinion, that the primitive Christian records do not receive fair treatment at his hands. The flaws which he enumerates, even if all admitted to be there, would not invalidate the large masses of history which he treats as worthless on their account: nor is it well to throw away wholesale such fruits of a tree of life,—reproductive seed and all,—in offence at the spots upon the skin. Whether when the necessary deductions have been made, what remains be worth preserving,—whether it be essence or only accident,—must certainly depend on our preconception of what we have a right to expect from the document. If we must find evidence enough to prove the book an oracle, and to establish all the sentiments, precepts and beliefs therein attributed even to its chief personage in the place of obligatory rules or incontrovertible truths, we freely own that the enterprise is hopeless. But that Revelation can be made only in the shape of orders imposed upon the will or information communicated to the understanding, is a postulate which we cannot allow. God may speak to us,—in præternatural as in natural providence,—through our moral perceptions and affections,—according to the manner of Art, by creation of spiritual Beauty, rather than after the type of Science, by logical delivery of truth. In this case, all that can be required of the vehicle is, that it be an adequate and preservative frame-work for the Divine image presented before the human soul. In the Gospels, taken with relation to the Pauline writings, this requisition appears to us fully met. Whatever uncertainty there may be, in this or that detail, as to what Christ *did*, there is surely no reasonable doubt as to what he *was*: and if this be left, then, so far from

all being lost, the essential power of the Christian religion is permanently safe. To our author's strictures on this conception of Christianity we shall hereafter advert : at present we postpone the dogmatic to the biblical question, whether in the Evangelist's writings we possess an authentic and divine picture of character. The tendency of Mr. Newman's mind to external observation is so strong, that he rarely resorts to the higher moral criticism which affects this point. While he repeatedly intimates his opinion that the reverential estimate of the character of Christ is a baseless exaggeration, we remember only two direct apologies for this opinion. The first is stated in the following passage : where, after justly vindicating the position, that miracles cannot turn aside the common laws of morality, he adds,—

“ But if only a *small* immorality is concerned, shall we then say that a miracle may justify it? Could it authorise me to plait a whip of small cords, and flog a preferment-hunter out of the pulpit? or would it justify me in publicly calling the Queen and her Ministers ‘ a brood of vipers, who cannot escape the damnation of hell? ’ Such questions go very deep into the heart of the Christian claims.”—P. 151.

The cleansing of the Temple “ a small immorality! ” an offence against politeness! Yes: the prophetic spirit is sometimes oblivious of the rules of the drawing-room: and inspired Conscience, like the inspiring God, seeing a hypocrite, will take the liberty to say so, and to act accordingly. Are the superficial amenities, the soothing fictions, the smotherings of the burning heart, needful for the common usages of civilisation and the comfortable intercourse of equals, really paramount in this world, and never to give way? and when a soul of power, unable to refrain, rubs off, though it be with rasping words, all the varnish from rottenness and lies, is he to be tried in our courts of compliment for a misdemeanour? Is there never a duty higher than that of either pitying or converting guilty men,—the duty of publicly exposing them? of awakening the popular conscience, and sweeping away the conventional timidities, for a severe return to truth and reality? No rule of morals can be recognised as just, which prohibits conformity of human speech to fact, and

insists on terms of civility being kept with all manner of iniquity. Offensive as may be the *expression* "brood of vipers," it is hardly so offensive as the *thing*; and when corrupt and venomous times have not only generated it, but brought it to coil around the altar, and hinder the approach of hearts too pure to worship it, can any law of God forbid to crush it with the heel of scorn? There are crises in human affairs, when the sympathies of noble minds, like parties in a convulsed and struggling nation, cannot avoid vehement contrast and disruption; when compassion for a deluded people involves open denunciation of the deceivers who ought to be the guides; and when scalding invective,—the *ultima ratio* of speech,—becomes as much a necessity of justice and as little a violation of any worthy love, as an appeal to the sword by the redeemers of an injured Commonwealth. The presumed analogy between Mr. Newman's infliction of personal castigation on a clergyman in the pulpit and Christ's act in driving the sheep and oxen from the temple-courts is not fortunate. Indeed, we must say, in reference to this whole stricture, that Criticism, in its lashing moods, has seldom, in our opinion, plaited a whip of *smaller* cords.

The other moral charge against the Author of Christianity is rather implied than directly stated, and is necessarily mixed up with other considerations not properly *moral*. He gave himself out as the Messiah; and he was evidently *not* Messiah: he must have been conscious of his inability to support the character; yet to the last he refused to quit the pretension. Now we admit, in a certain sense, every one of these propositions: yet maintain that they establish no point whatsoever against the perfect truth and sanctity of Christ. This statement will cease to appear paradoxical, when due allowance is made for the vague and ambiguous meaning of the word "*Messiah*." It is needless to say, that this term denotes no real object *in rerum naturâ*, but a wholly ideal personage, the arbitrary product of Jewish imagination. As in all such cases of mental creation, the attributes assigned to him,—being free from all restraint of fact,—were exceedingly numerous and indeterminate,—involving features personal, political, and religious: nor was the type so rigorously fixed as not to yield, with adequate pliancy, to the plastic pressure of each

believer's individual temperament and thought. The Messianic characteristics needed to satisfy the compilers of the first three Gospels were different from those demanded by the writer of the fourth ; and yet another set were requisite for Paul. How are we to apply a conception so shifting as a criterion of the reality of a divine mission, and of the sincerity of one professing to be charged with it ? It would be easy, in every imaginable case, to find out attributes in the national preconception which would be missing in the individual realization ; the concrete combination of all being simply impossible. True it is, that, conversely, the cases were proportionably frequent in which *some* features were sufficiently present to allow of plausible pretensions to the character. But this only proves how unfit is an ideal image like this to serve as a test of spiritual claims. What are the decisive marks which are indispensable to the assertor of Messiahship ? Mr. Newman seeks them in the Hebrew prophecies which furnished the first lineaments of the conception : and protests that to these representations there is little in Jesus which truly corresponds. But does he forget that, in trying the pretensions of Isaiah and the Hebrew bards, he had already condemned these very passages as empty of all prediction, and justifying no such expectation as was afterwards based upon them ? He thus withdraws the national ideal from the Old Testament ; and then puts it in again for the refutation of the Christian claims : and makes it a charge against Jesus, that he *did not realize certain non-existent prophecies*. The discrepancy between the historical picture in the New Testament and the pseudo-prophetic in the Old, might reasonably be urged by a Jew ; but to Mr. Newman it should rather afford an evidence that the Evangelical narrative is a sketch from the life, and not a mythical fancy-piece imitated from David and Isaiah. No doubt Jesus, by the very act of appealing to the Hebrew Scriptures, assumes their Messianic import, and so betrays his participation in the common misconstruction of their meaning. But this implies no more than such fallibility in matters of intellectual and literary estimate, as every theory must allow which leaves to the inspired prophet any human faculties at all, or any means of contact with the mind of his age and nation. Inspiration in matters of textual criticism and

exegesis can be demanded only by a theology beneath contempt ; and least of all by our author, who so widely separates the functions of the intellect and the soul, and protests against all qualifying of spiritual perceptions by learned judgments. No *moral* charge is established, until it is shown, that in applying the old prophecies to himself, Jesus was *conscious* that they did not fit. This however is not shown and cannot be shown. The absence in him of some of the prophetic lineaments was so compensated by the intensity of others, that no suspicion can be thrown upon the purity and sincerity of his claim ; especially as it was in the accidents of external power that he was wanting, and in the essence of spiritual light that he abounded. He claimed to be " Messiah," it is said ; and " Messiah he was *not*." True ; and if he was *less* than this, we can reverence him no longer. But if he was *more*, only could find no other language than the Messianic in which to interpret to himself and others the feeling of his Divine call, then was the national formula the mere vehicle furnished by history for an essential fact, the modest costume disguising a divine reality : and the only error in the account which Christ gives of himself lies in its affirming far less than the truth. In the theocratic faith which occupied Palestine, two distinct elements co-existed,—the political and the religious ; the former promising external glories according to the type, but transcending the limits, of the united monarchy ; the latter intent upon the realization of a spiritual Ideal, including the restoration of pure worship and the establishment of men in a saintly fraternity in immediate communion with Heaven. As the first of these elements supplied natural materials to the ambition and vanity of pretenders, so did the second offer a receptacle to which the holiest mind and the highest inspiration would not shrink from resorting. So was it, as we believe, with Christ. The political functions of Messiah he never positively denied, or absolutely cleared out from his mere speculative representations of the future. But an infallible moral perception and affections spiritually pre-occupied, detained him from every tendency to realize them ; made him regard their practical occurrence to his mind as a diabolical Temptation ; and drove him into mountain solitudes, when eager multitudes

would set him up for king. Whether, according to the account in the first three Gospels, he dealt with the political part of the Messianic scheme, when it obtruded itself, by *putting it off* into the future; or whether, according to John, he got rid of it by *melting it* absolutely and immediately away in the spiritual; either method is so true to the instinct of a mind too clear and holy to touch what it is not sceptical enough to disbelieve, that we wonder at the preference shown for the vulgar imputation,—“ Depend upon it, Jesus would have raised an army if he could; and only talked about religion, because there was nothing else that he could do.”

The fact to which we have adverted,—the investiture of a spiritual mission with a Messianic form,—explains a phenomenon in John’s gospel to which Mr. Newman applies (p. 146) some severe criticisms. That gospel betrays great vacillation in its estimate of the logical value of miracles: representing Christ sometimes as reproving the demand for a miracle, and blessing those whose faith can dispense with such support; sometimes as appealing to miracle as a just basis for belief. The fact of this mixed appeal is indisputable: and to us it seems in every way suitable to the mixed character sustained by Jesus, as *human* or universal prophet, and as *national Messiah*. The miracles to which he appeals were regarded as the proper *signs* of theocratic *power*; the faith without miracle was the just demand he made on the spiritual sympathies of good hearts. They were severally insisted on in behalf of different positions: the one to prove his Jewish Messiahship; the other, his insight into Divine things hidden from the possible apprehension of no pure soul. In the latter, we are concerned with the permanent life of Christianity; in the former, with its mere door of entrance upon the theatre of human affairs.

The absence of this distinction appears to us a frequent cause of unconscious unfairness in Mr. Newman’s strictures. The rules of estimate which you would apply to a philosophical system are very different from those by which you appreciate an historical development:—in the one case, they are *absolute*, furnished by your conceptions of what is abstractedly true in itself: in the other, they are *relative*, and have regard to actual human conditions, admitting or

excluding what was better or worse. In a philosophical theory, every blemish and omission is justly held to detract from its merits: but in an historical development, such imperfections may be due not to the new but to the old,—to the irremovable data of feeling and belief which the young agency finds in occupation of the field given for its work. This difference is not annihilated, when we have to do with supernatural instead of natural affairs. Revelation may assume the form either of a divine philosophy, professing to furnish unconditioned truth: or of a divine influence cast into the midst of the world's development, and weaving a pattern of more than human art and beauty into the texture of history. It is in the former aspect that our author contemplates the religion of Christendom; and he is thus led to charge upon it many things that cannot justly be laid to its account. Christianity, as presented in the Scriptures, is a composite fabric;—the woof of Christ's personal spirit thrown across the warp of an antecedent Judaism: and it is not fairly answerable for flaws and stains in that which it found already stretched upon the loom. Thus, when Mr. Newman imputes to the New Testament the doctrine, that God punishes men "for holding an erroneous creed" (p. 168), he states what is partially true, yet leaves on the whole an impression quite false. Such a sentiment is entirely foreign to the religion of Christ, as distinguished from the previous Hebrew theology: and everything which resembles it is an uncanceled remnant of the earlier system. From the very nature of the case, every theocratic scheme is necessarily exclusive. The Gospel, born within the limits of such doctrines, could not, in taking all their grandeur, escape at once the whole of their severity. But its entire tendency was to destroy the previous narrowness; and to throw open, as well as purify, the terms of communion with God. For exclusion by *race* and other arbitrary external disqualifications, it substituted exclusion by *spiritual condition alone*. It may be said, that the required spiritual condition involved a creed. Even this however, though undeniably true, is not a characteristic description of the fact. It was reverence for a Person, not reception of Propositions, which constituted the Apostolic test; an allegiance of soul to the heavenly Christ, not an affirma-

tion by the intellect of metaphysic dogmas. And may it not be reasonably doubted whether, under the then condition of the world, any other test could have effected a truer moral partition of that portion of mankind with which the apostles came in contact? If our modern doctrine,—of God's indifference to men's creed,—had been propagated in an age when creed was no affair of conscientious private judgment, but was mixed up inseparably with moral and social causes, and if the Apostle of the Gentiles had preached at Ephesus and Corinth out of the "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," how would the Divine crusade have prospered against the zealotry of Jerusalem and the idolatrous corruptions of the Roman Empire? Paul, avowedly expecting an end of the world, proclaimed a divine classification of mankind in regard to that great catastrophe,—a classification involving probably no such incorrect moral estimate after all. If, by an absurd Bibliolatry, men have imported a division, similar in sound but not in sense, into a stage of the world and conditions of human character never contemplated by him, with what justice are his writings made answerable for the folly and narrow-heartedness of his readers? The same refusal to take any account of historical conditions influences our author's judgment as to the doctrine of demoniacal possession. That this superstition embodied in the Scriptures has been the cause of many evils, is incontrovertible. But causes anterior to Christianity created the superstition: a Bibliolatry, of which Christianity is independent, prolonged it. It is easy to expatiate upon the mischiefs of this or any other error left uneradicated by the new religion: but, unless we take into comparison the state in which the case had been *before* or would have been *without* Christianity, we shut out the conditions of all rational judgment. For ourselves we are convinced that the Dualistic belief expressed in the doctrine of *possession* is truer and more favourable to moral progress, than any theory of unreduced evil accessible under the same conditions of the human intellect. To ask for the religious fruits of physical science, before that science exists, appears to us in the highest degree unreasonable.

The immense extent of ground traversed by our author's Biblical criticism, renders it impossible for a Reviewer to

follow him in detail. We would gladly have said something in defence of the Pauline logic, and the peculiar sources of the Pauline gospel; as well as in correction of Mr. Newman's verdict respecting the fourth gospel,—a verdict which appears to us far too positive and to some extent resting on fanciful grounds. But these topics cannot be fairly treated without a minuteness of discussion of which our readers would justly complain: and we confess our inability, from consciousness of the real difficulties attending them, to deal with them in any very confident and dogmatic tone. We are not sure, however, that the apostolic "logic" which our author so much slights, was not, on some points, sounder than our own: and we cannot share his unqualified distrust of all subjective impressions as media of revelation. We are the less able to discuss these questions with him, because we cannot make a consistent whole of his own logic of evidence in relation to them. He distinctly lays it down (p. 152), that "it is *in the spirit* alone that we meet God, *not* in the communications of sense;" yet objects to Paul's ἀποκάλυψις, that we know not whether "he saw a sight, or heard a sound" (p. 148), and that "he learned his gospel by *an internal revelation*"—(p. 181). He admits that it "was to the *inward senses* that the first preachers of Christianity appealed, as the supreme arbiters in the whole religious question" (p. 156); and that "all evidence for Christianity must be *moral evidence*" (p. 217): yet his complaint is always of the want of *external* guarantee. If all the evidence must be moral and spiritual, then all matters not included in this category leave the evidence untouched: and the religion remains unaffected by the errors in history, geography, construction of miracle, and logic, which our author discerns in its first records. In short, the *proof* is allowed to be exclusively moral and spiritual: yet the *disproof* alleged is historical, scientific and metaphysical.

In his criticism of Doctrine, Mr. Newman comments on the theory of Christianity, to which we have already referred with approval, viz. that the religion is embodied in the Life and Spirit of Christ, who is a perfect man and the moral image of God. He assigns "many decisive reasons," why it was impossible "that such a train of thought could recommend itself to him for a moment." The first of

these reasons is, that Religion would still remain a problem of literature; for, beautiful as the picture of Jesus may be, how but by a refined and elaborate criticism, can we tell whether the portrait may not be imaginary instead of real? We reply; Religion may fitly remain thus far a problem of literature; nor is it apparent how we are ever, except through the medium of preservative records, to be placed in mental contact with the objects of just reverence that have visited our world; yet are these objects the grand agencies for the devout education of individuals and nations. So long indeed as it is asserted that faith in Christ is the *condition of salvation* and the *essential to the Divine favour*, it is grossly inconsistent to make it at the same time contingent on a trembling balance of critical evidence: and against the exclusive scheme of orthodox churches, this objection presses with irresistible weight; for there the propositions to be accepted are of infinite intricacy, and the results of mistake, a hopeless and eternal ruin. But in the theory now before us, the burthen of consequences is reduced to the ordinary freight of truth and error; and the critical problem,—whether such a being as Jesus Christ really lived, and was such as the gospels and Paul represent,—is so simple, that no serious uncertainty can be pretended in respect to it. Mr. Newman appears to us to strain till it breaks the principle that religion must ask for nothing beyond the individual spirit of the most ignorant human being. To insist that it shall owe nothing to the Past, and be the same as if there were no history; to demand that each shall find it for himself *de novo*, as if he were the first man and the only man; to rely, for its truth or its progress, on its perpetual personal reproduction in isolated minds;—is to require terms which the nature of man forbids and the Providence of God will disappoint. Transmitted influence from soul to soul, whether among contemporaries, or down the course of time, is not only as *natural*, but as *spiritual*, as the direct relation of each worshipper to God. Indeed traditional faith,—communicated reverence,—is that which distinguishes the nobler religion of civilized and associated nations from the egotism of Fetish worship: and it cannot be that a tendency which only a few lonely minds are capable or desirous of escaping, is without any proper function in the world. Nor is it

right to judge these Unitarians who are the objects of Mr. Newman's strictures, as if their doctrine were "new," as if they went back on a general excursion through history, and fetched up thence, by their private selection, a person fit to be the moral image of God. They merely attempt to state the essential spirit of a ready-made fact. They observe a past and present Christendom, actually worshipping a God who is the glorified resemblance of Christ. They have not to establish the habit, and make good the whole series of antecedents from which it has arisen : but finding it in possession of the field, to make a just estimate of its intrinsic truth and excellence. Looking at it thus, they simply say, 'This is good, this is the truest and divinest of which we can think ; the moral instinct of Christendom is right.' It will be time enough to present complaints on behalf of the poor and uneducated, when the majesty and sanctity of Christ's mind have practically become as liable to doubt, as the reality of some of the miracles, and the authorship of some of the books. Meanwhile, we believe the intuitive feeling to be perfectly well founded, that superhuman goodness *cannot* be feigned by any act of free imagination ; and to be fully justified by that "vast moral chasm between the Gospel and the very earliest Christian writers," which left upon Mr. Newman himself a "sense of the unapproachable greatness of the New Testament." And after all, come what may of the possibility of critical verification, the Divine Image furnished by the life of Christ is now secured to the soul of Christendom,—presides in secret over its moral estimates, directs its aspirations, and inspires its worship. In proportion as this *educative* function of historical reverence is protracted and complete, does it become of less moment to verify its sources in detail. The eye, once couched and trained to the usages of vision, does not relapse into the dark, when the traces are lost or the knowledge is wanting of the process and instrument of recovery. And when called upon to quit its estimate of the holiness of Christ, by critics who say, 'Give God the praise ; we know that this man is a sinner ;' Christendom, like the disciple blind from his birth, may be content to reply, 'Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not : one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.

To the form of Christianity which we are considering, Mr. Newman further objects that the asserted perfectness in the character of Christ is wholly imaginary ; and, if he were physically human, intrinsically incredible. As the first of these allegations is simply an expression of the author's personal distaste, and is not otherwise supported than by the statement that, for his part, he prefers Fletcher of Madeley (himself, we presume, a disciple), to Jesus of Nazareth, it admits of no reply beyond an expression of surprise at an estimate so singular. Even the vagaries of Rousseau led him to no such eccentricity of scepticism ; and amid doubt of every authoritative claim, he closed the gospel with the acknowledgment that Jesus "lived and died like a God." Certainly, if Dr. Fletcher of Madeley does really appear to our author a *perfect man*, he must and will (whether the fact be recognised or not) so far assume in his mind the function of Christ, as to furnish the richest moral elements to his conception of God. But for ourselves we must confess a difficulty,—unfelt perhaps by Mr. Newman, but common to all dependent minds,—in standing quite alone in admiration, and trusting our absolutely solitary perceptions, as we should those in which thousands of brethren joined with us, and declared the light of heavenly beauty to lie upon the very spot which it paints for us. The established power of a soul over multitudes of others,—its historic greatness,—its productiveness, through season after season of this world, in the fruits of sanctity, *must* inevitably enter as an element into our veneration : and scarcely do we dare, by free homage of the heart, to own the trace of God in another's life, till we find our comrades in sympathy with us. Till then, we feel as though we might be magnifying our idiosyncracies, and throwing over the universe the speck or tint of our own eye. Therefore it is that no private person, even though he more intensely stirs the distinctive affections of our narrow individuality, can ever come into just comparison with Christ, or become the object of that broad and trustful reverence which rather draws the soul out of itself, than drives it more closely inward. We know there must be a limit to this dependence ; and we honour from our hearts those who, from clearness of eye and courage of soul, can be *first* disciples of any prophet of God. But

even they do not contemplate remaining alone ; they live on the concurrence of the future, though not of the present and the past, and attest the ideal need of sympathy to faith. Between the boldness of him who interprets the future exclusively by himself, and the dependent temper of those who correct and confirm themselves by reference to the past, we will not attempt to adjust the balance. But Fletcher of Madeley does not tempt us to sever ourselves from the common consciousness of Christendom. Mr. Newman, in treating of this topic, advances a logical criticism to which we can by no means subscribe :—

“It is not fair to ask (as some whom I exceedingly respect do ask), that those who do not admit Jesus to be faultless and the very image of God, will specify and establish his faults. This is to demand that we will *presume* him to be perfect, until we find him to be imperfect. Such a presumption is natural with those who accept him as an angelic being ; absurd in one who regards him as a genuine man, with no preternatural origin and power. If by sensible and physical proof the orthodox can show that he is God incarnate, it will be reasonable to assume that he is a perfect specimen of moral excellence, and after this it will be difficult to criticize. But when sensible proof of his immaculate conception and of his Godhead is allowed not to exist, and maintained to be abstractedly impossible, I have no words to express my wonder at that logic, which starts by acknowledging and establishing his simple manhood, proceeds to *presume* his absolute moral perfection, *throws on others the task of disproving the presumption*, and regards their silence as a verification that he is God manifest in the flesh.”—P. 211.

In spite of these startling expressions of wonder, we must persist in presuming Jesus to be perfect, till shown to be imperfect. We derive our estimate of him wholly from the picture presented in the gospels,—purified certainly by some critical clearances, defensible by canons of internal evidence,—and so long as this picture presents no moral imperfections, we must decline supplying them out of the resources of fancy. In *presuming* Christ to be perfect, we simply refuse to suppose a drawback on what we see from what we do not see, and insist on forming our judgment from the known, without arbitrary modification from the unknown. No doubt Jesus, as a being open to temptation, was intrinsically capable of sin : but this, as a

set-off against the positive evidence of holiness, no more proves *actual* imperfection, than the mere capacity for goodness in the wicked, proves their actual perfection. How can character ever be estimated but by the phenomena through which it expresses itself in the life? and how can these be set aside by abstract considerations respecting the rank and parentage of the moral agent? According to our author, we are to distrust our own moral perceptions, and believe apparent beauty to be real deformity, until a *physical* proof of Godhead is superadded: and we are, in this instance, to contradict his own rule, that spiritual discernment requires no voucher from external miracle. We are at a loss to conceive in what way a superhuman physical nature could tend in the least degree to render moral perfection more credible. The classifications of Natural History are not to be obtruded upon Religion; and gradations of excellence to be merged in distinctions of Species. Christ had the *liability* to sin, not because he was *human*, but because he was *free*; and whatever presumption of imperfection arises hence, would have arisen no less, had he been an angel of the highest rank. All souls are of one species: or rather, are lifted above the level where diversity of species prevails; so as to range not with Nature but with God. The same Laws, the same Love, the same Will, the same Worship, pervade them all, and make them of one clan: nor is there any portion of the series whence a perfect sanctity might not be evolved with equal possibility and with similar result. It is strange that Mr. Newman should stipulate for the immaculate conception, as a condition of believing any exalted character in Christ; and should forget that the gospel which makes him diviner than all the rest (that of John), knows nothing of the miraculous birth, and teaches, apart from all physical conditions, the very doctrine now the object of remark. That the apostle Paul never dwelt on the earthly life of Christ; that no relics, no *holy coats*, and other results of tender and human affection for an historical personage, appeared in the first age, proves no more than that the expectation of the near Advent withdrew the mind of the early Church from the Past to the Future, and kindled a faith too dazzling for quiet retrospection. The personal object however, though placed in

the imaginary scene before, instead of among the realities behind, was still the same. And as soon as the anticipation of his re-appearance faded away, the eye of the Church, unable to quit the image, changed its direction, and sought him where alone he was to be found, in the fields of Palestine and the courts of Jerusalem; and thenceforth enthusiastic hope was replaced by historic reverence. Indeed the stories of the Birth and Infancy with which two of the Gospels open, show that the retrospective attitude of faith had already been assumed. It is vain to quote Paul against this view, and in favour of an estimate which reduces the earthly life of Jesus to "common-place." If to him the Christ above was the "Ideal of glorified human nature,"—heavenly before his birth, heavenly after his death—how, in the intermediate ministry on earth, could Paul, like Mr. Newman, suppose him quite common and undivine? If the history of that ministry failed to support the impression of the Pauline ideal, how could the Apostle's theory escape the most formidable difficulties? It was the same Jesus that had presented himself in both spheres: and the unity of the character must be preserved by those whose veneration is directed towards him in either. Paul's imagination *descended* from Christ in heaven to Christ on earth; ours *ascends* from Christ on earth to Christ in heaven; and ends with enthroning him where Paul first knew him. Whichever path of transition be taken, the moral conception of the Person must be the same; having on him the traces of that ideal perfectness in the faith of which both theories terminate. The acceptance of Christ, therefore, as the moral image of God, appears to us to be strictly involved in the Pauline Gospel, and to be quite as compatible with a human as with an angelic rank.

Mr. Newman objects in conclusion against this version of Christianity, that it attempts to combine incompatible conditions,—to save free Criticism without sacrificing Authority: and that there is "something intensely absurd in accepting Jesus as the Messiah, and refusing to acknowledge him as the *authoritative teacher*, to whose wisdom we must pay perpetual, unlimited, unhesitating homage" —(p. 212). Now we fully concur with our author in rejecting all notion of an absolute oracle, to whose *dicta*

we are submissively to bow : nor do we know of *any* general proposition which we should think it right to accept *merely* on the word of Jesus. We further allow, that this withdrawal from him of the oracular function probably *is* at variance with the Jewish conception of Messiah's office. But we deny that it is at variance with the Christian conception of a moral type of Divine Perfectness. The most faultless administration of life, the most saintly communion with God, the divinest symmetry of soul, may surely co-exist with limited knowledge : and sinlessness of Conscience does not require Omniscience in the Understanding. To be no great scholar in Chaldee, and ill-read in the Court-annals of the Seleucidæ, and consequently make mistakes about the book of Daniel, and not see what is invisible in the destinies of the Roman empire ;—how does this hinder the exercise of pure affection and the life of holy faithfulness ? Goodness is qualitative ; knowledge is quantitative : and throughout every variety in the quantity, immaculateness is possible in the quality. In the power natural to the higher soul over the lower, in the silent appeal which the beauty of its holiness makes to the struggling and feeble will, there is indeed an exercise of *authority*, and of the only kind that is ultimately possible : but it involves no intellectual dictation, and is indeed consistent with none : it gives not a true proposition to our assent, but a divine object to our perception : and while the moral and spiritual intuition are reverently engaged upon the person, leaves the logical understanding free play among all ideas. Mr. Newman is fond of drawing the distinction between the spiritual and the intellectual in the case of ordinary men. No one demonstrates more convincingly the independence of religious insight on all conclusions of the scientific judgment and states of objective knowledge ; protests more strongly against every demand of *right belief* in matters external as a test of nearness to God ; or better shows the open communion of the Father of lights with his children in proportion to their purity of heart, irrespective of the culture and correctness of the mind. Why is this to be true of the disciples, and false of the Master ? With what consistency is the Spirit of God made indifferent to intellectual conditions in the one case, yet tested by infallibility in the

other? Our author has only to extend to the Founder the conception of inspiration on which he insists in the Church; and he obtains the completest answer to his own demand for an oracular Christ.

The re-action of our author's mind against his early belief does not affect merely his views of the *sources* of Christianity. He criticizes also its *history*; and denies its beneficent agency, even in directions wherein it has hitherto been regarded as scarcely open to challenge. It has done nothing, he thinks, to improve the condition of the woman or the slave: its spread, no less than that of Mohammedanism, has been the work of the sword: and it has rather restricted, than produced, the benefits of the Reformation. Nothing in this volume has so amazed us as the disproportion between the magnitude of these propositions and the slenderness of the grounds on which they are made to rest. First, as to the condition of women; he urges, that "the real elevators of the female sex are the poets of Germanic culture, who have vindicated the spirituality of love and its attraction to character"—(p. 165); that the Apostle Paul, far from reaching any such sentiment, discourages marriage, except as a means of escaping the temptations of passion; and that in the South of Europe, where Germanic feeling has taken no root, the relative position of the sexes is not improved. In relation to this question, as to many others, we protest against the identification with Christianity itself of the personal views of this or that Apostle: we are not to seek in the crude germ of the religion for that which belongs to its full and developed fruit. It is enough (and this surely is incontrovertible) that Paul's doctrine on this subject was a vast *improvement* on the Gentile morality which it replaced; that the rules which he imposed on the administrators and members of the Christian communities were the only ones which could give scope for the spontaneous growth of the best sentiments; and that his treatment of the case, having exclusive reference to the end of the world supposed to be imminent, was never intended to serve for all time, and owed to its provisional purpose whatever is questionable in it. And after all, unjust as it is to measure the ultimate tendency of an historical influence by its incipient phenomena, there does

appear to us a manifest trace, in the first age itself, of an ennobling influence from the recognised spiritual equality of the sexes. The women of Galilee and the sisters of Bethany, the helpers of Paul in Macedonia and Corinth, the martyred deaconesses of Lyons and Carthage, were surely lifted by their faith into a consciousness of the claims of the soul, to which nothing in Pagan antiquity can present a moral parallel. We have no desire to derogate from the just merits of German sentiment; or to establish any competition of pretension between its influence and that of Christianity. But is it too much to say, that, for the production of their beneficent results, the two agencies had to concur; and that if, on the one hand, the religion was comparatively barren till it struck upon the German soul, so, on the other, that soul had but the latent capacity for nobler development, till quickened by reception of the religion? We certainly believe that the chief function of the first eight centuries of the Church was to hand over the religion to its proper receptacle in the Teutonic mind,—there for the first time to exhibit on a large scale its native vitality and find its appointed nourishment. Still, if we remember right, the chivalric poetry arose, not in the Germanic race, but among the Romanesque tribes of Spain, France, and Italy; and flourished most where the Albigensian spirit had freest way and the power of the priesthood was most weakened. Sismondi remarks the coincidence, in the Romance literature, of an elevated sentiment towards woman, with bitter satire upon the clergy: and we apprehend it was a true instinct which led the poet, inspired with any delicate and noble love, to turn his antipathies upon the sacerdotal system. That system it is which to this day prevents the sanctity and lowers the dignity of domestic life in the south of Europe; and makes the difference between the love which figures in an Italian opera, and that which breathes in the strains of Tennyson. It cannot be pretended that the Papal and priestly institutions, at whose door this evil is to be laid, afford any true representation of the religion of Christ. Wherever the characteristic sentiments of Christianity have had free action, wherever the faith has prevailed that life is a divine trust, committed to souls dear to God, equal among themselves, and each the germ of an immor-

talities, there and there alone has domestic affection been so touched with reverence and confidence, as to retain its freshness to the end, and afford a chastening discipline through life. The doctrines about the "Rights of Woman," which have sprung from theories of political equality, and disowned the partnership of religious sentiment, have invariably produced great moral laxity: and, in spite of high imaginative talk, fascinating to excitable natures, yield nothing truly noble, but only the monster greatness of mingled intellect and passion. The man and the woman can never learn each other's infinite worth, except in the absence of the priest, and in the presence of their God. Who can deny that this secret has been learned among the lessons of a Christian civilisation?

The credit assigned to Christianity as the foe of slavery is also, in our author's opinion, unmerited. No apostle denounces the system; which receives indeed a sort of sanction from the silence of the New Testament respecting it, and from Paul's act of sending back Onesimus to his master Philemon. Good Pagan Emperors of Rome softened the rigours of slavery, but during the several centuries in which Christianity acted in the empire, it produced no opposition to the system. In modern times, serfdom was abolished by the Kings in their desire to raise the chartered cities as an arm against the barons. And black slavery received its first act of abolition from atheistic France; its next from England, impelled by that one among her sects which least regards the letter of Scripture.

This style of criticism is so evidently founded on the conception of Christianity as an oracular system, bound to pronounce distinctly on all considerable matters, human or divine, that in simply treating the religion as an historical development through the influence of reverence for a person, we have already suggested the reply. The operation of such a cause was necessarily gradual, and could not produce the sudden and general protests demanded by Mr. Newman. Its action was not through any revealed economy of social life, but through the introduction of men, one by one, into spiritual relations incompatible with the sentiments of the slave. That Christianity opened its arms to the servile class at all, was enough: for in its em-

brace was the sure promise of emancipation. In proof of this we need no other witness than our author himself, who says :—

“ Zeal for the liberation of serfs in Europe first rose in the breasts of the clergy, after the whole population had become nominally Christian. It was not men, but Christians, that the clergy of the Middle Ages desired to make free.”—P.167.

What more emphatic expression could the religion give of its hostility to slavery than this, that all men were to become Christians, and that no Christian should remain a slave? Is it imputed as a disgrace, that it put conversion before manumission, and brought them to God, ere it trusted them with themselves? To our mind this is the true and divine order,—a new life within to rule the new lot without,—Conscience, Lord of the Soul, invoked to succeed the feudal lord of the soil. If Christianity were patient of Heathenism, if it had no generous propagandism, it might be charged with narrowness in only redeeming its own. But its Missionary spirit forbade its ever providing itself with slaves from the Pagan class, while its own children had their liberty. It created the simultaneous obligation to make the Pagan a convert, and the convert free. That this tendency exhibited but faint traces in the earliest age of the Church is due, not merely to the small comparative numbers of the disciples, but no less to their expectation of an immediate close to this world's affairs. The only reason why Paul sanctioned contentment with his condition in the converted slave, was that, for so short a time, it was not worth while for any man to change his state; he that was free, was already the Lord's bondsman; and he that was bound, the Lord's freeman. In proportion as this anticipation retreated, society began to feel the tendency of the new religion. Doubtless the condition of the servile class was ameliorated by the legislation of good Pagan emperors: and not only the precepts of Seneca, but the edicts of Hadrian, Trajan and Antoninus, attest the growth of just and humane sentiments. But the steady agency of Christianity availed incomparably more than the happy accident of wisdom and virtue in a Prince. All its ordi-

nances were open indiscriminately to bond and free ; nor was servile birth any disqualification for the discharge of Church functions,—from the humble office of the two slave-girls mentioned in Pliny's letter to Trajan, to the dignity of the Episcopate itself. This rule stands in strong contrast with the Roman law, according to which no public office could be held by a slave. The exercise of the sacred duties suspended the rights of the master, and in case of the permanent assumption of the monastic habit, or the appointment to a bishopric, entirely abolished them. The Christian indissolubility of marriage seriously curtailed the owner's established rights, though it was long before it openly took the *legal* place of the previous *contubernia*. The influence of the Church was vigorously exerted against the barbarous treatment of the servile class : and Clement of Alexandria enjoins the bishop to reject the offerings of masters, “ qui fame, verberibus, acerbo dominatu, familiam suam vexarent.” And when an ill-used slave fled from the persecution of his owner to a Christian altar, he found a powerful protection in the officiating ecclesiastics ; who were bound to intercede actively on his behalf, and, failing of success, to permit to him the usual shelter of the sanctuary. Constantine was the first to enact laws against separating the members of the same servile family ; justifying his edict by the words, “ Quis enim ferat liberos a parentibus, a fratribus uxores, a viris conjuges segregari ? ” Mr. Newman mentions, among the horrors of Roman slavery, that “ young women of beautiful persons were sold as articles of voluptuousness : ” but he does not mention that the first Christian Emperors authorised the clergy to redeem from the *Lupanaria* the wretched victims who had there suffered the fate of St. Agnes ; or that, by a law of Theodoric, the seducer of a slave girl was not only bound to her thenceforth, but subjected for life to her master's service. An indication of the direction which was assumed by the sympathies of the new religion is afforded by the fact, that from the time of Constantine, the process of manumission was for the most part transferred to the Church, and formed part of the ceremonies at Easter, and the other ecclesiastical festivals. And under the auspices of Christian Emperors, the facilities for manumission were so greatly increased, that after the impediments removed by

Justinian, freedom became the rule, and slavery the exception, among the poorer subjects of the empire.* So clear, indeed, is the tendency of Christianity on this matter, that if our author had made his attack from the opposite side, and contended that its doctrines *proved too much* against servitude, and assumed with too little qualification the capacity of each man for self-rule, we should have felt more hesitation in expressing our dissent. We certainly feel that the religious impulse under which, in Christian times, every assault upon slavery has been conducted, requires for its wise and efficient operation a larger admixture of worldly moderation and economical forethought, than zeal and generosity are willing to allow.

But few words will be needful in reference to our author's theory of the Reformation. In his view, this great event is due, not to the *Bible*, but to *Free Learning*, especially to the moral works of Cicero and Boethius, which "effected what (strange to think) the New Testament could not do" (p. 158). He inclines to think that the change would have been better brought about, if Luther had never lived; and while crediting the Pagan writers with the recovery of Europe, convicts the Scriptures of inefficiency, for not having prevented its previous lapse into barbarism and superstition.

The Reformation arose, *not* from the Bible, *but* from Free Learning! This appears to us like saying that the harvest comes, not from the seed-corn, but from good farming; or that the ship makes its voyage, not by the wind, but by navigation. Would our author have had the Bible produce the Reformation *without* Free Learning,—that is, without being applied to the European mind at all? If not, what is the meaning of this false antithesis, between the state of the human faculties and the object on which they are employed? and of the strange exaction

* See Plin. Traj. Imp. Lib. x. ep. 97. Justinian's Novella, cxxiii. 4. v. 2. Clem. Alex. const. apost. iv. Cod. Theodos. ii. tit. 25. Gibbon, Ch. 44. and Blair's Inq. into the State of Slavery amongst the Romans, *passim*; especially pp. 127, 168-174; and 247, where it is shown that "St. Paul would, under any circumstances, have had no choice, but to send Onesimus to his master. The detention of a fugitive slave was considered the same offence as a theft, and would, no doubt, infer liability to prosecution for damages, under that head, or under the rules with regard to corrupting slaves,—or the Aquilian law, respecting reparation of injury done."

that the Scriptures, once put on parchment, should be able, whether men could procure and read them or not,—to overrule all the causes of internal corruption and external ruin, beneath which the Roman civilization succumbed? A “self-sustaining power” like this, a power to remain independent of perturbation from foreign influences, and to evolve like phenomena from the most unlike conditions of the human mind, is intrinsically inconceivable. Be a religion ever so divine,—from the moment that it is con-signed to human media and delivered to the keeping of mankind, it inevitably shares the fate of all the intellectual and spiritual possessions of our race, and rises and sinks with the tides of history. If our author’s favourites,—the Latin moralists,—accomplished at the revival of learning what the Scriptures could not do, they availed as little as the Scriptures to prevent its previous decline; and when Europe “sank into the gulf of Popery,” she had Cicero and Boethius, no less than “the Bible in her hands.” But “without free intellect,” as Mr. Newman truly observes of the ancient Attic literature in the hands of the Greeks of Constantinople, “the works of their fathers did their souls no good:” and is not the plea equally valid that, without free intellect, the works of evangelists and apostles could do the souls of disciples no good? No Protestant ever disputed the need of Free Learning as an essential condition of the Reformation: and the only question is, whether the modern changes in the religion of Christendom arose from the free study of the Scriptures, or from the free study of the Pagan writers? It is difficult to discuss such a question with gravity. If our author really thinks that the Huguenots derived their inspiration from Seneca and the Puritans from Cicero; if he imagines Marcus Antoninus in the pocket of the Brownists, and Epictetus beneath the pillow of John Knox, he entertains a conception of modern history more peculiar than that of the Anglican theologians themselves. We had always imagined, that from the time of Petrarch, the ancient literature was nowhere more assiduously studied than in Italy; which, nevertheless, witnessed no “improvement of spiritual doctrine,” and was not assuming, under the patronage of the Medicis and the Papacy of Leo, a course of development very promising for religious

truth and moral earnestness. The assertion that the Reformation would have been more beneficent, had the Reformers never lived, belongs to a kind of speculation which appears to us fruitful in delusion. That concurrently with the rise of those great leaders there existed a general ferment of mind in Europe favourable to their influence, is undeniable: that, if they had not appeared, this condition would have manifested itself in some direction, drawing into it many of the energies which they bespoke, we do not doubt: but that this substituted phenomenon would have been "the Reformation," analogous in its characteristics and equivalent in its merits, is a proposition beyond the reach of human evidence; belonging to the computation of contingents, the *scientia media* of Molina's God. It is as little possible to conceive of the Reformation without Luther, as to imagine an Evangelicism without Paul, or even a Christianity without Christ.

A few topics in this volume we must leave untouched; an omission which will be more readily excused, we fear, than the handling of so many. In parting from it, we re-state our conviction that Mr. Newman exaggerates the resources of the purely subjective side of Religion, and undervalues its objective conditions. A spirit like his own may doubtless draw, from the mere depth of its inner experience, a faith and trust adequate to the noble governance of life. But just as the Intellect of mere metaphysicians, spinning assiduously from its own centre without fixed points of attachment for its threads, produces as many tissues of thought as there are original thinkers; so the Soul of mere spiritualists, in attempting to evolve everything from within without any datum of historical reverence, must create as many religions as there are worshippers. As we have faith in a Common Reason, so have we in a Common Conscience, of mankind; the eye, in the one case of natural, in the other, of divine truth: but liable, in both instances, to the same law,—that *objects* not ideal but real be given for perception and appreciation; objects, not different for each observer, but large and conspicuous enough to fix simultaneously the universal vision. The grand objects of the physical universe, discernible from every latitude, look in at the understanding of all nations, and secure the unity of Science. And the

glorious persons of human history, imperishable from the traditions of every civilized people, keeping their sublime glance upon the Conscience of ages, create the unity of Faith. And if it hath pleased God the Creator, to fit up one system with one Sun, to make the daylight of several worlds ; so may it fitly have pleased God the Revealer, to kindle amid the ecliptic of history One Divine Soul, to glorify whatever lies within the great year of his moral Providence, and represent the Father of Lights. The exhibition of Christ as his Moral Image has maintained in the souls of men a common spiritual type to correct the aberrations of their individuality, to unite the humblest and the highest, to merge all minds into one family,—and *that*, the family of God.

ART. V.—SOCIAL ASPECTS.

Social Aspects. By John Stores Smith. London, 1850.

THIS is an admonitory or exhortatory work, full of good intention but too vague and declamatory to be useful. The author's mind, too, has been strongly impressed by the leading thoughts and the prevailing mannerism of some of our most popular writers, and so some confusion is occasioned to the reader, as of one listening to many echoes. He takes a gloomy view of our social prospects, thinks that there is no worth or honesty in our civilization, that it is full of inward rottenness and hastening to ruin, and being of opinion that the old civilizations perished not from political but from moral causes (an opinion which without some definite explanation of the degeneracy of character conveys no instruction), he applies himself to the various departments and fountain heads of moral influence, and exhorts them, with unsparing contempt for their present "inanity," to be true, honest, earnest, and high souled.

The method is somewhat needlessly minute. Thus, the Introduction, after three short sections on the decay of Nations, the function of civilization, and the standard or ideal man by which to judge our actual, occupying in all only thirty-two short pages, is followed by a section of "Pause and Survey," retracing the ground already travelled.

We have complained of this work as vague. Let us give an example. The author portrays an ideal man, as a measure by which to "estimate the English people of to-day." He might have satisfied himself with the detailed portraiture of Christianity, for it is difficult to perceive what "fixed standard" is obtained from such outlines as these,—that the ideal man must possess Spirituality, Truth of nature, Courage and Earnestness, and have his life "one proud and unwavering effort to act in conformity with Conscience." We add his own summary of the ideal of a manly life. "It may be summed up briefly as the intense desire, resolve, and endeavour to discover God's

will, and having discovered it, to act in obedience to it, in the face of the whole universe, if it be that it stands between us and that obedience ;—that also must be kept in view.” Tried by this Ideal within him, the author sees nothing around him but emptiness and barrenness, with the exception of some insignificant material things, and “leaving it for others to trumpet the praises of the times,” he “confines himself to an enunciation of its evil features.”

Accordingly, in “the social and domestic tendencies of the Age” he sees little but self-conceit and exaggeration, material standards of respectability, rival upholstery, emulative millinery, and the heart eaten out of love and home by vain strivings after appearances and fashionable measures of living and expenditure. There is much truth in all this, but it is so far from being the whole truth, that it stands considerable chance of being rejected as altogether false. The nineteenth century will hardly recognize its own likeness in this perplexing picture. “It does nothing but run up and down the land, bedecked with its phylacteries, like a hen that has laid her virgin egg, and knows not what to make of it, strutting noisily about, and cackling, with endless repetition, ‘Look at me! Admire me! I have laid my egg—I am the Nineteenth Century!’”

In the “Morality” of the age he sees only an outward polish and an inward looseness; and Cider Cellars, Casinos, Walhallas, and the licentiousness of the streets, so distress his moral perceptions that he cannot get their corruption out of his eyes. We earnestly trust that what is unquestionably true and needed in his protests will not be injured by its one-sidedness—but we must say that what exactly is meant by Casinos, and Walhallas, will be a mystery to multitudes.

In “the Education and Position of Woman,” he sees only “frivolity and vanity,” “Crochet and Berlin wool work,” “antimacassar and doylies,” and a system that aims to create “luxurious, gay-coloured butterflies,” “accomplished yet ignorant; fashionable, yet vulgar to the core; eye-dazzling, but heart-sickening; a race who are entitled to the name of ‘fine girl,’ or ‘elegant creature,’ but can never, without mockery, bear the hallowed name of woman.”

In "Literature" he sees only "flippancy and comicality," mechanisms and materialisms, and mere beauties of style.

In "Religion" he finds that "the God of Englishmen is a union of Mammon and Public Opinion; their Heaven Success in life; their Hell 'Not getting on.'"

We give the author credit for excellent purpose, and in his analysis of our moral state there is much truth of perception and force of rebuke, but some more genial perception of the good that belongs to the Age would have saved his book from the fate that we fear awaits all Jeremiads.

An author, too, that assumes so high a tone challenges the utmost severity of moral criticism. We must say, then, that we do not think that such Morality as this is likely to mend the Age:—

"The character of King David has ever been a stumbling block to men; they have not been able to understand how he could be an adulterer, a murderer, a debauchée, and yet the man after God's own heart.—David had one of the strongest and most vigorous souls ever sent upon the earth. The consequence was, that when the scum and residue of his fleshly excesses fastened upon his soul it had strength to rise against them, enter into conflict with them, and cast them away. The bodily sin had not its corresponding influence upon his powerful soul, and therefore to the God of soul was no sin; and thus the high active-souled adulterer could be the man after God's own heart!"

We do not know why the author should close this passage with a note of admiration, unless it was to anticipate and neutralize any such mark which his critics might be tempted to affix. As far as we can understand the doctrine of the passage, it is, that, the more spiritual a man is by God's gift and inspiration, the more safely, and the more innocently, he may set at nought moral Principle, and the Law of holiness. We have not so learned Christ. Holy impulses and a strong soul are not charters of licentiousness, but measures whereby to number the stripes to be inflicted on low indulgence.

And an author who demands in a book "simply recorded thought," ought not to have made the demand in a passage, which shows that it might not be impossible to satisfy him with less:—

" The next fact that must also force itself upon any man who comes to survey this literature from the older ones, or from the oldest of all, God's living literature of nature, and not from the conventional estimates of its dignity and worth, will unquestionably be the extreme scarcity of *thought*; a scarcity almost amounting to a total absence. That a book is, or should be, simply recorded thought, does not appear to be accepted in these days. We can find traces of a certain plausible argumentativeness; of considerable reflection in the practical branches of Literature; and even of empirical thought, forced upon the utterer by the progress of this* subject; but can rarely or never find any trace of a fierce ebullience of reflection that arose within the deeps of the soul, fermented therein until it gained its points of overboiling, and then only issued forth into public view when it had burnt its way out, so to speak, and could not any longer be contained."

* So in the book: possibly a misprint for "his."

ART. VI.—HISTORY OF JESUS.

A History of Jesus. By W. H. Furness. Boston : 1850.
12mo. pp. 291.

WE took up this book with a lively hope and expectation. No religious publication is more needed than a *Life of Christ* which, while it supplies all the information, and mere learning, necessary for an elucidation of the records, will also make us feel the moral Power that came into the world, and show us a living Energy of the spiritual God, in whose presence, and beneath whose spell, we lose all wonder that it was deemed sufficient for the regeneration of mankind. The *Life of Christ* that is needed is a *Life* that will explain the power of Christ's Religion. We have none such in our language. Perhaps Neander's is the nearest approach to it in any language. Ware's "*Life of the Saviour*" was written for children, with an express intention of accommodation to their understandings, and Christianity cannot be worthily represented in this way. There are obvious indications of the mind letting itself down, and lowering its temperament, and so falling into the unintentional levity of making its theme less than itself. Milman's most instructive *life of Christ*, in the first volume of his *History of Christianity*, is all that could be desired, so far as external matters are concerned—but of spiritual intensity there is none; he never seeks to penetrate to the soul of Christ, even so far as to give a unity to his character and conduct; and if the Gospels were withdrawn, and only that Biography left, no one would understand the wonderful results that have ensued. We had good reason to anticipate that Mr. Furness, if he attempted the difficult task, would furnish a *life of Jesus*, sufficient in information, and eminently successful in the delineation of the living Glory, that was the power of God unto Salvation. He has long exerted a mind of no ordinary spiritual sensibility on this high theme. Many years ago he published a work, entitled "*Remarks on the four Gospels*," in which his principal object was to reach

the springs of Christ's life, to unfold the perfection of his character, and show the moral harmony that pervaded the most mysterious manifestations of its loftiness and beauty. In later years he re-issued this work, greatly enlarged, under the title of "Jesus and his Biographers." Meanwhile, *Lives of Christ*, both critical and practical, have been appearing in remarkable abundance, and, in their several ways, of an exhaustive fulness. When Mr. Furness, with such aids, and after such repeated trials and preparations, returned a third time to his great task, we looked for a complete work. We had hoped for a book that would enable us to put into the hands of young people a quickening exhibition of the living energies of Christianity, and be a treasure to our children's children. We acknowledge an entire and startling disappointment. Almost all difficulties of an historical kind are purposely evaded. The story of Christ's life is not told, but only remarked upon. A succession of sketches of moral impressions of Jesus makes up the volume, with no more array of events and details than is sufficient to illustrate and verify the moral view. Even the spiritual delicacy and sensibility that were the peculiar charms of his former volumes, are not apparent here. Often in an attempt to remove the deadening power of customary words, he uses a familiar phraseology, which, to employ a strange expression of his own, "belittles" the narrative. Mr. Furness has a strange theory of Miracles. He holds them to be as natural to Christ, as the commonest powers that we possess are natural to us. This view he has elaborately supported in his former publications, but here he proceeds upon it without systematically laying it down, and the consequence is, that all that he says upon miracles bears the mark of mere arbitrariness. His idea is, that what we call miraculous power is only the natural accompaniment of faith and spirituality. If so, then how were miracles natural to the Apostles before the after-facts of the Resurrection had conveyed to them either faith or spirituality? If so, why then do we not witness now some approaches to miraculous power correspondent to the higher measures of faith and spirituality? Why has the holiest of believers no more power over physical causes, or to introduce a higher spiritual cause so as to suspend

physical ones, than a sot or a clown? One thing, however, is both instructive and remarkable, the profound impression of reality and of naturalness which such a theory exhibits as left upon a spiritual and most honest mind by the Character of Christ as presented in the Gospels.

It would really pain us, like the infliction of an injury on a valued friend, to quote from this History, so much more highly do we rank his former publications on the same subject. We can only account for the failure on the supposition that Mr. Furness, wishing to write a complete History of Jesus, and not wishing to repeat himself, was unable, from the large fragmentary contributions he had already made to such a work, to bring his mind again to the task with freshness and concentration, and so wrote loosely from general impression and remembrance. We are far from saying, that this History will not repay a perusal, for it is well to be constantly refreshing our image of the Life of the Son of Man, and viewing it from the lights and positions of all holy and earnest minds; but we sincerely hope that no one will do Mr. Furness the injustice of estimating his appreciation of Christ and Christianity from the "History of Jesus," without also studying "Jesus and his Biographers."

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No. XXIV.

ART. I.—LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR.
CHALMERS.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vols. I. & II. 1849, 1850.

WE had not intended to notice the life and character of this remarkable man until his biography was completed. It appears, however, that life is short, and art is long. Two volumes have appeared, the second more than a year after the first, and we are brought only to his forty-third year. There remains behind the most memorable part of his career, in which the biographer, who has taken the infection of his father-in-law's style and characteristic phrases, will delight to "expatiate," overlaying it with profuse quotations from published and unpublished writings,—the two professorships at St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and the mighty battle of the Free Church. Lest through long delay some staleness should creep over the subject, we are compelled to forego the gratification of presenting an entire view of Dr. Chalmers' Life, and to make such use as we can of the materials at our command. This will tend to confine us to the narrative, and oblige us to postpone moral criticism and general estimates, for we cannot fully understand the beginnings of life, the developments of character, until we see their end. It is far more true that no man can be understood before his death, than that no

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man should be pronounced happy before his death. We might, indeed, attempt to supply what the biographer has left unrecorded of Dr. Chalmers' life, from his own writings and from the journals of the period, but we prefer to wait for the fuller information, with its more personal colouring, which Dr. Hanna alone can supply.

Thomas Chalmers, born March 17, 1780, in Anstruther, in the county of Fife, was the sixth child in a family of fourteen. His father, John Chalmers, a pious and worthy man, though apparently with some peculiarities that formed part of the probation of his quicker and more impetuous son, is described as a dyer, ship-owner, and general merchant, in that seaport. We suspect from some occasional mention of the back-shop, and other such symptoms, that these general designations do not convey very distinct information of the first scenes of the child's experience. We regret this, for such knowledge is always deeply valuable; and that the father, whatever might be his surroundings, was a man to be honoured for his rare union of piety, wisdom, and tenderness, one letter to an erring son* is sufficient to display. As one of the symptoms we refer to, it is said that neither parent had time to give him even ordinary care, the consequence of which was the almost complete abandonment of the child, though under its parents' roof, to a ruffian nurse whose cruelty and deceitfulness he used to describe with fresh torrents of indignation in his very latest days, and to escape from whose brutalities he was sent to school, on his own earnest petition, at the tender age of *three* years. This seems incredible, for infant schools did not exist in Scotland or elsewhere in 1783; and the poor child is represented as having only made the doubtful exchange of an inhuman nurse for a diabolical parish schoolmaster, a blind savage who nursed his self-importance, and avenged his insignificance, and consoled his despised sufferings, by despotic tyranny and self will exercised on helpless children. It was a miracle, a miracle wrought perhaps by the drop of parental love, some weekly moments of tenderness, in the midst of all this poison, that the child was not utterly ruined: and God must make human nature very good, the child's heart very nigh to the Kingdom of Heaven, to withstand such treatment, so

* Vol. I. p. 35.

often as it does, and come out of it true, pure, and loving. In this school he remained till his twelfth year, with as little gain either of knowledge or of intellectual training as was possible, but establishing for himself the undisputed reputation of the idlest, strongest, merriest, most generous-hearted, and withal the cleverest, boy in Anstruther. Before this time he had long fixed his destination in life. Perhaps the clerical profession more than any other takes at an early age its votaries or its victims, as the only one that has the opportunity of impressing the imagination of childhood. It shows how deep is nature's imprint that young Chalmers, whose latest power lay very much in sounding and flowing sentences, when missed one evening at the age of three, was found pacing his nursery in the dark, in a fever of excitement, pouring out the words, "O my son Absolom! O Absolom, my son, my son!" The ordinary story is told of his preaching from a chair to an infant auditor, but his favourite text, on which he had already made up his mind to preach his first sermon, was unusually mild for such precocious ardour,—“Let brotherly love continue.”

Not yet twelve years old, and not yet having learned to spell, he was enrolled a student in the United College of St. Andrew's. One of his contemporaries who had entered College at a still earlier age was John Campbell, the present Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. At that period the Colleges of Scotland supplied the place of upper schools to their youngest students: an evil that remains but partially unabated to this day. St. Andrew's was not without an accomplished scholar and teacher in Dr. John Hunter, but the boy had not enough of the rudiments of Latin to profit by his instructions. We doubt whether the wanting knowledge was ever very liberally supplied. Many years after he became a minister we find him making some preparations to enable him to read the New Testament in Greek. The first two years of his college course were largely occupied, as was not improper at his age, with “golf, football, and particularly handball, in which latter he was remarkably expert, owing to his being left-handed.” In the third year of his course he had his intellectual birth-time under the fascination of mathematics, to the study of which, and of the natural sciences generally, he

always continued to exhibit a strong bias. He was fortunate in an eminent teacher, Dr. James Brown, in whose rooms he enjoyed the excitement of occasional intercourse with Sir John Leslie, and Mr. James Mylne, afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow. Young Chalmers, through some revulsion of taste and animal spirits from the narrow Toryism and severe Calvinism of the domestic minds at Anstruther, delivered himself up for a time to the liberal tendencies in Religion and Politics of these eminent men, though he never fully understood their principles.

In his fifteenth year he was enrolled a student in Divinity Hall, though as yet he was far enough from being a student of Divinity. Dr. Hill, the Professor, whose Lectures on Theology are now a text book in Scottish Colleges, smitten with some sense of the natural repulsiveness of Calvinism, and hence led to some doctrine of Reserve, had cautioned his young divines against bringing it too broadly forward in the Pulpit. This was far more repulsive to the ingenuous boy than Calvinism. "If it be truth, why not be aboveboard with it?" He seems ever after to have treated what fell from Dr. Hill as so much idle air,—in Mr. Carlyle's pet phraseology to have looked on the Professor as a windbag. And when asked why it was that in his class-room his thoughts were always occupied with something else, he replied, that he questioned the sincerity of the Lecturer. This is note-worthy of a lad of fifteen. We may well suppose that there was some inward fountain of inspiration that sustained him in this independence, and led to his involuntary rejection of whatever seemed formal and hollow. "I remember," he says, "when a student of divinity, and long ere I could relish evangelical sentiment, I spent nearly a twelvemonth in a sort of mental elysium, and the one idea which ministered to my soul all its rapture was the magnificence of the Godhead, and the universal subordination of all things to the one great purpose for which He evolved and was supporting creation."—The peculiar eloquence which won his renown, and which was inflated and juvenile to his latest day, displayed itself very early. It was the custom at St. Andrew's for the more pious of the townspeople to attend the daily prayers in the Divinity Hall conducted by the Theological Students,

and Chalmers' turn to pray, though only a youth of sixteen, always produced a full hall, and the prayers as described were high-wrought rhetorical declamations on the works of God, and the miseries of society, and the horrors of the French war. He is perhaps the only instance of a man of real eminence who, in the maturity of his mind, found it possible to use the compositions of his boyhood. Dr. Hanna tells of him, that in his sixty-second year, "Dr. Chalmers met in solemn convocation with upwards of 400 of the Evangelical ministers of the Church of Scotland, assembled in Edinburgh to deliberate in prospect of the Disruption; and when, standing in the midst of them, the veteran leader of that noble band sought to stir up all around him to an enthusiasm equal to the great occasion which they were about to face, he took up the very words of an old College exercise, and no passage he ever wrote was uttered with more fervid energy or a more overwhelming effect." This is really a remarkable anecdote; but it gives an air of unreality to the whole scene. Here is the objectless effusion of his youth, which Dr. Chalmers used as if it had just been struck out into life and utterance by the excitements and responsibilities of a great occasion:—

"How different the languor and degeneracy of the present age from that ardour which animated the exertions of the primitive Christians in the cause of their religion. That religion had then all the impressive effect of novelty. The evidences which supported its divine origin were still open to observation. The Miracles of Christianity proclaimed it to be a religion that was supported by the arm of omnipotence. The violence of a persecuting hostility only served to inflame their attachment to the truth, and to arouse the intrepidity of their characters. Enthusiasm is a virtue rarely produced in a state of calm and unruffled repose. It flourishes in adversity. It kindles in the hour of danger, and rises to deeds of renown. The terrors of persecution only serve to awaken the energy of its purposes. It swells in the pride of integrity, and, great in the purity of its cause, it can scatter defiance amid a host of enemies. The magnanimity of the primitive Christians is beyond example in history. It could withstand the ruin of interests, the desertion of friends, the triumphant joy of enemies, the storms of popular indignation, the fury of a vindictive priesthood, the torments of martyrdom. The faith of immortality emboldened their profession of the gospel, and armed them with contempt of death. The torrent of opposition they had

to encounter in asserting the religion of Jesus, was far from repressing their activity in his service. They maintained his cause with sincerity—they propagated it with zeal—they devoted their time and their fortune to its diffusion. Amid all their discouragements they were sustained by the assurance of a heavenly crown. The love of their Redeemer consecrated their affections to his service, and enthroned in their hearts a pure and disinterested enthusiasm. Hence the rapid and successful extension of Christianity through the civilized world. The grace of God was with them. It blasted all the attempts of opposition. It invigorated the constancy of their purposes. It armed them with fortitude amid the terrors of persecution, and carried them triumphant through the proud career of victory and success.”—Vol. I. p. 24.

From College, in his eighteenth year, Chalmers went to be private tutor to ten children in a family where from unbecoming treatment, and his own high temper, he found a most uncomfortable residence. He quarrelled with the ladies, because he would not spare and injuriously indulge his elder pupils. He quarrelled with the master, because he would not submit to be treated as a menial, to keep in his own room when visitors were expected, and hold his tongue in company. He quarrelled with the servants, because they were inoculated with the insolence of their employers. The natural man was evidently very strong in him at this period, and he was far enough from being meek and chastened in a wise dignity, but the arrogance that wounded and provoked him was far more unjustifiable than the proud spirit of the youth. “Sir,” said his employer, “you have too much pride.” “There are two kinds of pride,” was the reply; “there is that pride which lords it over inferiors, and there is that pride which rejoices in repressing the insolence of superiors. The first I have none of—the second I glory in.” Such scenes could have but one termination, and Chalmers, at the age of nineteen, now licensed as a preacher, the objection of his youth being overcome by the consideration, that he was “a lad o’ pregnant pairs,” betook himself from the ungenial tutorship, after a brief interval at Edinburgh, where he studied under Playfair, Hope, Stewart, and Robinson, to the more dignified offices of Assistant Minister at Cavers, and Assistant Mathematical Professor at St. Andrew’s. He devoted himself to his

Professorship with an enthusiasm which he did not feel for his Ministry. He taught Mathematics with the ardour of a poet, and lectured upon it in such an imaginative and declamatory style, that the old School of instructors, summarily and unjustly, concluded that all close and scientific teaching must necessarily be neglected. We cannot wonder, indeed, at Mathematicians, whose conventional instruments of instruction never exceeded black boards and white chalk, taking fright at a youthful professor addressing his class in this style:—"Newton, we invoke thy genius! May it preside over our labours, and animate to the arduous ascent of philosophy. May it revive the drooping interests of science, and awaken the flame of enthusiasm in the hearts of a degenerate people. May it teach us that science without virtue is an empty parade, and that that philosophy deserves to be extinguished which glances contempt on the sacred majesty of religion." The eloquent Mathematician carried with him the young students, but disgusted his more sober colleagues. The superannuated professor, whose assistant he was, expressed his scruples; and Chalmers, we fear, fired up on the score of his independence, and lost his dignity. He made an appeal to the students, reproved and reproached his principal before the whole College, and was dismissed. He was not a man to sit passive under such an affront. Although only just presented to the living of Kilmany, by the College of St. Andrew's, in whose gift it was, he resolved under the provocation of his injuries to open rival Mathematical Classes the next Session, at St. Andrew's. Kilmany was but nine miles distant, and Chalmers, who at this time had no idea that any intellectual man could be engrossed with the duties of a Clergyman, thought St. Andrew's, as a winter residence, quite near enough to his village charge. He succeeded, to a considerable extent, in attracting the University Students, but the very questionable spirit of the whole proceeding peeps out in the Introductory Lecture, which must have been curiously unacademical.

"I feel not that science has deserted me, though I breathe not the air which ventilates the halls of St. Salvator.—I have only to lift my eyes and behold the students of a former Session. With

them I was wont to indulge in all the intimacies of friendship. A summer spent in the labours of my profession has not effaced them from my memory. I will say more: it has not effaced them from my affections. I bless the remembrance of that day when they first attempted the high career of science. It was to me a day of triumph. It is from that day I date the first rising of my literary ambition—an ambition which can only expire with the decay of my intellectual faculties. My appearance in this place may be ascribed to the worst of passions; some may be disposed to ascribe it to the violence of a revengeful temper—some to stigmatize me as a firebrand of turbulence and mischief. These motives I disclaim. I disclaim them with the pride of an indignant heart which feels its integrity. My only motive is, to restore that academical reputation which I conceive to have been violated by the aspersions of envy. It is this which has driven me from the peaceful silence of the country—which has forced me to exchange my domestic retirement for the whirl of contention.”

Unseemly disputes grew out of this state of things. The University was braved, and attempted to coerce the students. One of the professors alleged that Chalmers had broken faith with him, inasmuch as he had given him his vote for Kilmany, on the express condition that he was not to continue to teach in St. Andrew's. Chalmers wrote to contradict the charge, and receiving no reply, met the professor in the streets, and summoning witnesses, pronounced him the author of a false and impudent calumny. He then extends his warfare, and adds Chemistry to Mathematics. With three classes of mathematics, with his lectures on Chemistry, in which he seems to have combined great industry with his usual eloquence, and with the pulpit of Kilmany, all upon his hands together, he writes thus buoyantly to his father:—"I am living just now the life I seem to be formed for—a life of constant and unremitting activity. Deprive me of employment, and you condemn me to a life of misery and disgust."

A contest of so singular a character, maintained with great spirit, and exhibiting so much of the fertility and self-reliance of genius, could not be witnessed without attracting zealous favourers, and conciliating many who could not altogether approve; and it speaks well for all concerned that an enterprize originating in hurt feeling, was carried on so chivalrously, that even enemies were

won over to interest and admiration, and the very professor who was the most likely to be injured, was among the first to do justice to the impetuous purity of his rival. Chalmers seems at all times of his life to have been extremely sensitive to anything like personal offence, and to have been absolutely uncomfortable and incapable of repose, until he had done something to rebuke it. This breaks out on the slightest occasions in very amusing forms. We shall cite two instances, which are also not bad specimens of his picturesqueness of style, which always consisted more in a happy selection of lively and graphic words, especially in moral descriptions, than in any direct exercise of imagination. He travels to London and meets an Exclusive in the coach :—

“ Found in the coach from Carlisle this morning, a lady and gentleman from Carlisle. The former disposed to be frank and communicative, but apparently under some controul from the gentleman, who had probably prepared her to expect a very vulgar company. He had the tone and the confidence of polished life, but I never in my life witnessed such a want of cordiality, such a cold and repulsive deportment, such a stingy and supercilious air, and so much of that confounded spirit too prevalent among the bucks and fine gentlemen of the age. They give no room to the movements of any kindly or natural impulse, but hedge themselves round by sneers, and attempt to awe you into diffidence by a display of their knowledge in the polite world. Give intrepidity to weather them out. I sustained my confidence. *I upheld the timidity of the company*, and had the satisfaction of reducing him at last to civility and complaisance.”

In this same visit to London, he meets a lady whose repressive stiffness and coldness are thus hit off :—

“ By the way, I have no patience for Mrs. ——— ; not a particle of cordiality. about her ; cold, formal, and repulsive ; a perfect stranger to the essence of politeness, with a most provoking pretension to its exterior ; a being *who carries in her very eye a hampering and restraining criticism* ; who sets herself forward as a pattern of correct manners—while she spreads pain, restraint, and misery around her ; whose example I abominate, and whose society I must shun, as it would blast all the joy and independence of London.”

Indeed at this early period of his life his sensitiveness

to supposed insult amounted to a kind of possession, and any attempt to restrain him from the vindication of his wounded honour threw him into fits of wildness. Some members of his Presbytery thought his mathematical engagements at St. Andrew's incompatible with his clerical duties at Kilmany, and his pleading before the Presbytery is nothing short of raving, and very juvenile raving too:—

“Unfortunate misunderstandings arose, which it is neither for you to hear nor for me at present to explain. I shall only say that I was deserted both by my employer and the University, and my career as the Mathematical assistant was at last closed by the ignominy of a dismissal from my employment. I was now disposed of. I was consigned to the obscurity of the country. I was compelled to retire in disgrace, and leave the field to my exulting enemies. They had gained their object—a name expunged from the list of competition—no further disturbance from interlopers—no literary upstart to emulate their delicious repose, or to outstrip them in public esteem—no ambitious intruder to dispel our golden dreams of preferment, or to riot along with us in the rich harvest of benefices. I have few friends—no patronage to help me forward in the career of an honourable ambition. All that I had to trust in was my academic reputation and the confidence of an enlightened public. But where is the enlightened public *to which a slandered mathematician may appeal?* There is no more such an enlightened public in St. Andrew's than there is in the interior of Africa.—I know nothing from which religion has suffered so severely as from the disgrace of its teachers. Compel me to retire from my classes, and you give a blow to the religious interests of my parish which all the punctualities of discipline will never restore. You render me the laughing-stock of the country; you cover me with infamy; you render me the object of public contempt and public execration. Compel me to retire, and I shall be fallen indeed. I would feel myself blighted in the eyes of all my acquaintances. I would never more lift up my face in society. I would bury myself in the oblivion of shame and solitude. I would hide me from the world. I would be overpowered by the feeling of my own disgrace. The torments of self-reflection would pursue me; they would haunt my dreams; they would lay me on a bed of torture; they would condemn me to a life of restless and never-ceasing anxiety. Death would be to me the most welcome of all messengers. It would cut short the remainder of my ignominious days. It would lay me in the grave's peaceful retreat. It would withdraw me from the agitations of a life that has been persecuted by the injustice of

enemies, and still more distracted by the treachery of violated friendship."—Vol. I. p. 85.

On another occasion he thus speaks before the Presbytery, of the brother clergyman who brought forward the motion against him:—

"I will defy him to find a single individual who will say that I have been outstripped by any of my predecessors in the regularity of my ministerial attentions, or who will say that he has discovered anything in my conduct which betokened a contempt for religion or indifference to its sacred interests. What more will the gentleman require of me? Has he any right to control me in the distribution of my spare time? I maintain he has none. I spurn at the attempt as I would at the petty insolence of a tyrant; I reject it as the interference of an officious intermeddler. To the last sigh of my heart I will struggle for independence, and eye with proud disdain the man who presumes to invade it."

Yet the man who could rant in this vein against compulsion, concedes of his own accord all that was required, confines himself in the second year to the chemical lectureship, which we suppose was not in competition with a University class, and then quietly retires to the duties of his parish. It was some time however before he wore off the ambition of being a teacher of Science. He was successively a candidate for the Professorship of Natural Philosophy at St. Andrew's, and of Mathematics at Edinburgh. His first publication originated in the competition for the Mathematical Chair at Edinburgh. Professor Playfair had stated that the successful pursuit of science was inconsistent with clerical duties and habits, and Chalmers put forth anonymously a vehement reply, in which he says "the author of this pamphlet can assert, from what to him is the highest of all authority, the authority of his own experience, that after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." This shows his indiscretion, and his slight estimate, at the time, of the preacher's and the pastor's office. A time came when he found every moment he could command but too little to satisfy his own feelings of their duties,

and when he sought in shame and sorrow to suppress this rash publication.

His next publication, which followed shortly after, and before the spiritual absorption of his mind began, was on the Stability of National Resources. Bonaparte had issued his Berlin Decree closing the ports of the Continent against British vessels, and Chalmers undertook to demonstrate, "that the whole loss which the country should suffer, even if the measures of Bonaparte were to succeed, would be the loss of those luxuries which foreign trade supplied—not any diminution of that general fund out of which these luxuries were paid for, and by which all our manufactures were upheld; and, if that fund remained entire, then, with less to do in ministering to personal enjoyment, it would have more than ever to offer to Government for the upholding of national independence." He forgot that without the stimulus of foreign trade the articles of home manufacture, that pay for these luxuries, would not be brought into existence, or, if brought into existence, would not be the articles that were wanted, and would find no purchasers.

Dr. Chalmers' early theology was orthodox but moderate. He preached an Atonement, but declared that its necessity as a reparation of violated justice must be rejected by all free and rational inquirers. His first preaching seems to have been exclusively moral, and though he held the peculiar doctrines of his Church they had no very strong hold upon him. A long and severe illness, which threw him out of the pulpit for nearly a twelvemonth, wrought a complete change, not in his opinions, but in his spiritual state, habits, and complexion. It filled him with a vivid and abiding sense of human mortality. It opened to him this life in the sight of eternity. It gave him trembling earnestness, and a new appreciation of the responsibilities of one whose office it is, to harmonize and reconcile the temporal and spiritual aspects of existence. He came forth from the shadow of death with the feeling that all that was not immortal was unreal, and that all actions were positively sinful that were not directly animated by the love of God. Henceforth original sin became identified in his eyes with forgetfulness of God. To establish innate corruption, he held it enough to say, "God is not in

all your thoughts." Henceforth human imperfection, inability to compass an ideal, and reach a perfect standard, became identified in his eyes with a salvation conferred through the imputation of Christ's righteousness. A deeper thirst after holiness led him to a deeper consciousness of human weakness, and the fear that man who could not satisfy himself could not satisfy God, found relief in a vivid realizing of the faith that he had always nominally held, that he had not to work out a salvation for himself but only to accept that which was already wrought out for him by the Saviour of Men. And if Trust in God's love and grace as we know it through the manifestation of the Father in the Son, be but substituted for Trust in Christ's merits, this doctrine of Salvation is essentially true. No man can reach a perfect standard; no man can save himself by a Law of Holiness; nor is there any standard nor any Law so unchanging that it will not rise into new loftiness as a man spiritually ascends. Yet a man who cannot satisfy himself may be satisfying God. God's children can never reach their limit, in this world nor in any world, yet God at each moment may bless their aspiration, and approve their struggle, and mercifully distinguish between failure of strength and disloyalty of Will. To rest on God in love and humility, and aspire upwards even when we feel ourselves sinking, and to feel that without cleaving continually to Him and receiving at every moment His forgiveness and His aid, so far from having power to climb the upper heights of Heaven we could not escape the abyss even of the sins we hate,—this is essentially what Chalmers meant by accepting a Salvation that is wrought for us; and the very same spiritual necessities and conditions which he satisfies by the doctrinal expression of Atonement and imputed Righteousness, we satisfy by the truly filial relations of the Soul to a holy and a loving God, as established and illustrated by Christ. His biographer apparently dates his conversion from this illness. We too would date from it his new birth, his spiritual vitality, an infusion of holy earnestness and reality into all his thoughts, views, and purposes, but we see no sign of any changes of opinion but such as necessarily flowed out of his new hunger and thirst after righteousness. New born from the dead he was: he was now in earnest what before he was only nominally,

constitutionally, or perfunctorily,—without, at least, the entire consecration and devotion of his being. This change in the fervours of his spirit necessarily gave a different complexion and significance to the very same doctrines which before he had conventionally held.

From this time, now in his thirtieth year, his absorbing interest is the cause of religion, and the spiritual benefit of mankind. Shortly after his restoration to his pulpit we have an entry in his Journal in which, as in God's presence, he abandons all other ambitions. Yet it is curious to remark his lingering hold upon such science as he can legitimately bring into the service of his profession.

“Have conceived the idea of abandoning severe mathematics, and expending my strength upon theological studies. Eminence in two departments is scarcely attainable. Let me give my main efforts to religion, and fill up my evenings with miscellaneous literature. The sacrifice is painful, but I must not harass and enfeeble my mind with too much anxiety; and let me leave myself entire for all those discussions which are connected with the defence of Christianity, the exposition of its views, and the maintenance of its interests as affected by the politics or philosophy of the times. The business of our Courts and the dignity of our Establishment will of course afford a most animating subject for the joint exercise of speculation and activity.—O my God, prosper me in all my laudable undertakings, and let Thy glory and the good of mankind be the uttermost concern of my heart. Political economy touches upon religious establishments, and a successful or original speculation in this department may throw an *éclat* over my ecclesiastical labours.”

We have an amusing illustration of the change that now took place in his views of ministerial faithfulness and labour. There was an old parishioner, John Bonthron, who took liberties, and spoke plainly, and sorely tried the temper of his sensitive and intellectual pastor by dulness and misunderstanding, and tiresome visitations.

“‘I find you aye busy, Sir,’ said John, ‘with one thing or another, but come when I may, I never find you at your studies for the Sabbath.’ ‘Oh, an hour or two on the Saturday evening is quite enough for that,’ was the minister’s answer. But now the change had come, and John, on entering the manse, often found Mr. Chalmers poring eagerly over the pages of the Bible. The difference was too striking to escape notice, and with the freedom given him, which he was ready enough to use, he said, ‘I never come in now,

Sir, but I find you aye at your Bible,' 'All too little, John, all too little,' was the significant reply."—Vol. I. p. 262.

Now commenced the season of his popularity; for now for the first time he preached like a man who felt the supremacy of spiritual interests, and who found exercise within his profession for the highest gifts of his nature. He thenceforth lived amongst his people, visiting the sick, lecturing and examining at stated times, from house to house, and exercising a large and genial hospitality. His preaching became what it remained ever after, vehement, passionate, full of the glowing reiterations of unexhausted and inexhaustible moral interest; and the people flocked as they will always flock when seriousness, ardour, and genius meet in the same man. The church heretofore deserted became thronged, and to hear Chalmers became a great spiritual excitement to distant visitors.

There are some interesting notices during this period of his domestic relations at Kilmany. One of his sisters lived with him up to the time of her marriage, which was soon followed by his own. His house was always open to any members of his family whom he could serve, educate, or nurse, and it would appear that he had taken upon him the charge of one or two of his younger brothers. Yet there were manifest troubles connected with his housekeeping. His parishioners, and not unfrequently his visitors, were rude in their manners, and Scotch in their drinking habits, and sometimes he found it impossible to restrain intemperance without doing violence to his genial feelings as a host. These things were at all times a bitter shame and distress to him, and as his character acquired weight and grandeur no such licence was dreamed of in his presence. He was also clearly liable to the irritabilities and nervous distresses of an intellectual man, whose mind, quick and rapid in all its own operations, is readily fretted by insensibility and dulness. He could not, without sore pain, go in daily harness with slow and obtuse, or with common-place and small-minded people. These points are lightly touched, but he was much tried by what he calls the offensive peculiarities of some of his relations. His impatience under the trial, or his want of a perfect Christian gentleness and dignity, are recorded in his Journal

with much penitence and prayer. We have no doubt that he tried himself in such duties by a very high standard, and that not only his conscientiousness, but his habit of energetic expression, the wonderful force of his language, will convey an exaggerated idea of his infirmity to many who are without his consciousness of sinning in this direction, only because they are without his sensibility to sin. Most of us have felt the burden of precious and pledged time swept away by an unexpected visitor on the endless waves of unmeaning talk, but few of us would record our feelings with the same tremendous judgment on the impatience of our regrets. John Bonthron must have been a sad bore. On one occasion Chalmers had kindly invited him to supper, "and told him with emphasis that they supped at nine." The man came *at eight* the night *after*, and the record is: "All forbearance and civility left me, and with my prayers I mixed the darkness of that heart that hateth its brother. This is most truly lamentable, and reveals to me the exceeding nakedness of my heart. All my works gone through with cheerfulness, because there is nothing in them to thwart a natural feeling, or a constitutional tendency, can never be received as evidence of good, while self-denial is so little practised,—while duty is shrunk from the moment it becomes painful,—while gentleness is unfelt, and with my profession of faith that God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven me all, I in fact can forgive nothing, and suffer the most trifling incidents of life to hurry me away from all principle and from all charity. Oh, why was not this present to me at the time of offence?"—He was so keenly alive to his constitutional inability to bear meekly the irksome peculiarities of inmates, that at one time he made a resolution against marriage, lest some unforeseen annoyance should betray itself. The contrast in peace, energetic industry, and sweetness of feelings, between the days on which he was fretted by the irritations of domestic unsuitableness and his days of solitude, seemed to mark out single life as his bounden duty, and he even records the resolution of never hampering himself again with a regular housekeeper from his own family, if, without any breach of affection and true kindness on his part, fortune should ever set him free from the arrangements of that kind which were then in

existence. We must give one illustration of what he calls his "peculiar warfare," though rather at Anstruther than Kilmany, and it is also no bad example of the pomp and magniloquence of his style even on ordinary occasions, and the effect and energy of his cumulative moral descriptiveness.

"I think I am behaving well. I can scarcely force myself to talk when I am inclined to be silent, but I may at least ward off the assaults of anger. Now, this I have done; and while the Ehs? and the Whats? reciprocate in full play across the table, and explanations darken rather than clear up the subject, and entanglements of sense thicken and multiply on every side of me, and Aunt Jean tries to help out the matter by the uptakings of her quick and confident discernment, and confusion worse confounded is the upshot of one and all of her interferences—why, even then, I know that it is my duty, and I shall strive to make it my practice, to stand serene amid this war of significations and of cross-purposes, and gently to assist the infirmities which I may be soon called to share in."—*Vol. I. p. 228.*

His affection for the sister who habitually lived with him appears, notwithstanding the spectres which then frightened him from domestic thoughts, to have been strong and satisfying, and out of his close friendship with this beloved sister we have a grudge against the biographer. When she married and went to live in England, Chalmers commenced a correspondence with her which "descended to the humblest local intelligence, the minutest incidents in the family history of friends and parishioners being faithfully chronicled," with reservation always of the last page "to the great concern." Now all this daily life of the man he is portraying, in his manse, in his parish, in his pulpit, among his family, chronicled in minutest detail, the biographer inexplicably chooses to omit, and "bringing these last pages together," gives us a long string of religious admonitions and exhortations which may have been of great interest and value to an affectionate sister, but are absolutely worthless and characterless to the reader, bring out no personal features in either correspondent, and serve only to heap up and repeat imperfect expressions of Chalmers' thoughts upon religion. Shortly after this sister left him, he married. It is easy

for a man with disengaged affections to resolve upon study and a single life. When his heart is no longer his own, he forgets both his apprehensions and his resolves, and eagerly embraces a happier fate. He was married in his thirty-second year to Miss Grace Pratt, who had been residing for some time with an uncle at Kilmany, with whom, we are told, thirty-five years of unbroken domestic happiness were enjoyed.

Eloquence is among the rarest gifts of God, and the fame of the great preacher soon pervaded Scotland. A vacancy occurred in the Town Church of Glasgow, and after a vehement contest during which it was freely reported that the fervent evangelist was mad, Chalmers was elected. He nobly refused to give the smallest pledge of acceptance whilst the contest was pending, and long hesitated in his choice between the vast city and the dear valley and beloved people of Kilmany. He had a terror of the visitations and secular engagements of a large town. He seems never to have thought of Glasgow without a vision of unlettered multitudes battering at his hall door, and storming his study. The reality proved almost as bad as the apprehension, and his piteous pleadings against this evil, and the grandeur of his indignation, are sometimes ludicrously lively. He took every precaution by stipulation and express agreement, and previous announcement of his secluded habits, to guard his time and privacy—but he had a constant battle to maintain, and with unsatisfactory results. “I know,” he says, previous to his election, in a letter to one of his supporters, “of instances where a clergyman has been called from the country to town for his talent at preaching; and when he got there, they so belaboured him with the drudgery of their institutions, that they smothered and extinguished the very talent for which they had adopted him. The purity and independence of the clerical office are not sufficiently respected in great towns. He comes among them a clergyman, and they make a mere churchwarden of him.—It shall be my unceasing endeavour to get all this work shifted upon the laymen; and did I not hope to succeed in some measure I would be induced to set my face against the whole arrangement at this moment.”

He preached his first sermon in Glasgow on the 30th

March 1815, and the following is a portion of a very lively description of his appearance on that occasion in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk :"—

"At first sight no doubt his face is a coarse one, but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it, that such as have eyes to see cannot be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large half-closed eyelids have a certain drooping melancholy weight about them, which interested me very much, I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigour in their central fulness of curve. The upper lip, from the nose downwards, is separated by a very deep line, which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheek-bones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in colour, and have a strange dreamy heaviness, that conveys any idea rather than that of dulness, but which contrasts in a wonderful manner with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets, and illuminated into all their flame and fervour in some moments of high entranced enthusiasm. But the shape of the forehead is, perhaps, the most singular part of the whole visage; and, indeed, it presents a mixture so very singular, of forms commonly exhibited only in the widest separation, that it is no wonder I should have required some little time to comprehend the meaning of it. In the first place, it is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I ever met with—being far wider across the eyebrows than either Mr. Playfair's or Mr. Leslie's—and having the eyebrows themselves lifted up at their exterior ends quite out of the usual line, a peculiarity which Spurzheim had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical or calculating geniuses—such, for example, if I rightly remember, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, Kaestener, Euler, and many others. Immediately above the extraordinary breadth of this region, which in the heads of most mathematical persons is surmounted by no fine points of organization whatever, immediately above this, in the forehead, there is an arch of imagination, carrying out the summit boldly and roundly, in a style to which the heads of very few poets present anything comparable, while over this again there is a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love, such as might have graced the bust of Plato himself, and such as in living men I had never beheld equalled but in the majestic head of Canova. The whole is edged with a few crisp dark locks, which stand forth boldly, and afford a fine relief to the death-like paleness of those massive temples. * * * * Of all

human compositions there is none surely which loses so much as a sermon does when it is made to address itself to the eye of a solitary student in his closet, and not to the thrilling ears of a mighty mingled congregation, through the very voice which nature has enriched with notes more expressive than words can ever be, of the meanings and feelings of its author. Neither, perhaps, did the world ever possess any orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says—whose delivery, in other words, is the first, and the second, and the third excellence of his oratory—more truly than is that of Dr. Chalmers. And yet were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question these, his lesser peculiarities, would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His voice is neither strong nor melodious, his gestures are neither easy nor graceful; but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward; his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial, distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearer leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree. But, of a truth, these are things which no listener can attend to while this great preacher stands before him armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence, and swaying all around him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low drawling key, which has not even the merit of being solemn, and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo that gives promise of that which is to come. There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him that affects and distresses you. You are afraid that his breast is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then, with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters, and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendour of its disimprisoned wings.—I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style; but most unquestionably I have never heard either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his.”—Vol. II. p. 5.

Strange accounts are given of his unparalleled popularity, which sometimes led to indecorous and ludicrous incidents. Even in decorous London the crowds were so

great as to block up access to the chapel before it was full, and on a plank, projected from one of the windows, lords and ladies had to make good their entrance. It was not unusual for some of his hearers to start to their feet, and give the relief of expression to their feelings. Professor Young, the eloquent professor of Greek, used to jump upon his seat and stand rivetted and in tears, and once clapped his hands in an ecstasy of delight. On one occasion, in his own Church, to prevent a crowd in the evening which greatly oppressed him, he announced that he would repeat in the second service the sermon of the morning. But this had no more of a repressive effect than the announcement that Mrs. Siddons was to appear again in *Lady Macbeth* would have had. A broad aisle, leading to the pulpit from the main door of the Church, he had directed to be kept vacant for the sake of ventilation. But when all other space was filled the pressure outside broke the door from its hinges, and over the fallen leaves the torrent flowed up the passage to the pulpit-stairs. A countryman who had got in early, had taken advantage of the time and fallen asleep. "Wakened by the crash of the doors and the rush through the passage, he started up, looked stupidly for a moment or two at the crowd, and then exclaimed, so loud as to be heard by all around him, 'Gude guide us ! they say the man canna speak when the trance [passage] is fu'; he'll no speak muckle the nicht !'" Dr. Wardlaw was present, and the very amusing question put to him by Dr. Chalmers, as they walked home together, if he was not wicked but perfectly simple-minded, as we believe he was, is a rare instance of childlike innocence.

"He expressed in his pithy manner his great annoyance at such crowds. 'I preached the same sermon,' said he, 'in the morning; and for the very purpose of preventing the oppressive annoyance of such a densely-crowded place, I intimated that I should preach it again in the evening;' and with the most ingenuous guilelessness, he added, 'Have *you* ever tried that plan?' I did not smile—I laughed outright. 'No, no,' I replied, 'my good friend, there are but very few of us that are under the necessity of having recourse to the use of means for getting thin audiences.' He enjoyed the joke, and he felt, though he modestly disowned, the compliment."—Vol. II. p. 160.

The cause of this great popularity to a reader of Dr. Chalmers' Sermons, and still more to one who has heard himself deliver them, was manifestly in his prodigious earnestness. His writings will not live, for they are all essentially *speeches*, addressed to the heart through the ear, not to the mind through the eye. He was profoundly serious, and this seriousness had at its command the warm colourings of a most tender affectionateness of nature, all the resources of a picturesque fancy, and the impressive vehemence of a vast, though uncouth, physical energy. The effects he produced are largely accounted for by a saying of his own, that the only figure of speech he had the smallest respect for was Reiteration. The happy expression of condensed thought, no one will look for in his writings. They every where display a rich but confused and disordered nature, set into a glow by some strong impulse. To listen to them for impression's sake must have been delightful; to read them is as wearying, distracting, and discontinuous, as to look all day into a kaleidoscope. The most illogical of writers, he was yet the most kindling of speakers. Heber said of him that he had the worst style on this side of Chaos; and Robert Hall, who yet highly honoured his gifts, at one time said of him, "that he was like a door upon its hinges, perpetual motion and no progression,"—and at another, "that he was the finest gold-beater he had ever known." If a man had the faculty of thinking upon his legs, and before an audience, with as little obstruction as in his closet, then his extempore speaking, supposing him to have the same rich nature, would be fully as logical and elaborate as Chalmers' writing. It was because he wrote just as he would have spoken, with no more condensation or method than if the thoughts had come to him whilst standing in the pulpit, that he accomplished what we believe no man else ever accomplished, a prodigious popularity with a closely-written and a closely-read Sermon. But what gave effect to his preaching ruined his authorship. We know nothing in this way more distressing, if you wish to know his views upon any important subject, than the endless repetitions and whirlwinds of his words. But he read like an extempore speaker, because he wrote like one. An old woman, who would not in any other person endure

paper in the pulpit, being reproached for inconsistency in admiring Chalmers, replied, "Nae doubt; but its *fell readin' thon*." We give a specimen of his most popular style of preaching. The Sermon was on the Dissipation of large Cities, and in behalf of the Magdalene Asylum. It shows the moral tone of Glasgow, thirty years ago:—

"We have our eye perfectly open to that great external improvement which has taken place of late years, in the manners of society. There is not the same grossness of conversation. There is not the same impatience for the withdrawalment of him who, asked to grace the outset of an assembled party, is compelled at a certain step in the process of conviviality, by the obligations of professional decency to retire from it. There is not so frequent an exaction of this as one of the established proprieties of social or of fashionable life. And if such an exaction was ever laid by the omnipotence of custom on a minister of Christianity, it is such an exaction as ought never to have been complied with. It is not for him to lend the sanction of his presence to a meeting with which he could not sit to its final termination. It is not for him to stand associated for a single hour, with an assemblage of men who begin with hypocrisy, and end with downright blackguardism. It is not for him to watch the progress of the coming ribaldry, and to hit the well-selected moment when talk and turbulence and boisterous merriment are upon the eve of bursting forth upon the company, and carrying them forward to the full acme and uproar of their enjoyment. It is quite in vain to say, that he has only sanctioned one part of such an entertainment. He has as good as given his connivance to the whole of it, and left behind him a discharge in full of all its abominations; and therefore, be they who they may, whether they rank among the proudest aristocracy of our land, or are chariotted in splendour along, as the wealthiest of our citizens, *or flounce in the robes of magistracy*, it is his part to keep as purely and indignantly aloof from such society as this, as he would from the vilest and most debasing associations of profligacy.

"The words underlined do not appear in the Sermon as printed. While uttering them, which he did with peculiar emphasis, accompanying them with a flash from his eye, and a stamp of his foot, he threw his right arm with clenched hand right across the book-board, and brandished it full in the face of the Town Council, sitting in array and in state before him. Many eyes were in a moment directed towards the magistrates. The words evidently fell upon them like a thunder-bolt, and seemed to startle like an electric shock the whole audience."—Vol. II. p. 153.

Dr. Chalmers was wisely a firm adherent to the paro-

chial administration of Religion ; for in Scotland there was sufficient unanimity of belief to render the system practicable. He regarded himself as the Minister of the Tron Parish, accountable only for the Tron Parish ; not bound to spend his time in seeking out, at the ends of the earth, those who flocked to hear him from whatever quarter ; but bound to look after, and provide for, the spiritual condition of those who lived within the bounds of his parish, whether they ever came to his Church or not. He never felt himself called upon to act as a Pastor to those who came to his Church out of their own parish, however regular and permanent might be their attendance at his services, or however munificent might be their contributions to the religious machinery he worked. By concentrating himself in this way on a defined locality, he wrought an amount of good, and with a gladdening and satisfying result, which never can attend ministrations to a congregation, the individuals of which are dotted here and there through a vast population, and over an immense extent of square miles.—His first great object was the visitation of his parish, consisting of about eleven thousand souls. This visitation was one of inspection only, and was conducted with all possible rapidity. His accompanying elder toiled after him in vain, and was cheered along by the pleasantry, “ Well, if you were to speak your mind, you would say we were putting the butter very thinly on the bread.” An old woman, of whom he took a rapid survey, besought him not to leave her without a prayer, but he hurried on with the apology, that to pray in every house would take him ten years to get through the work. The result of the inspection was, that the great majority of the people had no connection whatever with any ministrations of religion, and that all the children in the parish who were in attendance on Sabbath Schools did not exceed one hundred. For these evils he devised the remedy of local Sabbath Schools, apportioning a separate School, when found necessary, to each court, and wynd, and lane, and assigning the defined district to some one pledged teacher and preacher as his parish. By his example, his energy, his persuasiveness, and the magic of genius when accompanied by goodness, he succeeded in making others work for and with him, and it is said that these local Sabbath Schools exist

to this day. He was as eager to attack the Pauperism as the irreligion and ignorance of his Parish. He held extreme views of the demoralizing operation of a Poor Law: and he would have each Parish to provide for its own, not compulsorily, but through the unforced aids of kindness and neighbourhood,—supplementing these by any organized benevolence, only after the natural supplies had failed, and rather incurring the risk of leaving some suffering untended than of closing the voluntary sources of its alleviation. The poor of Glasgow were at that time supported, partly by the proceeds of a collection made each Sunday at the Church doors, and partly from a compulsory tax. The first of these funds was not left at the disposal of each Church and its Minister, for the supply of their own Parish, but given over to the General Session for the relief of the whole town; and the fund raised by legal assessment was committed to the disposal of another body, called the Committee of the Town Hospital. When a man became a pauper, he was first sent, by certificate and recommendation from his own parish Church, to the General Session; and when the support they could afford to give appeared too little for the case, he was then sent on, upon their certificate, to the Town Hospital for a fuller allowance. This Chalmers compared to a Charitable Institution with two doors; the first of which was not very strictly guarded because those who sought entrance at it did not ask for much, and because, as soon as they asked for more, they were hurried out at the other door, and so passed on to larger resources, and got rid of altogether by those who had given them their first easy admission. Dr. Chalmers' great desire was to have his Parish in his own hands, engaging, if the whole management was left to himself and his people, to provide for the pauperism of the Parish out of the collections made at the doors of his own Church. Some legal difficulties prevented such an arrangement within the old Parish of the Tron Church, and after much anxiety and exertion an entirely new Parish was carved out for him, with a population of ten thousand souls. To the new Church of St. John's he removed on the 26th August 1819, having been just four years at the Tron Church. The Parish consisted of 2,161 families, of whom only 845 families had seats in any place of worship, and even this pro-

portion, it is said, "gave no adequate idea of the extent to which church-going habits had been relinquished." Here he found it necessary to establish Parochial Day Schools, as well as Sunday Schools; and when he left Glasgow and St. John's four years after, he left behind him three new sets of School Buildings, giving a superior education at a very cheap rate to 793 children. When Dr. Chalmers undertook the charge of the parish of St. John's the cost of its pauperism averaged annually £1,400; and the whole amount of the collections throughout the year at the church doors was £480. Here, to begin with, was an attempt to provide for the pauperism of the district by about one-third of the previous expenditure. But far more than this was accomplished. The maintenance of the poor was kept down to a yearly average of £280, and a balance of £200 remained for purposes of Parochial Education. The Education and the Pauperism of the Parish were in the same hands, and so by a system of household visiting carried on by pledged agents, and made so easy by subdivision that each agent had not to devote to the work more than three hours in the month, through the force of personal influence and the higher feelings and motives called into operation, pauperism was not so much relieved as prevented. Dr. Chalmers' principle was that nothing should be done by public institutions, until all that could be drawn from individual industry, from the affection, or the shame, or the sense of duty, of relations, and from the natural sympathies of acquaintance and neighbourhood, was seen and exhausted. At the beginning it must have required some sternness and hardihood to rely upon these principles, for the sufferers might have perished during the experiment, but the spontaneous aid seems never to have failed, except in those cases when ostensible public relief, often only ostensible, quieted the sense of responsibility and withdrew nature's provision of individual kindness and care.

"Typhus fever made its deadly inroads into a weaver's family, who, though he had sixpence a day as a pensioner, was reduced to obvious and extreme distress. The case was reported to Dr. Chalmers, but no movement towards any sessional relief was made; entire confidence was cherished in the kind offices of the immediate neighbourhood. A cry, however, of neglect was raised; an actual investigation of what the man had received during the period of his

distress was undertaken, and it was found that ten times more than any legal fund would have allowed him had been supplied willingly and without any sacrifice whatever to the offerers."—Vol. II. p. 304.

It must be remembered, however, that this trust in the spontaneous kindnesses of neighbourhood was not exhibited in a Parish where nothing was done to excite that kindness : on the contrary, it was for this harvest of love that Dr. Chalmers and his agents were constantly labouring ; to stimulate the people to this care for others, and this independence for themselves, was the daily object of his visiting and his preaching ; and their exertions were animated by the knowledge that every penny saved out of the public funds, that had hitherto been spent on pauperism, was so much additional, to be spent on Institutions for the education and spiritual benefit of themselves and of their children. This system never could have been carried out in a Parish spiritually neglected, and it is the highest proof of the personal attention to their moral interests of Dr. Chalmers and his associates, that for fourteen years after he left Glasgow it was still upheld among the parishioners of St. John's. "I soon made the people understand," said Dr. Chalmers before a Committee of the House of Commons, "that I only dealt in one article, that of Christian instruction ; and that if they chose to receive me upon this footing, I should be glad to visit them occasionally. I can vouch for it that the cordiality of the people was not only enhanced but very much refined in its principle after this became the general understanding : that of the ten thousand entries which I have made at different times into the houses of the poor in Glasgow, I cannot recollect half-a-dozen instances in which I was not received with welcome."—It is grievous to have to add that in 1837, in consequence of the refusal of the Town Council to protect St. John's from an incursion of paupers from other parishes, and the continued enforcement of its contribution to an assessment fund from which it never drew a penny, the agents of this successful experiment were at last discouraged, and suffered the parish to fall back into the general system of Glasgow. The consequence has been that in Glasgow "the charity of law" has every where superseded "the charity of kindness," no such thing now

exists as an unassessed parish, and in the last ten years, while the population increased 20 per cent., the cost of pauperism increased about 430 per cent. It is not the waste of money, but the moral loss and waste it indicates, that is the melancholy part of this arithmetic.

During a considerable portion of his connection with St. John's, Dr. Chalmers had Edward Irving associated with him as a colleague. Irving had hitherto been most unpopular as a preacher, but Chalmers, looking out for an assistant, arranged an opportunity of hearing him, and discovered the peculiar gift that was in him. When asked by Dr. Chalmers to become his assistant, he replied; "Well Sir, I am most grateful to you, but I must be also somewhat acceptable to your people. I will preach to them if you think fit, and if they bear with my preaching they will be the first people that have borne with it." They divided equally between them the Sunday services, and "the labours of household visitation were also shared between Dr. Chalmers and his assistant. In this department Mr. Irving was pre-eminently effective. In many a rude encounter the infidel radicalism of the parish bent and bowed before him. His commanding presence, his manly bearing, his ingenuous honesty, his vigorous intellect, and, above all, his tender and most generous sympathies, melted the hearts of the people under him, and second only to that which his more illustrious colleague possessed was the parochial influence which, after a few months' visitation, he gained and most fruitfully exercised."

Through the whole of this unexampled popularity and successful labour Dr. Chalmers was sighing for quietness, and turning his attention to the many expedients that were offering, in professorships and less exposed parishes, for his extrication from the burdens and tumults of his position. Glasgow had never been to his mind. He dreaded from a distance the secular character of many of the engagements that must press upon him there, and he found the reality worse than his anticipations. He bitterly complained of having to sit in grave deliberation on what was to be done with an open gutter, and of having to taste pork broth and ox-head broth, in company with ministers, merchants, and aldermen, in order that a vote might be

taken as to which broth was to be part of the daily diet at the Town Hospital. He alternately laughed and stormed at Glasgow for her superstitious requirement of a flock of ministers upon every social occasion; and when recalled from a holiday to preach a funeral sermon for the Princess Charlotte, he writes with his usual homely energy, that Glasgow is a dreadful place, which he never once left without its sending some nonsense after him. Personal attentions seem to have been still more embarrassing to him. One lady would invade his house to superintend the making of plum-jelly, which he did not want, but had to pay for, and far worse to entertain the lady at dinner. Another calls to deliver "a long rigmarole invective against her sister," and he delivers himself in this way. "I was quite impatient. She spoke of my being in her sister's will, and of my having taken her down one day in my *chariot* from Kensington Place to St. John's, which was all true of the *noddy*. I got so desperately tired of her incessant volubility that I said I would listen no longer, and left the drawing room for my bed room, whither however she followed me, but I soon got the door shut against her; and I shall now insist that Miss —— puts my session out of her will altogether, for I am to have nothing to do with a set of cackling wives and old maids." Another follows him in the streets; and another detains him so long talking to no purpose that he describes it as a "mere gurgle of syllables." Even this hardworking man, labouring incessantly in the highest departments of his calling, could not escape the reproaches of idle and huffy people, who wished to receive from him the homage of morning calls; all which absurd persecution he thus notices in his Journal. "I should bear all things, and do all without murmurings and disputings, and be meek and gentle with all men. But, at the same time, it is obviously impossible that I can be dragged or dragooned into Mr. ——'s house in his present humour, or pay an attention extorted from me in the spirit of a jealous exactor; nor do I think it my duty to dine at my hearers' tables whenever they choose to let out an invitation. I must try to keep a charitable spirit towards him; and I am sure that my absence from his house bears no more reference to him particularly than it does to the hundred others who have

kept asking and asking at me, and have just as good a right to be angry as he, that I have never moved a single footstep to them. This is really a vulgarity which must be abolished.—The —s have been particularly cold, and Mr. Falconer's remarks have let me into the explanation. They have conceived themselves to be grievously insulted by the neglect of unconscious me, who all the while was prosecuting my own affairs without the slightest intention either of offending them or any other body—who spoke when I was spoken to, and went to the church when the bell rang." So oppressive did all this become to him, that, groaning under the unprofitable burden, he writes to Mrs. Chalmers: "Let it be my most fixed and firm determination to cultivate a distance from general society. I beg you will come to Glasgow on this principle, my dear, and let us do our utmost to keep our house clear of the swarms by which it has been hitherto infested." But of all interruptions, idle interruptions of his hours of study were what tried Dr. Chalmers' temper most severely. The following account of one such invasion is too good to be withheld:—

"While Dr. Chalmers was very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he called under great distress of mind. 'Sit down, Sir; be good enough to be seated,' said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave among others what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father, and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end—'Doctor,' said the visitor, 'I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way.' At once the object of the visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street door, these words escaping among others—'Not a penny, Sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek.'"—Vol. II. p. 191.

From all these troubles, and from the demands of a popularity which was becoming increasingly oppressive,

and which he was conscious could neither be profitably sustained, nor lost without some injurious reaction,—after eight years' trial of Glasgow, he deserted that tumultuous fame which he contemptuously described as consisting in the heat, and throng, and applause “of a drivelling population,” and took quiet refuge among the haunts of his boyhood, in the Moral Philosophy Chair of St. Andrew's. This determination excited much wonder, and some rude blame. He justifies himself in this way :—

“ Were there, at this moment, fifty vacancies in the Church, and the same number of vacancies in our Colleges, and fifty men to start into view, equally rich in their qualifications for the one department and the other, some of you would be for sending them to the pulpits,—I would be for sending them to the Chairs. A Christianized university, in respect of its professorships, would be to me a mightier accession than a Christianized country, in respect of its parishes. And should there be a fountain out of which there emanated a thousand rills, it would be to the source that I should carry the salt of purification, and not to any of the streams which flow from it.”—Vol. II. p. 376.

On the 9th November 1823, Dr. Chalmers preached his farewell sermon in St. John's, when the crowd was so great that the doors had to be guarded by a detachment of soldiers hastily summoned from the neighbouring barracks. Six days afterwards he was installed in his new office at St. Andrew's.

Here our materials for the present come to an end.—We are aware that we have failed to communicate in these few pages the full image of Dr. Chalmers which may be collected from the numerous details and descriptions of his labours, manner of life, and conversation, scattered over these two volumes. His remarkable constitutional activity, both of mind and body, his tender susceptibility to friendships of the soul, the healthy energy and directness of his feelings, his genial cordiality, his domestic kindness and helpfulness, his “prosperous management” of men, his loving confidence in human nature, and even the searching sincerity of his religious character in private, and its burning intensity in public, must in this brief sketch but feebly appear. And chiefly to relieve our own feeling of the scant justice he has received at our

hands, we add two vivid exhibitions of him, in his own words. The first will show the noble uprightness, the severe conscientiousness of the man ; and perhaps it will do more than exhibit, for surely it ought to communicate to whoever reads it, his sense of responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the people, his willingness to labour and suffer, that the Gospel should be preached to the Poor. A Clergyman who had contributed to the disappointment of his most cherished visions by inefficiency in the Chapelry of St. John's, and who through the same inefficiency had left on Dr. Chalmers the burden of a serious annual pecuniary loss, which could not be liquidated except by a more successful ministry on the scene of his failure, writes for testimonials and recommendations to strengthen his application for another situation. The reply is entirely noble ; and we wish it were impressed upon the conscience of every man who is asked to put his hand to a testimonial, and who is tempted by cowardice, or selfishness, or that unprincipled kindness to an acquaintance which is meanness and injury to every one else, to give a false report of another in matters affecting the highest interests of those whom that report misleads. The letter written at a later period of Dr. Chalmers' life, is long, but in more directions than one it is eminently characteristic.

“ Edinburgh, December 24, 1831.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I would have replied to your letter of the 9th of November long ago, but I felt the weight and greatness of the subject, and had not strength to grapple with it, while the burden of my classes was upon me. I have taken the earliest opportunity, by taking the first of the holidays, for the difficult task of replying, as I feel I ought, to your communication.

“ I trust I have long ceased to recommend to a public office for the purpose of befriending or benefitting any one. I have sometimes been mistaken ; and my judgment, I am very sensible, is just as liable to err as that of other men. But my strong and single purpose, in every case where I am consulted, about the appointment either to chairs or to churches, shall be to render an honest advice ; and to do it on no other principle than that of the greatest usefulness. I feel more and more the tremendous responsibility which attaches to the utterance of my opinion upon these subjects ; and I desire that neither favour, nor friendship, nor gra-

titude, nor any personal feelings or interests whatever, shall have the least influence in a deliberation so solemn as that which relates to the education of youth or to the Christian good of families.

“But to apply this to the matter before us. I had much conversation with you ere you undertook your present charge, on the peculiar nature of it. I laboured to impress upon you, that it was only upon the strength of your week-day attentions that you could ever hope to collect there a congregation upon the Sabbaths; that it was, in fact, a missionary station among a very outlandish people; and that the chapel was erected for the praiseworthy object of reclaiming these people to habits of church-going, along with the other decencies and observations of a Christian land—an achievement which I strenuously and repeatedly affirmed could only be carried into effect by unwearied, persevering, daily attentions to them and to their families. I put a paper into your hands, enumerating with great and anxious minuteness these attentions in the order of their importance and efficacy; and when I left Glasgow, we parted with the mutual agreement of exchanging letters once a-month on what to me was the most interesting of all topics, the progress of operations on whose success my heart was infinitely more set than on that of any other enterprize on which I have ever ventured in the whole course of my existence.

“I was looking lately to my volume of St. John’s Sermons, and find that the thirteenth was preached by me on the opening of your chapel. It is now more than eight years since that composition was executed; nor am I conscious of having ever, till the other day, looked at it since. I was therefore the more interested in observing there an exposition of the same principles which I am now insisting on—principles on which I expatiated much and anxiously in your hearing, and still the only principles on which I hold it possible to reclaim a population that have lapsed into a state of practical heathenism. And I must add, that notwithstanding the failure of all my fond and sanguine hopes in the Chapelry of St. John’s, I will still proclaim it as my faith—that if a minister in your circumstances will but ply with the attention of common and Christian kindness through the week the families of such a district as the one that has been assigned to you—if he will but attend their funerals, and visit their sick-beds, and watch over the deaths of those who are near and dear to them, and take cognizance of their children, and become the affectionate friend and familiar of the common people within the limits of his territory; and if, to lighten the cares and fatigues of such a superintendence, and bring it within the compass of his own individual strength, he will attach to him by his cordiality and courteousness, a parochial agency, at once to relieve him of his toils and give a tenfold efficacy to his labours—I cannot but aver it as my yet unshaken confidence, that, on these things being done, the result, in

the course of years, would be a numerous and steady congregation, gathered out from among the families who had been attached by the services of Christian philanthropy performed in the midst of them. That such a congregation has not been formed in the Chapelry of St. John's is to me the most grievous and humbling mortification by far that I ever experienced; but if those things which from the outset I ever held to be indispensable, and which still, with the blessing of God, I hold to be sufficient—if these things have been undone, then, however distressed and disappointed I have been at this individual instance, I will not yet let go my triumphant anticipation, that, by means of the diligence and devotedness of Christian labourers, the worst of our city population may still be Christianized.

"Our regular correspondence ceased within a few months of my leaving Glasgow—a cessation which did not begin with me, for my interest in the success of the enterprise I left behind me never ceased. I heard reports of your * * * and thus having traversed every principle on which I conceived that we had a full common understanding at the outset of your connection with your present charge. But it is not on the credit given by me to particular reports, that I decline the recommendation of you to any other charge. It is on the general fact, that you have not succeeded in a situation where I believe that, with due labour and right management on your part, you would have succeeded. Even though I could allege no evidence against your qualifications, I must, ere I am entitled to exert myself in your favour, have positive evidence for them—and that is an evidence which I altogether want—I dare not, consistently with common honesty, take so much as one step for your removal from your present to another situation. And there are certain circumstances which I must take the liberty of stating, as they serve irresistibly in my opinion to prove, that I could not share in any such attempt without incurring a guilt, the sense of which would oppress and overwhelm my own conscience, and the disclosure of which would, or at least ought, to stamp me with infamy among my fellow-men.

"I made on the chapel and its ground, an outlay of seven hundred and fifty pounds, with the expectation certainly of making good the interest, and at length recovering the principal. And I am told by Mr. Paul, of such being the deficiency of the receipts, that the amount of my obligation, as being the holder of five shares, to make it good, will come to forty pounds a-year, entailing upon me, therefore, the loss of about eighty pounds a-year—an encroachment upon my income, which, in my present circumstances, and with my present family, I cannot very well afford.

"Now this is the re-action which such a state of things brings upon my feelings; and I believe it will be sympathized with by every man who has in him the soul and the conscience of high-

minded integrity. Am I to rid myself of this oppressive obligation, to recommend away from the Chapelry of St. John's, that minister to whose inefficiency I believe it to be owing? Am I to prostitute, for such an object as this, the confidence which either a patron or a people shall repose in me? Am I to traffic away the immortal interests of men, by such a wretched sacrifice of truth and honour and Christian sincerity, at the shrine of any earthly interest whatever, whether it be to obtain for myself a temporal enlargement, or to rid myself of a temporal embarrassment? Rather than incur the least shadow or semblance of aught so vile and villanous as this, I will bear the obligation onward with me to my grave, and entail it as a burden upon my children, whom I shall teach that no wealth can ever make up for that best and noblest of all patrimony, the integrity of a father.

"Next to the disappointment of my hopes in regard to a great and extensive reformation by means of your labours among the people, the sorest ingredient of this business is, that I have involved Mr. Douglas of Cavers in a burden nearly equal to my own; and in a fifth part of it each of ten or twelve individuals more, the best and worthiest friends I have in the world, and whom I have been the instrument of misleading into a hurtful speculation.

"Never, I used to think, was there a minister placed in a likelier situation than yourself for insuring, by dint of patience and pains-taking, a rich harvest of souls, besides the applause and encouragement of the good. I fondly imagined that my chapel, like those of Edinburgh, might have proved a stepping-stone to one of the city churches; or, what would accord still better with my principles and views, that, after having evinced its own vast importance to the Christian interests of the community, it might itself have been transformed into a city church, and its minister been admitted to the full privileges which attach to a regular city clergyman. May the same mysterious Power who hath humbled and chastised my lofty expectation again reassure me; and may you yet experience in your own future history what the Missionary Elliot recorded at the termination of his labours, that it is in the power of prayers and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, to do any thing.

"I leave the representation which I have now given to its effect upon your own conscience. The effect upon mine is, that I cannot possibly comply with your request, that I should recommend you to any other situation in the Church.—I am, dear Sir, your's faithfully,
"THOMAS CHALMERS."

The other exhibition we desire to present of Dr. Chalmers is in his own testimony to the fundamentally healthy nature of his religious feelings. That they were distorted and falsely represented in their doctrinal expressions, that

he was fond of placing them in forms graphic and grotesque, is true; but at their foundations the sentiment that sustained them was always essentially genuine and noble. His orthodoxy was not of the vulgar kind, but the symbol, it might be an unnatural one, of profound truths and spiritual experiences. His doctrine of human corruption was not derived from instances of human iniquity but rather from the numberless instances in which humanity appears lovely and beneficent without giving glory and gratitude to God, and it co-existed with his acceptance and admiration of Bishop Butler's views of Human Nature. His doctrine of Christ's merits simply meant that man can never reach an outward standard of perfection, and therefore must be accepted by God for the loyalty of his heart, and the earnest desires and efforts after righteousness that flow out of the spirit's filial trust in God. His doctrine of Atonement simply meant that a man must work, not selfishly, for the sake of his own salvation, but from pure, disenthralled, affections, and out of gratitude to God, whose free love embraced and sought him ere he had any title to forgiveness. And all these sentiments, which make the soul of his preaching, are profoundly Christian, and it was the prominency which he gave to them which enabled him to clothe and disguise with their tender and solemn beauty the hideous skeleton of orthodoxy. To the address which he sent from Glasgow to his dear people at Kilmany, it was objected by the representatives of the old orthodoxy, that he was resting their acceptance with God on an unsafe foundation because he urged all who felt themselves unsettled and insecure, simply "to set themselves immediately, and with all diligence, to renounce every obviously wrong thing they had hitherto practised, and to do every obviously right thing which they had neglected." We wish to show him distinctly disclaiming the trammels of a formal and unspiritual system, and revealing the real feelings which he clothed in orthodox forms. He speaks thus of Calvinism:—

"My Christianity approaches nearer, I think, to Calvinism than to any of the *isms* in Church history: but broadly as it announces the necessity of sanctification, it does not bring it forward in that free and spontaneous manner which I find in the New Testament. It does not urge my affections in the shape of a warm and impres-

sive admonition. It is laid before me as part of a system; and I am somehow restrained from submitting my heart to the fulness of its influence by the severe and authoritative qualifications which are laid upon it. There is so much said about the dangers of self-righteousness, that I am afraid to trust myself with any attempts at righteousness at all; and for the simple obedience of love which the gospel teaches me, I either give up obedience entirely, or I find it prove fatiguing, because in addition to the simple feeling, I have also to give it its proper place in the fabric of orthodoxy, and to wield a most cumbersome machinery of principles and explanations along with it. I feel the influence of these systems to be most unfortunate in the pulpit. Were I to accommodate to the previous state of discipline and education among my hearers, I could not get in a single precept without spending more than double the time necessary for announcing it, in satisfying them of its due subordination to the leading principles of the system. Now I would ask, Is this ever done by Paul or any of the Apostles? Do they feel any restraint or any hesitation in being practical? Is not this scrupulous deference to the factitious orthodoxy of Calvin a principle altogether foreign and subsequent to the native influence of Divine truth on the heart? With what perfect freedom from all this parade and all this scrupulosity do Christ and his apostles make their transition from doctrine to practice, and expand with the most warm and earnest and affectionate exhortation! No, my dear Sir, our divinity is not of the right kind unless it be a fair transcript of that divinity which exists in the New Testament. I admit the doctrine of good works, not because it comes to me in the shape of a corollary to the demonstrations of the schoolmen, but because it comes to me in warm and immediate efficacy from 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' I do not think I can be wrong in calling no man master but Christ; and at all events it is making faith in Him my security and my refuge. I summon up the conception of Jesus as my friend, and with such an image in my heart, I feel the intolerance of orthodoxy stript of all its terrors. I repair to the grand principle of faith as my refuge not merely against the anxieties of certain guilt, but against the anxieties of possible ignorance; and that very doctrine of the sufficiency of Christ which occupies so high, though not too high, a place in their systems, I convert into my defence and my protection when they frown condemnation upon me. That which availeth is, 'Faith working by love;' and if the love of Christ be shed abroad upon our hearts by the Holy Spirit, it is to be rejoiced in as the 'pledge and the earnest of our inheritance.' This is the attainment which we must strive after; and we have the highest authority for believing, that prayer and diligence, and the

exercises of patience and faith, are means which, if strenuously persevered in, are never resorted to in vain."—Vol. I. p. 243.

In addition to the publications which we have incidentally mentioned, Dr. Chalmers' principal writings, up to this period of his life, consisted of an Essay on the Evidences of Christianity in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, originally written in the driest season of his mind, and confined to the external argument; a volume of Astronomical Discourses, which he afterwards justly looked upon as a florid and juvenile production, but which ran a successful race with the "*Tales of my Landlord*," and reached a circulation of twenty thousand in one year; a volume of Congregational Sermons preached in the Tron Church; a series of periodical tracts, afterwards collected into a work entitled "*The Civic and Christian Economy of Large Towns*;" and a volume of Sermons, published in 1820, "*On the Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary affairs of Life*," which he himself regarded as the happiest and most useful of his pulpit labours.

ART. II.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VARIETIES OF MAN.

The Natural History of the Varieties of Man. By R. G. Latham, M.D., &c. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1850.

WE cannot pretend, in any critical sense, to *review* the elaborate volume before us, abounding as it does in learned detail; but we may briefly pen down remarks which occur to us, and point out what may serve to excite the reader's curiosity.

The author regards the subject as so much the grander and the worthier of pursuit, because it is a growing one; and while admiring highly the great work of the lamented Prichard, yet desires to show his admiration by helping the science onward, not by resting on Prichard's attainment.

Dr. Latham, in many respects, writes like a Frenchman. His perpetual effort is after scientific and even mathematical form, as well as scientific accuracy. A sharp brevity of sentence, and a systematic arrangement of details, is perhaps natural to him, even when he does not aim at it. We presume that this really tends towards the perfection of the science; if it be not always altogether in conformity with English taste. Opening at random, we take a sample of his *small type* paragraphs, in which he is accustomed to present to the reader condensed results. But it must not be supposed that more than a fraction of the book is in this style.

“ THE POLYNESIANS.

“ *Area*.—From the small islands to the west of the Pelews, to Easter island, west and east. From the Mariannes and the Sandwich Islands north, to New Zealand south.

“ *Physical Conformation*.—Modified Protonesian. Stature, perhaps taller; tendency to corpulence more common; colour oftener approaching that of the European; hair often waved or curling; nose frequently aquiline.

"*Nutrition*.*—But little azotised; saccharine and amylaceous.

"*Aliment*.—Pre-eminently vegetable, the coco-nut, the taro, and the banana. Fish.

"*Negative Characters*.—Little or no use of the bow and arrow; considered to be a differential point between Polynesia and Kelaenonesia.

"*Conditions of Social and Physical Developement*—Absence of large animals, either as beasts of burden or as food. Nearly general absence of rice and pulse. Intercourse entirely by means of canoes. Between Polynesia and Protoonesia little or none. Between the different portions of Polynesia little or partial. Malay and Hindu influences obscure. Present influences European: of recent date.

"*Religion*.—Paganism, apparently indigenous. Uniform in its general character over a great extent.

"*Languages*.—Allied to each other, and mutually intelligible over large areas. Grammatical structure akin to the Tagala. Malay words numerous and evident.

"*Divisions*.—1. Micronesian branch; 2. Proper Polynesian branch."—P. 183.

This is certainly a kind of writing which aids to expose our ignorance, and in so far excites us to fill up the gaps in our knowledge.

Such names as Kelaenonesians, Micronesians, Proto-neseans, Amphinesians, like the words which Mathematicians invent, denote a progress of combining and generalizing beyond the wants or thought of the common geographer. Latham, like Prichard, is diligent in enriching our scientific tongue with terms that embody the results of abstraction, and facilitate farther advances. In this volume he has imitated Zoologists by introducing the Greek termination *-idae*. Thus the Indo-Europeans with him are *Iapetidae*.

He enumerates the whole human race under the following heads: Mongolidae, Atlantidae, and Iapetidae. Under the Mongolidae he includes not only the Mongols proper, and the Chinese, the Turks and Hungarians, but the *Georgians and Circassians*, the Malays and Southern Indians, and all the native American tribes.—Under the Atlantidae he groups together all the Africans with the Arabs, Jews, Babylonians, &c.

* We have turned to numerous similar paragraphs, but do not again alight on this use of the word *Nutrition*, as distinguished from *Aliment*; which probably will seem very strange to most readers.

The Mongolidae are of so vast extent, that perhaps it may be well to exhibit here the author's own subdivision. They are, 1. The Altaic (including Mongols proper, and the Tartar-Turk races); 2. Dioscurian, *vulgo* Caucasian proper; 3. Oceanic, *vulgo* Malay, Polynesian, Papuan, Australian, &c.; 4. Hyperborean (of Siberia); 5. Peninsular (viz. Koreans, Japanese, Kamchatkans, &c.); 6. American (who occupy 174 pages); 7. Indian (including even the Gangetic nations, and, if we understand him, the Brahmins; as certainly the Gipsies!).

The reader will probably object to the eccentric name *Atlantidae*;—which must be deduced from *mount* Atlas, not from the Atlantic *ocean*, since it is really equivalent to Afridae. Indeed, while he was about it, we think the author might as well have styled his three classes, Asidae, Afridae, and Europidae. It will be seen that in his view the Syro-Arabian (otherwise called, Shemitic) races are merely a portion of the vast African stock. If he may name them from Mount Atlas, why may he not from Africa? Similarly he would be justified in naming the Asiatic Indo-Germans from Europe. We must add; of the Indo-Europeans he is at a loss to find any true representatives in Asia. This is one of the most paradoxical parts of his volume. We have shown that he does not allow any of the races in India to be Indo-Germanic: but he even declares his doubt what modern nations are descended from any of those who of old spoke "Sanskrit, Pali, Zend or Persepolitan" (p. 545); so that he may seem to believe the old Persian race to have been extirpated!

"The nation that is at one and the same time Asiatic and Indo-Germanic remains to be discovered."—P. 546.

"I abstain from any positive expression of opinion as to the quarter from which the Sanskrit language originated. That the language which stands in the same relation to it as the Italian does to the Latin, has yet to be discovered, I firmly believe: to which I may add, that, *except in Asia Minor or Europe, I do not know where to look for it.*"

Since he thus regards Indo-Germanism to be exceedingly rare and *exceptive* in Asia, as Shemitism is, there would seem to be the greater propriety in calling the race simply Europidae. *Iapetus* is a personage, concerning

whom we have no definite ideas. Because his son Prometheus, in the Greek legend, saved or created mankind, are therefore Indo-Europeans more than others Iapetidae?

It appears to us, however, that Dr. Latham is over-refining concerning language, so as to misdirect inquiry. He cannot doubt that a nation, once West of the Indus, invaded India and carried thither its language, so as to *produce* Sanskrit in India, if it was not fully developed previously. The foreign tongue either supplanted the older language in Bengal, and (what is the common notion) became degraded into Bengalee by the process, as the Latin was degraded in Gaul, and as, probably, the Saxon in Britain; or else it threw an enormous dash of words into the old Bengalee, (as Norman has done into our British Saxon,) and then was itself lost. The latter view is that to which Latham must drive us, when he maintains that the modern Bengalee grammar cannot have *grown out of* Sanskrit. Grant it: then Sanskrit apparently has perished in India, leaving no descendant. Why look about for a descendant in Asia Minor and Europe? In any case, it is ostensibly a fact, that the Gangetic population is mixed of invaders and invaded. Such mixture between any two human races being notoriously possible, it seems to be a waste of science to contest to which of the two heads they are to be referred.

If the old or the modern Persian Grammar differs greatly from that of Sanskrit, in spite of the likeness of its words, so does the modern Arabic verb of Cairo, of Aleppo and of Bagdad differ. Illiterate tongues are perpetually in progress, and may arrive at diversities so great as the Welsh and the Greek, without losing the marks of common origin. Besides, the relations of Persian to German constitute a fact, the significance of which can never be impaired by any difficulties concerning the Sanskrit; which has no necessary concern in the argument. When an Englishman hears a Persian say:

In bad ist—(hoc malum est):

In better ist—(hoc melius est):

he surely does not need to look through a Sanskrit eyeglass in order to decide that Persian has something fundamentally Teutonic in it.

If the place where each race most abounds were necessarily the primitive source, we should look on Europe as the origin of Indo-Europeans, and Africa of Syro-Arabians. But of course this is an illusion; and it may be objected that the termination *-idae* in Asidae, Afridae, Europidae, might give rise to that error. Perhaps so. But there is a great advantage in a name with a geographic basis:—indeed, Atlantidae is geographic, but unconstructively so:—Mongolidae, if geographic, is too limited. It occurs to us also, in the name of Biblical historians to complain that our author studies the art of ingeniously tormenting. He grants them *three* stocks of the human family,—Shem, Ham and Japheth, as they will immediately suppose. He even calls one of them Iapetidae; which every simple-hearted Biblist will interpret to be,—children of JAPHET. The Atlantidae, being African, must apparently be children of HAM. So far well: but then,—he cruelly leaves no progeny for SHEM but Mongols, Tartars, Malays and other *Paganidae*, and makes the Chaldaean Abraham one of the *Ham-idae*!—However, he can reply, that the book of Genesis itself confesses Canaan to be a son of Ham, and Hebrew is the tongue of Canaan. Certainly, it is strange, that two nations talking languages so allied as Chaldee and Hebrew were ever put under different patriarchs.

We perceive that the Philistines are regarded by our author as doubtfully related to the Canaanites, and as perhaps speaking a foreign language;—although he confesses a difficulty about this. The Biblical narratives always leave on our minds the impression, that the Hebrews and the Philistines understood one another; and we find Winer (*Real-Wörterbuch*) expresses himself decisively as follows: “The language of the Philistines was of the same stock as the Phœnician and Hebrew. At least the proper names of Towns and Persons are all Shemitic, and most closely explicable from Hebrew. Still, they may in course of time have gained some distinction of dialect, Neh. 13, 24.”

The Mongolidae occupy 468 pages of this book, the Atlantidae 56, the Iapetidae 28. These numbers at once show how the author has concentrated his work on the great continental populations of Asia, America and Australia with the islands of India and of the Pacific. In fact, Europe less needs the additional discussion, and Africa has

not afforded so ample new information. The following remarks may interest the reader :—

“*The true Negro area (in Africa), the area occupied by men of the black skin, depressed nose and woolly hair, is exceedingly small ;—as small in proportion to the rest of the continent as the district of the stunted Hyperboreans is in Asia, or that of the Laps in Europe.*”—P. 471.

“The Negro of Sennaar has his closest relations, in the way of language, manners, and [therefore? of] blood, with the Africans of Kordofan, Abyssinia, and the parts about his own country. Not so, however, his physical conformation. These are with the Africans of Senegambia and Guinea ; a fact brought about by the common conditions of heat, moisture, and a low sea-level : conditions however, which render the group artificial and provisional, rather than natural and permanent. *The same would be the case, if we threw all the mountaineers of Europe in one and the same class . . . simply on the ground of their exhibiting certain common phenomena of colour, stature and habits.*”—P. 472.

The last paragraph will show Latham to be fully agreed with Prichard, that climate and circumstances suffice to bring about great typical changes of physical form, independently of race. But he is not engaged in maintaining the point, and never repeats Prichard's arguments concerning it. He is well aware of the fallacies by which the opposite prejudices concerning the unchangeableness of race and unchangeableness of language are upheld by their respective advocates ; and endeavours to introduce stricter rules of reasoning. Thus he will never allow admixture of race to be inferred from a change in physical type ; but if there is substantive ground for believing an admixture of race, he will then allow it to be used in accounting for the change of types. Accordingly, he deserts Prichard in the question of the Ottoman Turks, and attributes their European features to intermarriage with women of those countries, because he thinks such intermarriage *à priori* probable. We find it harder to follow him when he applies the same remark to the Hungarians ;—first, because several specimens of Hungarian *men*, whom we have seen, have enough of Tartar aspect to satisfy any one ;—secondly, because we are informed by Germans who have lived in Hungary, that the women of pure Magyar race are singularly beautiful, and far surpass either German or Slovak women.

This circumstance however reminds us of another,—that the learned Hungarians firmly believe their progenitors to have migrated from Circassia and the neighbouring regions. Indeed the *last* migration, that of the Cumanians, was so recent, and the declaration of the people themselves, that they derived their name from the river Kouma (on the northern side of Caucasus), so positive, as to seem more like testimony than mythical opinion : and the *first* Magyar immigrants of whom we know, the Iazygs, are called a branch of the wandering Sarmatians, while in the days of Herodotus the Sarmatians notoriously had their seat among the northern roots of the Caucasus. Now the women of Circassia and Georgia are celebrated for their beauty : so indeed are the chiefs of Georgia ; but Dr. Latham informs us that the common men are very coarse-featured. This may perhaps be a point acquired by them, in common with the Hungarians, on the Caucasian district, a general beauty of the women, co-existing with a prevalent Tartar aspect in the men.

In passing, we spoke of the Iazygs as Magyars. It is a fact, that one branch of the true Magyars still style themselves Iazygs ; and since they live (as nearly as can be made out) on the same area as the Iazyges in the days of Tacitus, it will need some very clear proof to make us doubt of their being the same people. Latham however follows his predecessors in inferring that they cannot have been Magyars, *because* they were a branch of the Sarmatians. But we think this unduly assumes that “Sarmatians” was a term designating a single race. As the Greeks said Scythians, so did the Latins *Sarmatians*, to denote all the roving tribes of the great country north of the Black Sea. When Tacitus, for instance, speaks in one place of the Iazyges, in another of the Rhoxolani, as Sarmatian nations, he shows his belief that both came from Sarmatia, but not that they were both of the same blood or language, about which he perhaps knew nothing.

It is amusing to see the Nemesis of Logic scourging the upholders of the *Caucasian* theory. The proud believers in the immaculate and inimitable European blood scorned the idea that the Ottoman Turks had become beautiful by the effect of fine climate and healthy habits, and insisted that it was from intermarriage with beautiful *Caucasian*

females. But lo! the greatest authorities we have,—Dr. Latham and Mr. Norris,—pronounce these Caucasians to be Mongolidæ, more nearly akin to Chinese than to Europeans. Latham alleges, that all the error on the subject was produced by the skull of *one* Georgian female, which, happening to be the finest in Blumenbach's collection, seemed to that excellent investigator a sufficient reason for bestowing the epithet Caucasian on all well-skulled races. The next step was, to infer that all men with good skulls were of a single race, fitly called Caucasian: and the last,—that these races had been diffused from the Caucasus as their centre!

The Armenians, according to Latham, are a sort of link or transitional race, which may ultimately perhaps explain the relations of Mongolidæ and Iapetidæ. The Albanians, whom Prichard unhesitatingly makes Indo-European, Latham to our surprise is disposed to connect with the old Iberians, as members of old Europe *before* the Iapetidæ flooded it. If this view has much support, it may be hoped that the Albanian will help to understand the transition from the Iberian to the Iapetic tongues.

We hardly think that Latham is as conscious as he ought to be, of the lame conclusion in which his science for the present leaves us. It teaches that the great Iapetids who have filled Europe and affected the world far beyond all other parts of the human family, did not originate in Europe, but came from Asia: yet it scarcely allows to Asia any power of generating Iapetids. In Persia itself, Latham imagines, the race has died out! There is certainly something wrong here. It has been seen that Latham, with Prichard, believes in the power of climate and habits to change the type of human races:—we also believe it; under the condition of *ample time*. But if this be the correct view, then the Iapetid peculiarities are to be more anxiously referred to localities; and we are to believe that in long time Europeans would have become what they are, had Europe been peopled by Mongolians. In fact, we are not aware that the old Iberians, who are *not* Iapetids in language, were in talents or beauty surpassed by them. Persia also, in spite of its vast infusion of Tartar population, continues in all its warmer valleys to produce the same handsome type of men and

women as Persepolitan sculptures exhibit and as Xenophon praised.

In an article on Pickering in our February number, we expressed our dissent from the arbitrary (indeed *false*) assumption, that the unity of the human species *means* descent from a single pair. We are sorry to see Latham reproduce this among his apophthegms as a definition of species, justifying it on the ground that it "has the advantage of being founded upon a fact *capable of being ascertained*." Strange! when this is precisely what no one can ascertain;—that the Creator did *not* produce at once a thousand human pairs, for mutual defence and comfort, and to promote the development of mind, *but* left one to multiply under all risks. But we cannot admit that the unity of our species is a phrase which any one may define at pleasure. Does not every dog in the street know all other dogs to be of the same species with himself, and all men to be of the same species one with another? Does any dog who has lost his master ever hesitate what what sort of animals may, and what may not, furnish a new master for him? And shall it be pretended that man does not know man to be of the same species with himself by a direct perception? The popular heart here judges more certainly than scholastic intellect :—

"As the clear sky seen in a waveless river,
As the green leaves above and grass below,
As o'er the fly-shaped flow'r the fly's wings quiver,
And as twin stars each other's motion show,
As with one wind two distant palm-trees shiver,
Both eyes keep time, both cheeks together glow ;—
Thus in the single nature of mankind
Heart beats with heart, and mind responds to mind."

John Sterling.

Of the condensed learning contained in the book before us, we have scarcely given the reader an idea; but we may add, the reasonings are almost entirely those of literature, not of physiology, and although it is a worthy addition to Prichard, it is essentially supplementary, and does not attempt to work out great principles from the foundation. Nor does he (as far as we see) attempt to grapple with the difficult inquiry concerning the order of migrations,

and the relation of the Sanscrital to the Egyptian and Assyrian populations which has of late received a new impulse. But the author honestly professes only his contribution (and it is a large one) to a large subject.

At the same time we sometimes wish that he would exhibit his arguments more fully. Once or twice he refers us to what he has written for the Philological Society of London; but the books of that Society are not to be bought, and a short paper might well be reprinted. When he argues that the Slavonic area in the east of Germany has not increased since the Christian era, we cannot understand, even from his paper in the Philological, what reason he has to reject the very distinct testimony of Velleius Paterculus and of Strabo, that under Maroboduus their contemporary the Marcomanni were masters and occupants of Bohemia. He seems to *assume* that this is a mistake; otherwise he could hardly urge the mere absence of records of the Tchech invasion as any proof that the Tchechs were in possession of Bohemia before the Christian era. Altogether, Dr. Latham is too concise and abrupt in his mode of arguing; so that he is apt rather to surprise and perplex than convince. But he is rich in suggestion, fresh and searching in his theories, eminently learned, and of untiring enthusiasm. With such abilities, the longer he lives and writes, the more he will overcome a certain over-dryness of style which rises out of his effort at scientific exactness.

ART. III.—AUGUST NEANDER.

Zum Gedächtniss August Neanders. Berlin, 1850.

Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben. Berlin, July 27, August 3, 1850.

BERLIN has been again excited by the spectacle of a public funeral. The last solemn procession which swept through her streets convoyed to the grave the bodies of those who fell in the riots subsequent to the Revolution of March, 1850. It was a procession sufficiently impressive to all who beheld it: stirring military music at a religious ceremony: long files of armed citizens following to the tomb citizens like themselves, who had courted and found a violent death by their own doors: faces where hatred and revenge had usurped the place of sorrow—all directed the observer's attention less to the present loss, than to the promises they contained of future storm. The contrast between this and the last public funeral was very marked. The Bible borne in solemn procession: the Academy of Arts and Letters represented by its officers: the University, by seventy professors and a long train of students: the City, by many of its most respectable citizens, seemed to testify to some great public loss. There was more respect, and less passion; more resignation, yet less hope. For to take the place of the citizens, who had fallen, as they thought, in defence of constitutional liberty, there were thousands ready: to fill the Professor's chair of him whom Berlin had now lost, Europe could find not one. Professors mourned the death of the ever gentle colleague, whose learning cast a reflected lustre on their own body, and whose loving wisdom promoted their harmonious co-operation. Students deplored the venerated teacher, yet still more the kind and patient and sympathizing friend. Even the people felt they should miss from their streets *his* peculiar figure, whose charity and whose eccentricities were alike the subject of their daily gossip. The religious public of Germany felt that they had lost much in losing August Neander.

Another circumstance contributed to deepen the general
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sorrow. Neander was the last of the theologians whom, when young men, Frederick William III. had invited to make and establish a reputation for his infant University at Berlin. Schleiermacher, the eldest, and in some sense the teacher of all, Preacher and Christian Philosopher, had first departed. Then Marheineke, less celebrated abroad, yet not less known at home as the exponent of Lutheran doctrine. Prussia, in the days of flourishing despotism, had cast out De Wette, whose deep and various learning had conquered the whole domain of Biblical Criticism,—and in 1849 he died at Basle: having more than once refused to quit a city which had sheltered him in his adversity, for an ungrateful mother country. And now Neander, the Historian of the Church, had soon followed his old colleague—and it was felt that the theological faculty of Berlin was wholly dependent for its reputation on the talent, the learning, and the piety of another generation. The important influence of individual professors, on the well-being of a University, can hardly be understood from the analogy of English Life. The death or removal of its best mathematical teachers would not lessen the number of students at Cambridge: nor would Oxford fail if all her professors were simultaneously to migrate to the University of London. There is too little competition in England for a University to undergo many variations of prosperity. But in Germany, where almost every capital of every petty principality boasts its High-School: and where the complicated machinery of private tuition, which serves to sustain at an equal level, the general character of a place of education, is unknown—a celebrated Professor draws after him, wherever he goes, a crowd of students. They do not expect the personal attention which a tutor at Oxford, or a Professor in University College, London, devotes to the capabilities and defects of each member of his class. Their object is to listen to the men most celebrated in each particular branch of science. And while an Englishman would look for such in the church, at the bar, or at all events not in University Lecture-rooms, the German knows that they will almost invariably be found employed, really or ostensibly, in the work of tuition. A Rückert may read a lecture every third year, and report himself absent the other two: a

Lepsius may spend session after session in Egypt, while his name still graces the list of professors, but their nominal connection with the University is the pretext for a state pension under the name of salary. And thus while a Professor of talent and reputation commands a full audience like an Athenæum or Mechanics' Institute Lecturer with us, it is not to be wondered at that the labours of a teacher like Neander, whose learning had won him an European reputation, whose writings were read wherever Church History was studied, who had no equal in the conscientiousness with which he discharged his public duties, or in the unwearied kindness which characterized his private intercourse with his pupils,—should be intimately bound up with the success and reputation of the theological teaching in his University. We shall endeavour, in the following pages, to describe him as presenting almost the whole characteristics of a Christian Teacher.

Johann August Wilhelm Neander was born at Göttingen, January 16th, 1789. His parents were Jews, and educated their son in their own religious principles. When he was very young, they removed to Hamburg—a city which Neander always regarded as his home, and to the excellent institutions of which he was indebted for great part of his education. As his relations were wretchedly poor, and had great difficulty in providing for his support at College, even according to the very moderate scale of a German student's expenses, we may conclude that most of his early training was gratuitous. In his sixteenth year, he was converted to Christianity, and proceeded to study first at Halle, and afterwards at Göttingen. Of his University life we know little. His physical disadvantages, combined with his sensitive modesty, made him shy—but he bore the reputation of great learning, and piety, rare in one so young. An anecdote of this period of his life, is so characteristic of the man of whom the youth was father, that we cannot forbear to narrate it. Neander was, as we have said, very poor—nor let the idea of a poor student be a sizarship at an English University, or a lodging in London, with the smallest possible share of English comforts. Goethe, in his "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," tells of a student who went to bed at dusk, because he could not

afford lamp oil : and we have ourselves known one, who, when he could no longer endure the intense cold of a German winter, did the same, because unable to pay for a fire. Such instances are not uncommon : as is proved by the fact, that the young Neander suffering thus, found a student so much poorer than himself as to be in actual danger of starvation. It was discovered not long after—accidentally, for Neander would never have revealed it—that he had divided his scanty store with his absolutely penniless acquaintance, and that both had lived for six weeks on bread and water only. It is such quiet heroism of self-denial as this, which the “Father who seeth in secret” will one day openly reward.

From Göttingen he returned to Hamburg, where he resided for a short time. But in 1811 he removed to Heidelberg, and occupied himself in writing his first work, “The Emperor Julian and his Age,” published at Leipzig in 1812. It was now at once seen that he possessed no ordinary talent for the study of Ecclesiastical History. In the same year he was appointed Extraordinary Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, and invited after a few months to become Ordinary Professor in the same faculty, in the infant University of Berlin : where he laboured assiduously and successfully for 38 years. His life, during that period, is void of all events, save the successive publication of his very numerous works, and the steady growth of his reputation. It was free even from those domestic vicissitudes—by which most men reckon up their joys and sorrows—for he never married. His sister—who was old enough to have watched over him when young, and still survives to lament her irreparable loss—tended him with unwearied love, and exercised an influence over him, compounded of reverence for his virtues and talent, and of authority arising from her superior knowledge of the world, which perhaps no wife could have successfully assumed. And thus, like Elia and his sister Bridget, they lived together in uninterrupted harmony : and like them, too, commanded universal respect on the score of their mutual love, and their simple and gentle kindness to others. There are stories enough of the annoyances to which the wives of literary men have subjected their husbands ; of the cavalier predilections of Milton’s first wife, and the follies of

Dryden's aristocratic helpmate—but the theological world has reason to thank the sister of Neander, that she never sought to deter her brother from the life of literary quiet, where he achieved so much distinction, by drawing him, for her own gratification, into the round of social pleasures for which he was singularly ill fitted by nature and habit.

Yet these thirty-eight years of deep diving into the Fathers, and exploring old libraries, and writing Church History, and exposition of Scripture—though affording little to relate in detail, were laborious enough, and not without result. To this a goodly range of octavos on very many periods of Christian History—from the Life of Christ to the Life of St. Bernard : pamphlets and monographs of every variety of subject difficult of enumeration : daily lectures on every conceivable Theological topic—Philosophy, Doctrine, History, Biblical Criticism : and the numberless hearts he won—hearts now mourning his loss all over Germany and England and America—abundantly testify. Indeed a chief characteristic of the man, was his capacity for continuous labour. Work was an essential part of his religious faith and practice. It is true, his whole soul was in his vocation, and, therefore, toil was delightful to him. This characteristic manifested itself not only in the magnitude of his literary achievements, but even more in his daily habits and conduct. The students remarked that Neander was somewhat of a hard master—for he conceived himself wanting to his duty, if he availed himself of even the most valid excuse to omit a lecture, short of absolute necessity. In a German University a Lecturer does not hold himself very strictly bound by the legal definition of the length of a session, but Neander's holy-days were always shorter than those of any one else. The latter part of his life was full of touching examples of this characteristic. When worn by disease, and so far blind, as to be unable to write more than his name, he dictated Popular Expositions of the Epistles for the periodical which stands at the head of this Article, and which was conducted by one of his pupils. When attacked by his last illness he persisted in his usual labours, and answered the expostulations of his sister with an impatience very strange to his usually saint-like temper :—"Leave me alone. Cannot every day labourer work when he will, and wilt thou not let me do the same ?"

When, on the same night, his physician had pronounced the symptoms highly dangerous—he was with difficulty persuaded to issue a notice for the suspension of his lectures, and then limited the suspension to a day. Even at last, when his mental powers were impaired, he fancied himself in the University, and commenced a lecture on New Testament Exegesis:—then called for paper that he might commit to writing the subjects of his lectures in the ensuing session—and finally, dictated for some time a portion of his unfinished History, taking up the subject where he had left it a few days before, and carrying it forward in a regular connection of ideas, to the end of a chapter. Then, with the words, “I am weary, and will go to sleep; good night,”—he fell asleep indeed. Was there ever a more touchingly characteristic close to a life of conscientious labour? The Christian Soldier died in harness.

This conscientiousness was no where more strikingly exhibited than in the performance of his University duties. As we have before said, a connection with a University is an object of ambition to the German man of letters, as giving him a position in the world, and a fixed though often small income. This once obtained, many of them, and especially men of literary celebrity, are content to perform merely routine duties: to read year after year the same courses of lectures, and employ the leisure thus gained to extending and establishing their reputation. If that reputation be but wide enough, they will be sure of full classes, even though—as we know to be true of a distinguished living scholar—sons should hear the lectures their fathers heard before them. The case was widely different with Neander. He did indeed regularly go through, in a fixed number of courses, the whole subject of Church history. But this was only a small portion of his public labours. He devoted fully as much time to other theological topics—perhaps with a preference for Christian Morals, and the Exposition of the New Testament. Nor did these latter prelections form part of any cycle: at least, if so, the cycle was so large, that observing students never discovered the law of their recurrence. He seemed to consider Theological Education as his chief work, and first duty: and thus, whatever

new train of thought arose in his own mind, whatever new investigation occupied his time,—was soon carried to the University for the benefit of his pupils. And when there, it was plain that his heart was in the work. His lecture was no hour's mechanical and lifeless reading, from a worn and discoloured MS. It was extempore, and the bystander could not but wonder as he poured forth names, dates, facts, and even long quotations from the capacious storehouse of his memory. Once behind the well-known desk, and with the accustomed array of benches before him,—and the shy student, who glided along the passages of the University with downcast eye, and stealthy step as if to shun recognition—might have excited ridicule by the odd enthusiasm of his gestures, had he not at once disarmed it, by the evident sincerity which glowed within. Nor was this labour, at least, without reward. His lecture-room, the largest in the University building, has been known to contain a class of 400 students.

His influence over his pupils was, however, acquired and exercised far less in the lecture-room than beyond its walls. He sought every opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with each. The custom of a German University compels every student to wait personally upon the Professor he intends to hear. This occasion Neander always seized to inform them, that his society, his advice, if need be his help—were ready for each. One evening in the week was spent with a chosen few in reading some Greek or Latin father: and in discussion on a subject previously announced, which Neander himself led. On another he kept open house for all who attended his classes. A curious scene his library was, on such Saturday evenings. Shelves piled to the roof: doors, and even window-frames, hung with prints: bird-cages hung from the ceiling: folios on every table but one, and on nearly every chair: busts and models wherever possible. In the midst of this confusion sat the kind old man, in his tattered library gown, with a smile and warm grasp of the hand for every comer. Forms there were none. No introduction was necessary; if unknown the guest merely stated his name, and stumbled to a seat as best he might, over prostrate Fathers of the Church. The one table, not book-laden, held the materials for tea: each helped him-

self: and the host discoursed, or conversed, as the case might be, on topics chiefly of religious or social interest—ever as ready to listen as to speak. Again no Sunday passed, but a company of Students, with others, assembled round the Professor's hospitable board: the company somewhat more select, and the topics of conversation more varied. These may seem to some persons trivial details. They are nevertheless the facts which account for Neander's extraordinary influence for good over his pupils. Few teachers have ever been loved as he was. Nor can any details of so noble an influence, so holy a life, be rightly considered trivial by the student of the Christian Character.

There was, however, one characteristic of his mind, peculiarly adapted to engage and secure both love and confidence:—namely, the child-like simplicity and guilelessness of his kindness. As an old pupil enthusiastically says:—

“All that he said and did was truth. The peculiarity of his demeanour was simply this—that without concealment or embarrassment, he was himself. The inner and outer man were in him the same. Naked, unprotected, guileless as a child he stood before the outer world—guarded from every rude touch, only by the atmosphere of Divinity which surrounded him. * * * It was this openness which kept all that was merely outward, at a distance from Neander. With him nothing was only a form. What other men do because they are more or less accustomed to it, received at his hands the spirit which had at first originated it. His grasp of the hand, his greeting, his inquiry after your health, were all real and true. At his *How do you do?* it was impossible to preserve the indifference with which one usually hears the question: his voice and manner showed that he was really anxious to know. And he had too a gift of observation and remembrance of accidental indications of this kind, which neither *savoir vivre*, nor general kindness of heart—but only love can give.”—*Deutsche Zeitschrift*, &c., Aug. 3.

A little incident once witnessed by ourselves, though somewhat laughable, strongly shows this childlike kindliness of heart. He one day received a letter from the wilds of Western America, from a correspondent who to the characteristic assurance of the Yankee, joined the share of that quality

usually possessed by the collector of autographs. He was a perfect stranger to our good Professor, yet had written to make the three modest requests following: that Dr. Neander would send his autograph: that the said autograph should be in the form of a long letter giving a sketch of the then state of Theology and Religion in Germany: and that the Professor would also procure and send the autographs of Niebuhr and A. von Humboldt. Would Dr. Whewell or any other Cambridge notability, believe that Neander not only immediately set about executing the commission, but refused to be persuaded by an English friend that there was anything impudent or unreasonable in the request? But to return to the serious part of the subject. Can we wonder that this man won the hearts of all who knew him, and was the subject of their most enthusiastic admiration, when we remember that he added to this simple kindness a self-denying benevolence, which knew no bounds, save the entreaties and expostulations of his friends. Let the following anecdote display the man: the self-denial was exercised on behalf of the student whom we have above quoted, then lying on his death bed:—

“ Our departed friend had been long ill, and was unable to procure the comforts necessary for his condition. In this necessity, the friend who nursed him went with heavy heart to Neander. He, when the former had endeavoured to break the matter to him with some little circumlocution, went up to him in great trouble, and begged to be told the plain state of the case. The friend named the sum which would be necessary. Neander rubbed his hands together, anxious and perplexed. He never had money at his own disposal. He went up and down his library, and looked at his books one after another as a father looks at his children. All at once he stopped before a large volume in costly binding, one of the most valuable books in his library, and all the more valuable, from the fact that only a few copies had been printed and distributed by the author. He took the book, laid it in the hands of the applicant, and said, ‘ Money I have none: but take this, and try to sell it—but take care to do it secretly—no one must know.’ The seal is now taken from the mouth, so long closed. He alone who knows what his books were to Neander—how he denied himself the necessities of life to be extravagant in books, what a bond of love and gratitude existed between him and them, can fully

estimate the magnitude of the gift, when he offered on the altar of his God the dearest treasure which his house contained."—*Deutsche Zeitschrift*, &c., July 27.

We have lingered so long over the character of the Christian Teacher, as to have left ourselves but little time for the Church Historian and the Theologian—yet as the former Neander is most widely known out of Germany. And the first characteristic of the Historian we remark, is a Christian impartiality, produced by the childlike simplicity of love which we mentioned as displayed in his daily habits. Church history has too frequently been written with a definite dogmatic purpose; with fixed intent to find in the progress of Christianity—ever moulding itself to the specific wants of the age and nationality of its disciples—only the development of a creed. Others again have treated it—not as if there were but one truth and no other, but as if there were no truth at all: as if Cerinthus and John: Manes and Augustine: Leo and Luther, were developments of Christ equally worthy of consideration and regard. Whereas, we conceive that it can be rightly written only by one, who, himself apprehending the essence of the Gospel apart from dogmatic forms, having been made free by “the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus,” “from the law of sin and death,” is not only willing but anxious to trace the operation of the same Spirit in the lives of those whose conception of “the form of sound doctrine” is different from his own. For neither indifference, which is careless of truth: nor bigotry, which is ignorant of love: can write the history of those Good Tidings, which are at once both truth and love. In such a spirit, if we apprehend him rightly, did Neander write the history of the Church. His vast learning made him familiar with the whole data of Church History. The dry bones were all there—how to inform them with life? And for the accomplishment of this problem, his heart, so filled with a wide and generous love of all fellow disciples real or so-called: his mind, so humble, so childlike, so divested of all forms and prejudices, were peculiarly fitted. Hence the power of entering into the peculiarities of the Christian Life—so manifested in his popular “Memorabilia of the Christian Life in the first centuries.”

Hence too the reproach sometimes made against him that he has written the history of the invisible than of the visible church : of the Kingdom of God silently making its way among the hearts of men, rather than of the hypocrisy, the worldliness, the unreality, the untruthfulness, which have too often disgraced so-called Christian sects.

To this almost universal appreciation of the merits of different forms of Christian Faith, there was however one somewhat remarkable exception. He was accustomed to speak with little liking or respect of Unitarians in England and America. He was wont to class them with the least religious of German Rationalists. The fact we think is not altogether inexplicable, when we consider the character and habits of the man. He lived almost entirely in the past. He was little conversant with the present condition of any church, save of that mixed Lutheranism and Calvinism, which constitutes the Prussian establishment : and in which he himself held office. Thus judging of English Unitarianism by the doctrines of Priestley and Belsham : and knowing of their successors only that they had adopted many of the results in Biblical Criticism attained by German Rationalists—he thence hastily concluded, that, like theirs, the religion of Unitarians was a religion of the intellect rather than of the soul. We are not aware that he was a very strenuous opponent of the distinctive Unitarian doctrine. But his idea of Christianity was of a scheme of reconciliation. The two great facts which underlay his whole religious system were, that man needed reconciliation with God : and had obtained it through Christ. How he imagined that reconciliation to be effected, might be a question somewhat difficult to answer. But the Unitarianism of the last century being a reaction not only against the doctrines of the Trinity, but against those of a vicarious atonement and original sin, had, as we think, run into the opposite extreme : and in protesting against the exaggeration of the sinful half of man's nature, had perhaps too little considered the existence of sin, and the accompanying spiritual phenomena. Whether that sin be original, in the sense of dogmatic theologians, is a question of minor importance : that it exists in every individual soul is matter of common

consciousness: that the bar which it interposes between man and God may be removed, is the great revelation of Christianity. Thus Neander considered, that the Unitarians of the present day as well as their predecessors, failed to perceive the necessary purpose of the whole Christian Revelation: and though he would be the last to deny the privileges of the Christian name and brotherhood, he yet never felt himself drawn to them by any vivid sympathy. With the justice of his conclusions respecting Unitarianism past and present, we have here no concern: those who held the doctrines he condemned, shared equally with others his liberal hospitality, and every ready courtesy and aid.

In the form of his *History*, Neander did not display the qualities of an artist. He had bad examples before him, and a somewhat cumbrous instrument with which to work. German style is—from the very nature of the language—very generally deficient in point and liveliness: and German scientific works are too often written in happy ignorance of the necessity of style at all. The student of Neander's *History* must not therefore expect to find in his pages either the epigrammatic liveliness of Gibbon, or the easy perspicuity of Hume. He had neither the imagination requisite to make him a word-painter, nor the fervid rhetoric, which so often strives to supply its place. But he succeeds in building up his vast mass of materials into a simple and harmonious, if not a splendid edifice. The reader's attention is not unduly called, for the general effect, to the consideration of unimportant details. The results of profound learning and patient investigation are presented in an unpretending and intelligible form: there is little controversy with his fellow-labourers in the same field, and no animosity against them: and the decisions between rival theories, and conflicting statements, are those not only of a mind not only unprejudiced, but itself clear and sound. Yet, most of all, the reader is enticed on by the conviction, which cannot but dawn upon him from every page, that he has to do with one, who is not writing for love of lucre or reputation, but because he is one in spirit with the invisible Head of that Church, whose annals he records—who writes of Christianity, not as a

remarkable historical phenomenon the progress of which will make a good book—but as God's appointed means for bringing all mankind to a knowledge of Himself.

It is necessary that we should say something of the theological opinions of one, who by his writings and personal intercourse has exercised so wide and deep an influence over the present generation of German theologians. The task is by no means easy—nor are we aware that it is likely to lead to any profitable result. We will therefore be very brief. Neander occupied a middle position between the two contending schools of extreme Supernaturalists and extreme Rationalists: between the schools which assumes Scripture, as the organ of Revelation, to be the basis of religion and the criterion of Philosophy: and that which altogether subjects the Bible to the abstract conclusions of the human intellect. Whether or not he consciously strove to occupy this position we know not. It was the fortune of his life to have to contend alternately against the extremes on either side of him. At one time he was vindicating the liberty of Biblical Criticism, at another defending it from license. But the truth is, that the historic and the philosophic mind are rarely conjoined in one person. The historian is too dependent on the statements and conclusions of others: too much accustomed to weigh evidence, and extract an average of truth, to be able to follow boldly and independently a train of abstract reasoning to its ultimate consequences: especially in a case where the adoption of such consequences results in opposition to a great majority of thinkers on the same subject. No doubt there are subjects in which the "*in medio tutissimus ibis*" is justly applicable to the discovery of truth. But even in those it is rather practically safe, than theoretically true; and in the case of Religious Truth, above all others, can lead only to ill-founded principles, vague statements, and hasty assumptions. Such, we say it reverently, have seemed to us the practical faults of Neander's theological opinions: so far as his somewhat cloudy written statements, and evident disinclination to converse on doctrinal subjects, allowed a student or observer to form a conclusion. He recoiled from the orthodoxy which he himself disbelieved: yet recoiled equally from the heterodoxy, to which his own principles, logically carried out, would inevitably have led.

Something, too, may be attributed to the fears of a spiritually-minded and deeply religious man, lest in departing too far from the form of doctrine in which he had originally received Christianity, he should lose those practical benefits, which were the blessings of his daily life. And as we do not the less love Howard for his narrow-minded Calvinism; nor Fletcher for his enthusiastic Methodism—so in this case, too, we will not quarrel with the Saint, because he was not Prophet too.

One word more, and we have done. Neander, like many other German theologians of eminence, was a layman; and as such he presented an example, not altogether unprofitable to be regarded both in Germany and England, of one who by no means imagined that Theology may be studied on the same terms as any other science: or that the requisites for a successful theologian are no more than those for a successful astronomer. In Germany there are many who take up Theology as a profession: in Germany and England there are no few, who, profaning the inmost sanctuary, make Religion a profession too. Against such, the whole life of August Neander is an accusing example. The saint-like purity of his daily life: his consuming devotion to the duty of Christian labour: the quiet self-denial, which was the habit of his soul, prove how sincerely he believed the truth of his favourite motto, that it is neither profoundest learning, nor most vigorous intellect, nor most fervid eloquence, but "*pectus est quod facit theologum*"—the heart which makes the theologian.

ART. IV.—EASTERN MONACHISM.

Eastern Monachism. An account of the origin, laws, discipline, sacred writings, mysterious rites, religious ceremonies and present circumstances of the order of Mendicants founded by Gôtama Budha (compiled from Singhalese MSS. and other original sources of information), with comparative notices of the usages and institutions of the Western Ascetics, and a review of the Monastic System. By R. Spence Hardy, Member of the Ceylon branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. London. 1850.

Introduction à l'histoire du Bouddhisme Indien. Par E. Burnouf, de l'Institut de France. Tome Premier. Paris. 1844.

It is almost universally allowed that the course of events obliges the English people to undertake the government and guidance of the nations of Hindostan; but it can hardly be said while we have the pride of victory, that we justly feel the responsibilities of conquest. If there were, indeed, present to the minds of Statesmen all the anxieties, toils, perils and slaughter which Foreign rule necessitates, they would pause in anxiety instead of pressing our troops on at double speed. The difficulties of Ireland may re-appear in other possessions, and a Hindoo agitator at the head of a hundred millions might raise troubles that would not terminate in a Smith O'Brien cabbage-garden; and as it becomes increasingly evident, that in the time of persons now living the United States will be more populous and wealthy, and in particular have greater power to strike any where on the Pacific than ourselves, if we wish to keep our place in the East we must cultivate the affections of the people, whom we now treat too much *de haut en bas*. The very perfection of our government is a source of danger. We have been accepted as the arbiters of Native quarrels; but while disorders die away before our strong arm we have to fear the enmity of an unreconciled and united population. We must, then, either apply the dia-

holic maxim, *divide et impera*, or so impress ourselves upon the Hindoos as the representatives of justice and wisdom, that they shall fear to fight against us as against God himself. To enable us to play this higher part which as yet we cannot sustain, it is necessary that we should study every peculiarity of the Hindoo character and position, so that we may guide the subject-population not only to the payment of taxes but, as it were, in spite of itself, to science and the higher virtues. In this respect it is imperative to bear in our recollection that the religion of a people is the key to its mind, and that the study of this will unlock for us the stores of its speculation, the objects for which it strives and the purpose for which it imagines that it exists. We would say therefore that the first preparation for any Statesman who aspires to rule the Hindoos, should be to study their Religion as the only means by which he will get a clue to the rationale of their customs and manners. On this ground alone we should welcome the works that stand at the head of our article, as signs that men are beginning to be alive to the necessity of this higher study: but we imagine that a still greater benefit will arise therefrom to ourselves, namely, a more convincing certainty of the value of Religion and the necessity of obeying her laws. Among the more energetic part of our population, who seek adventure in the colonies, and give the tone to a great deal of public sentiment, an utter indifference to religion is apparent, and indeed is cherished, from the supposed ease and advantage which it gives to a man in mingling with and pushing his fortune in all companies. But if we are to hold our possessions by superiority of mind, and not by cunning, we must seek that superiority from the only power who has it to bestow. It may be said of religious men in general, that they are too cramped and isolated in their sympathies. All the Religions of the world are correlative and supplementary to one another, and he who confines his studies to one sect has as narrow a mind as the rustic who sees nothing beyond his native village. The circle of Religious truth is completed when all the Religious speculations of the world have been mastered; for as the positive electricity of one pole is balanced by the negative electricity of the other, so the Spiritual magnetism of the world is only complete in the

whole. No nation is so admirably placed as our own for the acquisition of the knowledge of the various religions of the world, for either by conquest or by commerce we come into contact with all. We would advise, then, those statesmen in our Indian possessions who are or desire to appear of serious mind, not to aim after the shallow evangelicism at present popular among them, but to prove the vigour of their thought by attempts to comprehend the religion of the peoples among whom they are situated. One inestimable advantage would immediately follow, that is, a respect for that quietism of the populations which makes them so easy to govern. Their apathy is not the result of nature so much as a dictate of their religion, which drives all the thoughts inwards to metaphysical reverie, and to the prayers by which the heavens are to be won; their ideal is placed in the world of contemplation—ours in that of action. But were the energy of their minds turned outwards, their rulers might sigh to think that the Hindoos had exchanged the quietude of a venerable religion for the furies of a worldly career. Mr. Hardy, the author of the work on *Eastern Monachism*, has been for a number of years a Wesleyan Missionary in Ceylon. The very title of his work promising so much more than any one can perform, may show that he has not been accustomed to what scholars understand by the word research; but he has the in some respects more valuable learning which is acquired by studying the literature of a people in the midst of themselves, and by the light of an intimate acquaintance with their manners and modes of worship. Hence we feel that his abstracts from and translations of the Buddhist Scriptures can be relied upon, as faithful; and though the controversial attitude of the Missionary who desires to take all the points upon his buckler which Eastern or Western Monks can raise is too apparent, yet he has a certain natural aptitude for the study, reminding us of Adam Clarke, and we trust that his advertised work on the *Life and System of Gótama Budha* will not remain unprinted for want of encouragement. It would be disgraceful to the country to have in it a man possessed of such uncommon information who is not allowed the means of giving it to the world. We would advise him, however, not to swell his work by controversy and speculation, but to

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transcribe only what he has learnt from the traditions of the people, and their sacred writings.

The work by M. Burnouf is as generally interesting as it is possible to make the subject. It must be confessed that while there is nothing so interesting to men as their own Religion—their own means of ascending to the throne which is dark with excess of light—there is nothing so dull and repugnant to their feelings as the religions of others, which to them appear nothing but the blackness of darkness. A great part of M. Burnouf's volume consists in translations of the lives of Buddhist saints, and though these abound in that tedium and repetition which seems peculiar to the records of the religious, we have found them extremely interesting from the novelty of character they disclose. There is indeed a peculiar delicacy, and, so to speak, fragrance in M. Burnouf's language, which makes us sometimes doubt whether he does not translate the Sanscrit into Western sentiment. Yet as the lives of men are more interesting than mere disquisition, his volume is well adapted to convey a knowledge of the spirit of the Religion.

It is to the praise of Buddhism that no faith presents the essentials of a Religion in a more direct form. Its four fundamental propositions are—that sorrow exists—that it is the lot of every one who is born—that it is necessary to free oneself from it, and that it is by knowledge alone that we can be freed.

The melancholy reflectingness of the Religion and the dissatisfaction with earth are readily comprehended by every one. It is the song even of the Sensualist, that

“There is not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay.”

But the knowledge which conquers grief and enables the Buddhist to enter Nirwana, where he throws off temporal and separate existence, and is annihilated or absorbed in the being of the Eternal, is with difficulty apprehended or imagined possible by the Western Sceptic. The meaning of the word Nirwana is a theme of constant dispute. We should apply to the Buddhist priests to explain the term they use; but they allow that there is no mortal now living who has had experience of the state: so that what

Gótama meant by the term must remain a matter of conjecture, and every one will interpret it according to his metaphysical leaning and spiritual experience. To us it seems probable that he meant no more than what Wordsworth sings—

“ Man who is from God sent forth,
Must yet again to God return.”

The sending forth from, and the return to, God, which are the great facts of our existence, can never be comprehended, and all study, however prolonged, leaves the subject still in a sublime mystery. The entrancing character, the ecstasy, the rapture, of that union with God, which Gótama called Nirwana, and which he had the power so to impress on his followers that three hundred and sixty millions of people now look up to him as their spiritual pattern, can only be investigated by us as the path of one of the fixed stars which mocks the telescope.

As the precepts of Gótama Budha were not written down till from 500 to 600 years after his death, no literal exactness can be supposed to exist in the record and in the legends of his life. But the following outline, drawn up by Mr. Hardy, in all probability preserves the spirit if not the facts of his existence :—

“ The father of Gótama Budha, Sudhódana, reigned at Kapilawastu, on the borders of Nepaul; and in a garden near that city the future sage was born, B.C. 624. At the moment of his birth he stepped upon the ground, and after looking around towards the four quarters, the four half quarters, above and below, without seeing any one in the ten directions, who was equal to himself, he exclaimed, ‘ I am the most exalted in the world; I am chief in the world; I am the most excellent in the world; this is my last birth; hereafter there is to me no other existence.’ Upon his person were certain signs that enabled the soothsayers to foretell that he would become a recluse, preparatory to his reception of the supreme Budhaship. Five days after his birth he obtained the name of Sidhártta, but he is more commonly known by the name of Sákya or Gótama, both of which are patronymics. When five months old he sat in the air, without any support, at a ploughing festival. When sixteen years of age he was married to Yasódhará, daughter of Suprabudha, who reigned at Kóli. The father of the predicted Budha having heard that it would be by the sight of four signs—

decrepitude, sickness, a dead body, and a recluse,—that he would be induced to abandon the world, commanded that these objects should be kept away from the places where he usually resorted; but these precautions were all in vain. One day, when proceeding to a garden at some distance from the palace, he saw an old man, whose trembling limbs were supported by a staff. Attracted by the sight, he asked his charioteer if he himself should ever be similarly feeble; and when he was told it was the lot of all men, he returned to the palace disconsolate. Four months afterwards he saw a leper, presenting an appearance utterly loathsome. Again, after the lapse of a similar period he saw a dead body, green with corruption, with worms creeping out of the nine apertures. And a year after the sight of the aged man he saw a recluse proceeding along the road in a manner that indicated the possession of inward tranquillity; modest in his deportment, his whole appearance was strikingly decorous. Having learned from his charioteer the character of this interesting object, he commanded him to drive on rapidly to the garden, where he remained until sunset, in unbounded magnificence, a vast crowd of attendants ministering to his pleasure, amidst strains of the most animating music. In the course of the day a messenger arrived to announce that the princess had been delivered of a son. This was the last occasion in which he indulged in revelry. On his return to the city, the most beautiful attendants at the palace took up their instruments, upon which they played in the most skilful manner, but the mind of the prince wandered away to other objects; and when they saw that they could not engage his attention they ceased to play and fell asleep. The altered appearance of the sleeping courtesans excited additional contempt for the pleasures of the world; as some of them began to gnash their teeth, whilst others unwittingly put themselves in unseemly postures, and the garments of all were in disorder, the splendour of the festive hall seemed to have been at once converted into the loathsomeness of a sepulchre. Roused by these appearances, Sidhártta called for his favourite charger, and having first taken a peep at his son from the threshold of the princess's apartment, who was asleep at the time, with her arm round her babe, he retired from the city, and when he had arrived at a convenient place assumed the character of a recluse. In the forest of Uruwela he remained six years, passing through a course of ascetic discipline; but as the austerities he practised led to no beneficial result, he reduced his daily allowance of food to a peppercorn, or some equivalent minimum, until his body was greatly attenuated, and one night he fell senseless to the ground from exhaustion. After this he went to another part of the forest, and under a Bo-tree, near which Budha Gaya was afterwards built, received the supreme Budhaship.

"In births innumerable, previous to this present state of existence as a man, he had set the office of a Budha before him as the object of his ambition; and in all the various states of existence through which he passed, animal, human and divine, had accomplished some end, or exercised some virtue, that better fitted him for its reception. Whilst under the Bo-tree he was attacked by a formidable host of demons, but he remained tranquil, like the star in the midst of the storm, and the demons, when they had exerted their utmost power without effect, passed away like the thunder-cloud retiring from the orb of the moon, causing it to appear in greater beauty. At the tenth hour of the same night, he attained the wisdom by which he knew the exact circumstances of all the beings that have ever existed in the infinite worlds; at the twentieth hour he received the divine eyes, by which he had power to see all things within the space of the Infinite systems of worlds, as clearly as if they were close at hand: and at the tenth hour of the following morning, or at the close of the third watch of the night, he attained the knowledge by which he was enabled to understand the sequence of existence, the cause of all sorrow, and of its cessation. The object of his protracted toils and numerous sacrifices, carried on incessantly through myriads of ages, was now accomplished. By having become a Budha, he had received a power by which he could perform any act whatever, and a wisdom by which he could see perfectly any object, or understand any truth, to which he chose to direct his attention."—*Eastern Monachism*, p. 1—4.

The attitude therefore in which Gótama stood to the world, was not that of a man lost in sin and pain, and who is seeking salvation from Eternal death; but that of one educated in all the highest pomp and splendour, who finds that the temporal cannot satisfy him, and who gives up all to seek the Eternal, and as a sign lives a beggar on the scraps given in charity. The same renunciation is the burden of the histories of other Buddhist Saints. For instance, that of Rathapála, who deserted home and fortune to become a mendicant: coming with his alms-bowl one day to his father's house, he was recognised, and was entreated to return.

"His father displayed before him all his wealth, and said to him, 'This is the property of your mother; this belongs to your father; the rest was inherited from our ancestors. Illustrious Rathapála, take possession of all this, become a laic once more, and gain merit by the giving of alms.' But he replied, 'If my advice were followed, all this gold, and all these jewels, and this wealth, would be placed upon waggons, taken to the Ganges or the Yamuna, and thrown into

the stream ; for they cause only sorrow, lamentation, grief, distress and disappointment.' His wife then held him by the feet, and said, 'Have you abandoned the world for some celestial nymph ? If so, tell me, what is the manner of her appearance ?' He replied, 'Yes, it is for the sake of a celestial nymph that I have abandoned the world :' on hearing this, she fell down in a fit, from the excess of grief."—P. 40.

Then having received an alms of food, and delivered a philippic against the body, and praised the Nirwana, he departed. It is evident that the spiritualism derived from Wesley must grow pale before so powerful a religion as this, which still continues to drive men to the wilderness as by irresistible power. Unlike the Western monks who displayed their contempt for the body by allowing it to become defiled by the most intolerable filth and vermin, Budha prescribed the care of the person, and particularly of the teeth : yet some of his followers in the pursuit of spirituality, make themselves so unfit for earth, that Baron Hugel affirms that :—

"The Vedah, the solitary ape-like creature of Ceylon, who flies to trees to avoid us, and scarcely bears the semblance of humanity, is perhaps the only class from whom civilized man turns away with disgust ; with him we seem to have nothing in common, we gaze on his appearance with astonishment, and the traveller in recording his existence, sighs to think of the degradation into which the human race has been plunged by sin."

We may say rather, here is a living proof of the intense power of the religious ecstasy over the mind, and we know not what benefits would accrue to men, were this power properly exercised, brought under control, and fitted for its tasks.

The peculiar merit ascribed to celibacy in this system, may have arisen controversially from the contest of the Buddhist teachers with the Brahmin caste. Gótama was a Protestant against the Religion of his country, and by proclaiming the possibility for men of every caste, to attain the highest spiritual rank, he cut the roots of Brahminical power. But he perceived, doubtless, as all others have done, how long is the course of study and meditation, (measuring from twenty to thirty years, from the time when the mind first stirs in youth with the problems of religion and duty,) before the soul reaches the perfection

of her powers, and is able to "peep out," and see for itself what is good. To secure the time, leisure and calmness necessary for this pursuit, men originally set apart certain sacred families as a caste, by whose meditations earth was joined to heaven. These castes were the civilizers of mankind; and in India, Egypt, Italy, Palestine, as among the Druids of our own Isle, gave the people the soul they could bestow. By degrees mankind revolted from their power, and men of genius rose in other ranks to proclaim the spiritual equality of men. But it is evident that if an individual is to assert himself against a caste, he must not encumber himself with the affairs of this world; hence, monkery arose, in the bosom of which individuals from every rank could find guidance and support, while their minds, like that of Brutus, suffered the nature of an insurrection till they gained the victory. That the Monastic system is less powerful than that of a Caste, India itself testifies, which has expelled the doctrine of Budha, and taken again to the Brahmins, who indeed are far more esteemed by the Europeans than the monks of Tibet, Ceylon or China; and Europe, which suppressed its Sacerdotal families, at the bidding of the Christian Monks, now expels Monkery with its rules of Chastity, Poverty and Obedience, with a scorn and contempt its principle does not deserve. But what institutions are we to have, by which to nurture the souls whom Nature compels to the Priesthood? Are they to live without honour and die without gain, and, like Rousseau, neither monks nor married, leave children to the charge of the Foundling Hospital? As things are, the mind of the nation vulgarizes every day; the spiritual refinement left by the monks wears out, but no other takes its place. Perhaps the English, like the Hindoos, must re-develop their Druid caste, with new organizations suited to the hour. The example of Greece is regarded by many, and is particularly referred to by Constant, as a sort of Model of what Europe should be, guided by Philosophers; but we think the example points the other way. It was as Heraclidæ (the descendants of the God Hercules, son of Jupiter, who accomplished the twelve labours, ridding earth of Monsters, and dragging Cerberus from Hell), that the Spartans displayed that heroic valour, temperance and fortitude,

which made them the bravest of the Greeks; and it was as God-descended through Ion that the Athenians, worshippers of Athene, the Goddess of wisdom, showed that divine skill in the arts which raised them to the first rank of Mankind, and made philosophy possible. For much as men admire the name of Socrates, if he were seen standing in any of our market places, his appearance would rouse the laughter of the people unaccustomed to see the worshippers of wisdom. Everything seems to point to the proof of the highest spiritual gifts being only developed in bodies which are specially set apart for their cultivation, and which for that reason are held in honour. When a man has passed his life in study, pursuing from youth to age some truth which guides him to Immortality, when the Nebulous mist is pierced by his persevering gaze and armed eyesight, and there is clearly revealed to him the Diamond point beyond, he finds perchance, like Kepler, that the labour of his life may be expressed in a hundred words. If he takes these into the Market, demanding only the cost of his support during so many years, he finds no purchaser of so small an article of doubtful value. He may perish and his family—while the Stump-rotator of the next generation points the moral and adorns the tale. The man himself may be satisfied—but is justice done? At all events the courage to meet this fate is not found in every street. Hence the folly of those who imagine that almost anybody of average talent can be trained by a University course to the higher offices. He to whom God has given the essential energy, can readily go through all monkish austerities: his only hope, his only fear, is connected with the task set before him. The worldliness of the European clergy is every where lamented; but why should men, selected as they are, be superior to the usual objects of pursuit,—

“ Rich wives, wines, five courses, and ambition ” ?

The origin of the Monkery, which is now declining, is unknown. Our earliest record of its existence is, that under Gótama it struggled successfully with the Brahmin caste in Hindostan. He was not, like Mahomet, of a sacred tribe, or, as our Saviour, of a sacred family—but his Royal birth doubtless fitted him for his task. Many kings have

been thrown by misfortune, from a height as dazzling, to a penury more distressing than his. This then was not the remarkable part of his career, but his attaining that unknown state Nirwana, which is heaven. The key-notes of all religion and philosophy are taken from birth and death—whence we have come, whither we go: from the knowledge of these is deduced the duty of the present hour. It is well said that men have no possessions but in the future. Station and wealth are no advantage, but as they administer to our courage and hope. The past belongs to no man—the present is the sand falling through the glass—he then who has the most glowing and ardent hope, he who can shut himself up in a nutshell, and yet count himself King of Infinite space, is the richest among mortals. From these simple elements, the Buddhist Religion was born.

“ ‘We come,’ says Gótama, ‘to this weary, unsubstantial, fleeting existence, transmigrated from innumerable other existences, in which we have accumulated sins and merits, the reward or the punishment of which we feel in this life. There is no refuge from this tossing to and fro in life, but in God, the wise Budha—every man must become Budha before this weary longing will cease: besides, unless he strives, the next birth may be in hell, in a succession of hells, till sin is burnt out. But the attainment of supreme wisdom, and the conquest of the desire of existence, of wealth and pleasure, and whatever else leads to sin, can only be attained by meditation. Away, let us leave the world, that we may feed upon Eternal hope.’ ”

This sort of reflection so naturally leads to a Monastic life, that it has arisen even in Mahomedanism, though the prophet expressly forbade it. But having said in one place, “Poverty is my glory,” the Monastic life has built itself upon this maxim, and fanatic devotees are found in every part of Islam. When a man withdraws into perfect solitude to meditate, from want of intercourse with other minds, his own will either become brutish and stupid, and his thoughts revolve in one unvaried track, or he will occupy his leisure with Metaphysics, whence have arisen Philosophy, Geometry, and the pure Sciences—or his imagination will wander through infinitude, and create for itself a heaven and hell, peopled with the offspring of the brain. From this have arisen all the poetic forms with

which Mythologists have peopled the imaginative abodes of Gods and Demons. As these imaginative forms have made the Religions of Nations, we see how it is true that Poets have framed in solitude the Gods of men, and by sacred ties united Earth and Heaven. All these forms are to be found among the Budhists; but as by the decay of their faith, the empire of Metaphysics and Poetry decays also, travellers usually report that the Priests are in an extreme degree dull and stupid, though it would be well if the Buddhist clergy was the only one liable to this reproach. It does not appear that the world is in any way indebted, for discoveries in abstract science, to the Hindoo recluses, as it has been to the Brahmins and the Western monks—the whole force of their minds seems to have been bent on the study of a narrow, though most important, subject of Metaphysics. Their description indeed of the steps of reflection, which lead to the Nirwana, being their account of the rise and progress of Religion in the soul, is the only sort of Metaphysics which has any permanent value, and amid the rubbish-mountains of their theories are some hints which are well worth attending to. As, however, this narrow course of thought cannot be the employment of a life, a great part of their time is spent in inculcating the true rules of behaviour, the manners of the Priesthood in the movements of the eyes and the body, as well as the due regulation of the thoughts; there too a gentleman may find hints on etiquette, not altogether useless to our Democratic populations, which imagine falsely that rude manners are the signs of honest hearts.

In the poetical or imaginative department, there is little that is not derived from the Brahmins—the recluse life is not favourable to the development of the engaging qualities of the Rhapsodist. The Hebrews obtained force of style by repeating an idea twice—the second line being an echo of the first. Among the Hindoos a certain calmness and semi-somnolency of style is obtained by repeating the same idea in the same words, four, five, or even more times. This absence of passion or spirit is the ideal of the Hindoos: the contemplative Budha is represented with his eyes half shut, to exclude the outer world. As it is impossible to have the mind in an excitement, without having all its qualities roused, and more difficult to run without

stumbling, than to walk slowly, the Hindoo's endeavour is to repress into Eternal calm all our emotions, and thus to resemble God. The attitude of the European is sword in hand—half wild with excitement, to meet an enemy, or to utter his tragic "*Jaire vous pleurez.*" The slow and steady pace of the Hindoo seems unmanly to such a character. But we might do well to tame our half savage steps into a more staid and self-restraining measure. The European reader must therefore arm himself with patience when he would read the life of a Buddhist Saint. The legend, however, of King Açôka is not without its interest. We translate and condense that part which relates the tragedy of his life, when his wife Tichyarakchita by stratagem, and without his knowing it, obtained from him an order to put out the eyes of his Son Kunâla, whom he had designed heir to his Kingdom. This son, celebrated for his personal beauty and his virtues, was governor of a distant city. When informed of the cruel order, the youth cried out :—

" 'The order is worthy of confidence, do what is commanded.' But the executioners declared that they had not courage, 'For he alone who would deprive the moon of her splendour, would tear out the eyes from thy visage, thou who resemblest the star of night.' But he urged them on, saying, 'When I consider the frailty of all things, and reflect on the counsels of my masters, I do not tremble, my friend, at the idea of punishment; for I know that mine eyes are perishable things.'

"While thus reflecting on the perishable nature of all things, he acquired the state of Crota âpatti, one of the most important in the way to Nirwana, and having lost the eyes of flesh, while the eyes of science were purified, he exclaimed :—

" 'The eye of flesh has been taken from me, but I have acquired the perfect and irreproachable eyes of wisdom.'

" 'If I am forsaken by the King, I become the son of the magnanimous King of the law, of which I am called the child.'

" 'If I have fallen from the supreme grandeur, which brings in its train so much pain and grief, I have acquired the supremacy of the law, which destroys pain and grief.'

"Some time after, learning the author of his misfortune, he cried, 'May she long preserve happiness, life and power, for she has employed means which have assured me so great an advantage.' Embracing then the life of a Mendicant, and with his princess begging his way, he went to his father's house, who was ignorant of what had befallen his son.

"Being prevented from entering the palace by the guard, they took refuge in the chariot-house. At day-break Kunâla began to touch the Vînâ, and to sing how his eyes had been torn out, and how the view of the truth had appeared to him, and he pronounced this stanza: The sage who sees with the pure light of science the eye and the other senses, is released from the law of transmigration. If thy spirit delivered to sin is tormented by the griefs of existence, and you desire happiness in this world, hasten to renounce for ever the objects of the senses. The King Açôka heard the songs of the Prince, and he said with a sentiment of joy, The songs of Kunâla, and the sounds of this Vînâ, which I have not heard for so long a time, are addressed to me. The Prince is returning to my dwelling, but he does not wish to see any person. Then calling one of his guards, the King said to him—'Do you not find a resemblance between this chant and that of Kunâla? The manner of singing betrays some trouble. This voice has strongly moved my soul; I am like the elephant, which having lost its young, should hear its voice. Go, then, and bring Kunâla to me.' The guard went immediately, and found Kunâla deprived of his eyes, his body burnt by the sun and wind; but not having recognised him, he returned to the King Açôka, and said to him—'Oh, King, this is not Kunâla, it is a blind beggar who, with his wife, is in the chariot-house.' At these words the King was troubled, and said—'This is the effect of the mournful dreams I have had; certainly this is Kunâla, whose eyes have been torn out;' and bursting into tears, he cried—'Bring this mendicant immediately into my presence; for my heart can find no calm in dreaming of the misfortune which may have struck my son.' The guard having returned, said to Kunâla—'Who is thy father, and what is thy name?' 'Açôka,' replied he, 'is my father, and my name is Kunâla. But to-day I am the son of Budha, that descendant of the race of the Sun, who has established the Law.' Immediately Kunâla was conducted with his wife into the presence of the King Açôka. The King looked at him several times, but not recognising him, said—'Art thou Kunâla?' 'Yes,' replied the Prince, 'I am Kunâla.' At these words the King fainted, and fell upon the ground: coming to himself at the end of some moments, the King threw his arms round the neck of his son, and uttered complaints—his voice interrupted with sobs. 'Formerly at the sight of eyes like those of the Kunâla I called my son Kunâla. To-day, when these eyes are put out, how can I continue to give this name to him. Tell me, my dear son, how this face with beautiful eyes has been deprived of its light, and has become like a sky, from which the setting of the moon has taken its splendour. Consumed by the grief which the loss of thine eyes causes me, my body perishes like a forest devoured by the lightning

launched by the Nāgas.' Then Kunāla threw himself at the feet of his father. 'Oh King! we should not thus lament what is passed. Have you not heard the words of the Solitary, that the Djinās themselves, and the Pratyeka Budhas cannot escape the inevitable influence of works? They receive, like ordinary men, the fruit of their bad actions. I have committed in a former existence some fault, and under the influence of this fault I have been born again in this world. Those eyes have been the cause of my misfortune.'

"But Açōka, unsatisfied, continued his inquiries, till he learnt that the crime was the work of the Queen Ticharakchita, whom he condemned to death. But the magnanimous Kunāla, full of compassion, having heard these words, said to his father,—'It will not be honourable for thee to put Ticharakchita to death: act conformably to honour, and kill not a woman. There is no reward superior to that of kindness. Patience has been celebrated by the Sugata.' Then throwing himself at the feet of the King, the Prince made his father hear these truthful words:—

" 'Oh king, I feel no grief, and in spite of this cruel treatment I feel no anger. My heart feels only kindness for my mother, who has ordered my eyes to be torn out. According as I speak the truth, may my eyes appear as they were before.' Scarcely had he spoken these words, when his eyes appeared with their first brightness. However, the angry King threw the Queen into a place of torture, where she perished by fire, and he massacred the inhabitants of Takchacilā. The Religious, who felt some doubts, asked the Sthavira Upagupta, who solves all doubts,—'What action has Kunāla committed to have his eyes torn out?' The Sthavira replied,—'Formerly, in times past, there lived at Benares a certain hunter, who went in the Himavat and there killed wild animals. One day when he went to the mountain he surprised, at the bottom of a cavern, 500 gazelles assembled together; and he reflected, that if he killed them he would be embarrassed with all that food, therefore, he tore out their eyes, that they might not escape him. This hunter was Kunāla. For this action he suffered the pangs of Hell for several hundreds of thousands of years. Then to expiate the rest of his fault, he had his eyes torn out, in 500 existences as man.'

" 'But what action has he done to merit to be re-born in a family of rank—to have an agreeable exterior, and to know the truth?' 'Formerly, when the life of men was 44,000 years, there appeared in the Earth a perfect Budha, Krakutchbanda: his tomb being destroyed, Kunāla, then a master-artizan, rebuilt it, and placed a statue of the Budha, of the size of life, saying—"May I render myself agreeable to a master like Krakutchbanda, may I never be disagreeable to him!" As a recompense for rebuilding the monument, he was born in an illustrious family; for making the

statue he had an agreeable exterior ; by the prayer he obtained the favour of Gótama Budha.' ”—*Burnouf, Introduction, &c., p. 408—414.*

The Story of Purna, a slave, who became the chief of the Merchants, and afterwards giving up his wealth became a devotee under the immediate guidance of Gótama, is full of interest, as portraying the manners of the times. The following description of a Hindoo infant will be interesting :—

“The boy was beautiful, agreeable to look upon, ravishing, having a white complexion, and skin the colour of gold ; his head had the form of a parasol—his arms were long, his forehead large, his eyebrows united, his nose prominent. The day when the child was born, the enterprises and the affairs of Bhava, the master of the house, succeeded in an extraordinary manner. At the end of twenty-one days the parents celebrated in a brilliant manner the fête of his birth, and gave him the name of Purna (the accomplished). The little Purna was confided to eight nurses, who were ordered to give him particular care. As he grew up they made him learn writing, arithmetic, accounts, chiromancy, every thing which belongs to divisions, gages and deposits ; the art of judging of stuffs, of lands, of precious stones, of trees, of elephants, of horses, of young slaves of both sexes—those eight objects, in a word, in the knowledge of which he became an able, learned sage, and practically experienced.”

Another version of the story of the faggot :—

“However, the time arrived when Bhava began to grow weak. He then reflected,—When I am dead my children will divide ; I must find some means to prevent this. He said to them—‘My children, bring me some wood.’ When the wood was brought—‘Set fire to it,’ said he ; and they set fire to it. He then said—‘Separate the sticks.’ When they were separated the fire went out. Bhava said to them immediately—‘Do you understand, my children ?’ ‘Yes, dear father, we do understand.’ Bhava immediately recited this stanza :—

“ ‘It is when they are put together that pieces of wood burn : so, also, the union of brothers makes their strength ; in separation men also perish.’ ”

Self-devotion of a Buddhist Missionary :—

“Purna being converted to Gótama, expressed his wish to reside

in the country of the Cronaparantakas. Gótama dissuaded him, saying—"The men of Cronaparanta are violent, they are cruel, angry, furious, insolent. When they address to you wicked, gross and insolent words, when they are angry with you and abuse you, what will you think of that?" "I will say that they are certainly good and mild men, who only speak angrily against me, and do not strike me with the hand or with stones." "But if they strike you with the hand or stones, what will you say?" "I will say that they are good and mild, since they do not strike with the stick or the sword." "But if they strike with the stick or the sword, &c." "I will say that they are good and mild, since they do not take my life." "But if they take your life?" "I shall think that there are hearers of Gótama who, on account of this odious body, are tormented, covered with confusion, despised, struck with a sword, who take poison, who die by the cord, who are thrown down precipices. They are certainly good and mild men who deliver me with so little pain from this odious body." "Well, well, Purna, with the perfection of patience with which you are endowed, you are able to dwell in the country of the Cronaparantakas. Go, Purna—saved, save; arrived at the other bank, enable others to cross; consoled, console; arrived at perfect Nirwana, enable others to pass there."

However, we must not suppose that the spread of Buddhism was accompanied with such wars as those of Mahomet, or the bloody persecutions of the Christians. The Priests, according to Mr. Hardy, have little hostility to other systems. All violent opposition to error is against their principles. Hence the annals of Buddhism record fewer instances of persecution than those of any other creed.

We will close our quotations from these books by a number of the Buddhist Proverbs. The following are among some selected by Mr. Hardy, from a book used in the Ceylon schools:—

"As drops of water falling into a vessel gradually fill it, so are all science and instruction and riches to be found."

"Though a man be of low caste, if he have wealth he is honoured by the people of the world; but if he have no wealth, though of the race of the moon, he is despised."

"The pearls and gems which a man has collected, even from his youth, will not accompany him a single step further than the place of sepulture; but a man's actions, whether they be good or bad, will not leave him—they will follow him to futurity."

"Neither live with a bad man, nor be at enmity with him; even

as, if you take hold of glowing charcoal it will burn you; if of cold charcoal it will soil you."

"A good action done in this world will receive its reward in the next; even as the water poured at the root of a tree will be seen aloft in the fruit or the branches."

"Though the good have only a little wealth, like the water of a well it is useful to all; though the bad have much wealth, like the salt water of the sea it is useful to none."

The following are from M. Burnouf's works :—

"Bhagavat said there are five things of the Religious that one is never wearied in looking at: they are an elephant, a naga (the snake-king), a king, the ocean, and a high mountain. One is never wearied in beholding Budha who is the best of the Happy."

"Brahmah inhabits the houses where the sons reverence their fathers and mothers."

"Men enquire concerning the caste when it is a question of an invitation or a marriage, but not when it is a question of the Law; for it is virtue that makes one accomplish the Law, and the virtues do not belong to caste."

"If a man of high birth is vicious, this man is blamed in the world—how then shall not the virtues which honour the man of base extraction be honoured?"

"Behold the fear of death which could only take from you a single life, prevents you from enjoying agreeable objects made to flatter the heart because terror does not cease to trouble you. What pleasure then can the hearts of the Religious find in meats and the other objects of the senses, those who dream of the future terrors of death repeated through many hundreds of existences."

"He whose vast heart has nothing which attaches it (to earth), and whose healthy body is free from sickness, and who disposes at his own will of his own existence; he sees in the world of men a perpetual feast for himself."

"The life of man is short, oh Religious; its term is inevitable; it is necessary to practise virtue, for death is the condition of every thing which is born."

The following may be taken as the motto of the Religious :—

"Commence, go forth; apply yourself to the law of Budha; destroy the army of death as an elephant destroys a garden of roses. He who will march without distraction under the discipline of this law, escaping the birth and the revolution of the world, shall put an end to grief."

As it is one of the peculiarities of Buddhism that it represents heaven as won by contemplation (while, if we understand it correctly, Brahminism ascribes the supreme efficacy to prayer, and the Christian faith is to be shown by good works), the value which this Religion (Buddhism) possesses is principally to be found in its rules for Meditation :—

“ At the close of the day, or at the dawn, the priest is to withdraw to a suitable place, and go through five principal modes of Meditation. The First is that of kindness. May all beings be happy; may they be free from sorrow, disease and pain. When the priest finds it difficult to exercise this meditation on an enemy, many rules are laid down to enable him to do so. When other means are ineffectual he must make a present to his enemy.”

“ The Second is the Meditation of Pity. May the poor be relieved from their indigence and receive abundance.”

“ The Third is the Meditation of Joy. May the good fortune of the prosperous never pass away; may each one receive his own appointed reward.”

“ The Fourth Meditation is that which produces dissatisfaction, aversion, and disgust with the affairs of this life. This is the beginning of the religious life.”

“ The three reflections on the impermanency of suffering and unreality of the body, are the gates which lead to the city of Nirwana. The body exists only for a moment—it is like lightning passing through the sky; like foam; like a grain of salt thrown into water; the flame in the wind; the dew on the grass. This shows the impermanence of the body.”

“ By continual repetition of birth and death, man is subject to constant suffering; he is like a worm in the midst of ants; a lizard in the hollow of a bamboo, turning at both ends, &c. These are the signs connected with suffering.”

“ The body is unreal as a mirage in the sunshine, or a painted picture, or a mere machine, or food seen in a dream, or lightning dancing in the sky, or the course of an arrow shot from a bow. This is the reflection on the unreality of the body.”

“ The Fourth mode of Meditation is that in which all sentient beings are regarded alike: one is not loved nor hated more than another; towards all there is indifference. This exercise is superior to the others; it is the meditation of equanimity.”

This reflection seems identical with the saying of Goethe, that the wise is he to whom the lowest has risen and the highest descended. The explanations of the Nir-

wana point also to that other saying of Goethe's, that life begins only in self-renunciation; — "I am like a servant," said Seriyut, "awaiting the command of his master, ready to obey it, whatever it may be: I await the appointed time for the cessation of existence; I have no wish to live; I have no wish to die; desire is extinct." "Es irrt das mensh so lung en strebt." Gótama, however, seems to have reached a loftier state than the German poet; since, in the Buddhist Scriptures, the state of self-renunciation is described with so much rapture. "It is," say they, "free from decay, it is not to be waited for, it is pure, tranquil, stable, free from death, its blessedness is great, it is supernatural, free from restraint, from sorrow, and the evils of existence: when that is attained, man ceases his separate life, and perishes in the fruition of his glorious toil."

In the praise we have given of this system we have meant nothing derogatory to Christianity. It is jealousy, not affection, that can see nothing good but in our own system. We believe that there is a light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. No wonder then it shines in various quarters of the world. Even Mr. Hardy cautions his readers from condemning other religions indiscriminately; for there are principles common to all religions in a greater or less degree, without which they would not be received by mankind; and Wordsworth's wisdom must come to mind—

"Doomed as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane
Where humble sufferers bend in trust,
To win a happier hour."

We believe the deepest injury now inflicted on Christianity is by those defenders who do not understand it. It is, indeed, the highest development of man; but every mind which is born into the world has to go through the entire development of the race, from the time of creation, before it can become Christian. This we understand in Mathematics. Every child has to begin with the simplest numeration, and by degrees, painful to all, mounts

up to the calculus ;—so it is in Religion. The child begins with being a Nature-Worshipper, and only at length sees the inner light which shines through all the world. Christianity, meaning by that the desire of an active career, doing the work of the Father, is peculiarly the Religion of Manhood. He who never moves, like the recluse, may never fall ; but it is evident that he who runs requires a greater skill, lest he strike his foot against a stone. There are (relatively to the numbers respectively engaged in the pursuit), as few good Christians as there are good Mathematicians. We have before intimated our opinion that it takes the devotion of the flower of a man's youth, and the strength of his manhood, to enable him to understand the simple spiritual precepts. There may be some so finely touched by nature that they seem to reach spiritual excellence without an effort ; but it is often the weakness, not the vigour, of the plant that makes it flower so early.

It is a proof of the wisdom of the Hindoos, that from of old they have foreseen the gradual decay of the Religion, the duration of which they maintain will be 5,000 years. They allow that it has reached the first period of its decay, since there are none now living who have attained Nirwana. The second period extends to the time when the observances of the priesthood will cease. The third to the period when the understanding of Pali, the language of the Scriptures, will cease. The fourth will continue till the priesthood ceases. The fifth will extend to the entire disappearance of the relics of Budha. The Brahmins and other beings will exclaim :—"The Religion of Budha has passed away ; the glory of Budha is defiled ; the commands of Budha are neglected ; the fame of Budha is overshadowed." Their thoughts will be carried forward to consider how long this darkness will continue, and when Maitri Budha will appear. Thus their lives are enlightened by hope, and to them also the destruction only prepares the renovation of the world.

ART. V.—HEARTS IN MORTMAIN, AND
CORNELIA.

Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia. London: John Chapman. 1850.

THE highest effort of creative genius is the delineation of character. It is the latest success to which each form of imaginative Literature attains, and the point at which it culminates. That of England has no feature in its history which more entitles it to admiration, than the rapidity with which each branch of it has passed through the lower stages and established itself in this highest one. The love of the study of character has become deeply rooted among us, and much writing which has no obvious tendency to minister to this bent, is made interesting to us, less by the sentiments or the descriptions it contains, than by the opportunities it affords us of studying the writer's own mind and character. We require, too, as the taste has become more developed in us, to have the nicer differences discriminated—our portraits must be finished and minute. Types of classes, or even outlines of individuals, have ceased to satisfy us; we wish to have the whole man in his detail put before us, and we especially like to see him as we meet him in every-day life, and to test the accuracy of the Author by the results of our own experience and observation. Whether in this last requirement our taste has taken a direction which can be approved to the extent to which it is now indulged, may admit of question, but no one will be disposed to deny that it has taken this direction. And every form of expression which, either from its own nature or the social conditions under which it is employed, has become inadequate to answer these requisitions, will be in danger of falling out of use. It is probably to this circumstance that we must in great measure attribute the extent to which dramatic poetry has been superseded by narrative prose fiction. Dramatic poetry is the highest form of expression, and can command even the subtlest distinctions of character, but it is excluded from those shades which specially spring from the forms and habits of

our complicated modern society, and are so intimately interwoven with them that they can only be expressed through their medium, and thus render necessary an element of detailed narration. Our prose fiction, while it can be wielded with a power inferior to that of the Drama only as prose is inferior to poetry, has the advantage of commanding in this more familiar domain. It is the vital offspring of modern wants and tendencies, and closely adapted by its form to meet the requirements of what is certainly in the main an elevated taste: it has reached a high pitch of excellence, remarkable however rather for the height of its general level, than for singular instances of the greatest pre-eminence.

The book before us is evidently written by a lady; and one of the most prominent characteristics of the present position of this branch of Literature, is the great extent to which it has fallen into the hands of women. This circumstance has exercised a wide and penetrating influence over its tone and character. It may be doubted however whether it has been altogether favourable to its exercise, with full completeness of that highest function to which we began by alluding. To a certain extent it has in this respect narrowed its field; on the other hand it has rendered it elevated and refined in a high degree. To come to such writings as *Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia*, after the anxieties and roughness of our worldly struggle, is like bathing in fresh waters after the dust and heat of bodily exertion: the spirit recovers its freshness and breathes the purer æther of a higher life, and this influence is due not so much to the selection of particular characters and incidents, as to the peculiar charm of elegance and refinement which so many Englishwomen cannot help imparting to all things they have to do with. More than this they often impart. The Spirit of undefiled religion, and the highest aspects of Christian faith and filial duty, are displayed nowhere more forcibly or more touchingly than in some of our modern novels. The books before us have this highest grace, unmarred by the slightest display or affectation, but assuming the highest things as the foundation of all life and hope, with a simplicity of faith more adverse to scepticism and distrust, than the most eloquent appeal or the subtlest reasoning. If another and yet higher

instance were needed, we would name, not with praise but with veneration, the authoress of Grantley Manor. But these qualities, which give the noblest and most valuable charm to the works of many of our Authoresses, spring from causes which limit the range of their subject-matter, and the greatness of their power as Artists. It is true that in so far as this is the case, they are something greater than Artists or Poets, and it is to be hoped that few women would be willing to purchase the power and the insight of George Sand, at the expense of her experience and her passions, but it is not the less true that an experience the most painful and most to be deprecated for a woman, could alone acquaint her with these recesses of the human heart and those different fashions in which that heart betrays itself, which a great Poet must have the power of entering and picturing to himself at will. It is a difficult question to solve, whether a man by the force of sympathy alone, and the imagination of genius, can summon up for himself the modes of the most distorted and intense operation of all the passions and instincts, so as not only to feel them for the moment, but to be vividly conscious of the manner in which they would express themselves in the particular character of which he imagines them to form a part. We will not say that this is impossible in a man, but we are convinced that it is so in a woman. Most men, even though men of genius, are to a great degree dependent on observation, not only for the food of their imaginations, the marble of their unhewn statues, but for the particular stones with which they build up the edifices of their art. Women within a certain range are less so, but when they overstep that they become far more so. Within the circle of sentiment and feeling they are completely at home; often in that of some of the passions, and here they command with freedom, power, and subtlety; but removed from ground familiar to their feet, they become dependent on external resources, and walk by sight instead of faith, with an uncertainty proportioned to their limited vision. For the sympathies and powers of the man embrace those of the woman, and though many of his sentiments and feelings are less delicate and intense they are of the same nature,—and besides, those of a woman are habitually laid bare to him in life even in their most secluded manifesta-

tions. But there is much in a man, consisting less in particular feelings than in their modes of operation, that a woman through her sympathies can never touch, and to depict which she is driven to the results of an experience for which her habits and opportunities little fit her. If in a book the complete and faithful portrait of a woman is drawn, and a vital character unfolded through all its profound mysteries and evanescent manifestations, the work may still be that of a man; but if a man's character be so drawn, it is all but conclusive against its having a woman for its author. *Jane Eyre* was the writing of a woman, and this should have been betrayed to a thoughtful reader, for no man with the capacity of delineating so truthfully and with so informed a sympathy, the life-like image of the heroine, would have presented us with such harsh and defective creations as Rochester and St. John, which notwithstanding the force and graphic power displayed in them, can no more be accepted as complete men than the worn and mutilated fragments in the Elgin Gallery can be looked on as the actual forms of Greeks and heroes. It was the *sort of men* who were drawn in Currer Bell's books that led us astray, and the boldness with which they were described. Rochester indeed may well be in great measure the work of a woman's *imagination*, but the author of some of the Bell school of novels must have enjoyed more opportunities of observation among a particular set of men's characters than most women, and has certainly shown more courage than most women in availing herself of it. This difficulty with which women have to contend in dealing with much of the character of men, has sensibly affected that class of writing to which they have so much, and so successfully, devoted themselves. They have taught us to be content in our novels, to see that part only of a man's nature displayed which consists in his sentiments and the passion of love; and when so much of a man is well done, we are apt to praise the picture and think it complete. And indeed this is so much of a man, that it gives us enough to form a distinct image of him in his home, and in the society of his mistress, but only there; and we sometimes find ourselves longing to know, what sort of a man Lord William or Edmund appears in a wider field of circumstances and in his association with other men. This

limitation to the display of only a portion of character is not to be confounded with the tendency of a less developed Literature to content itself with the description or delineation of particular sentiments, without caring to show them as parts of an individual. The general level of taste is above this, and the quickness which women possess in estimating character when they can touch it by their instincts, and the nicety and accuracy of their observation within its range, has preserved an individuality in all their portraits. Their men are rarely the mere mouthpieces of affections and feelings, but each of them possesses if not a complete yet a distinctive character of his own, often drawn with the happiest and acutest discrimination.

The peculiarities of women's power in this and in other respects have produced a conformity to its results in many of the productions of men. The comparative ease with which some resemblance to the woman's side of a man's character may be drawn, has a tendency to make authors of many men, who while they want the fine perceptions of women have neither the knowledge, the experience, nor the insight necessary to create more than imperfect and distorted images. The absence also of thought or varied reflection in the author, which is a pardonable defect in the works of women, has made us too little sensible of the growing want of it in those of men. It is a deficiency scarcely compensated by an increased facility in the art of caricature.—There is another point in which female influence has shown itself. The delicacy and even fastidiousness of expression which is natural to educated women has got to be considered so essential, that the writing of men is in danger of being marked by a false and affected refinement, the very opposite of real delicacy. This might be borne; it is at least an error on the right side; but it is not easily tolerable to see the real inward refinement and elevation of spirit which marks the writings of English women, become a fashion before it becomes a feeling, and to find authors ornamenting their works with a jappanned imitation of it, because it is sure to be a popular ingredient. How painful a medley is produced by a man who relies on great and various ability alone, to enable him to assume the tone of pure and lofty sentiment, may be seen in Sir E. L. Bulwer's novel of the Caxtons (we allude of

course to those portions not attributable to Sterne).* Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, taking this sentimental and unworldly flight, arrayed in the feathers of unaffected piety, and with a tail of genuine devotion to duty tied on behind him, reminds us of that Baronet's coachman who a few years ago was persuaded to fly from the top of the stable in a pair of wings invented by his master, and who broke his leg in learning that something more than artificial pinions were necessary to be at home in so new an element.

The two tales which are immediately under our notice display very clearly the characteristic of feminine writing to which we have been alluding. They are simply and ably written, and entitled to a high place in their class. To a peculiar and attractive grace they join considerable dramatic power, and one or two of the characters are conceived and executed with real genius. It is worthy of remark too, and promising for future effort, that with perhaps one exception the most prominent characters in each story, and those with which the greatest pains have been taken, are those which are the most successfully and ably drawn. These however are the characters of women, and the men for the most part are to a certain extent shadows and incomplete; and if one or two features be brought prominently forward and forcibly expressed, still the whole like a dark lanthorn shines only on one side. Yet if some of the portraits have the necessary incompleteness of a woman's handling, the whole book is marked with her peculiar excellences in their highest form, and is undefaced by carelessness or any strained effort after display. Not its least charm is a certain happy temperament which pervades it throughout. All books have an atmosphere of their own, a certain inexplicable influence arising from the spirit in which they were composed. Some exhale mephitic vapours, others an intoxicating gas. It is the carbonic acid emanating from them that makes us go so dead asleep over some books, and the oxygen in others, which hurries the animal spirits and fans the vital flame; a few live in a clear

* This work appears to be the joint production of Sir E. L. Bulwer and the younger Mr. Shandy. The latter gentleman has contributed some valuable hints from his own memoirs, which he published in a desultory form some years ago.

and cheerful air like that of the mountains, and confer a benefit on the reader, apart from any substantial food that the body of the work conveys to his mind. And of this rare class is the book before us. The author treads with so light and firm a footstep through all the scenes of error and misery and sin, that she never once sullies her feet in the Slough of Despond, but leads the struggling children of her imagination through their sufferings and perplexities and fears, watching over them with serene confidence and undisturbed faith, nor can bear to lose even one, but lands them all safe on the shore of a renovated life, or wraps them in penitential garments before they pass through the Gates of the City of Life.

The first story is at once perhaps the better and worse of the two. The title indicates the foundation of its interest: but though we say this so boldly, we must in candour confess that at first the name puzzled us. We applied however to a friendly lawyer, and after some little difficulty in satisfying him that it was a literary and not a professional question, he furnished us with a satisfactory explanation. Lands it seems were formerly said to be in Mortmain (dead-hand) when they fell into the hands of an Ecclesiastical Corporation (the members of which were held to be civilly dead), and thus became tied up from alienation. So this story turns on the misery that arises from tying up a heart in the disposal of its affections by a death-bed promise. Ethel and Edward are cousins, and have been brought up together as brother and sister in the house of the father of Ethel. He on his death-bed requires from the young girl her solemn promise never to marry her cousin. It is given fearlessly in the unsuspecting innocence of a heart that has never dreamed of a nearer relation than the close fraternal one it now enjoys.

“In short, for his strength was fast failing, this darling child came in, when summoned by her mother, and nestled up to his bosom, the long locks of her bright brown hair almost hiding the premature grey which thinly clothed his head—the fine head you have so often contemplated. There she nestled, and he kissed her fondly, gazing on her for a few moments, with a look of unutterable sadness. She looked in his face, and burst into tears. ‘Papa!’ she cried, ‘what is the matter?’ ‘Be calm, my child,’ he said, with great self-command, ‘be calm and listen to me. I feel deeply

anxious at this moment, but you can relieve me.' She brightened instantly. 'Oh, tell me how, dearest Papa!' 'Whenever I die, Ethel, it will be a comfort to you and to your mother, that you should act as I would have wished you were I near to counsel. You are growing out of childhood now, and I should expect from you steadiness in any course of duty appointed.' He paused. 'Yes, Papa,' she said, in a low, serious tone; 'say what you require of me, and I am ready to comply.' Her eyes were cast down, the tears stood on her fair young cheek. 'I ask your promise,' said her father, impressively, 'your solemn promise, that you will never marry your cousin Edward.' She started, then fixed her moist, glittering eyes on her father, and a smile lighted up her whole countenance; she knelt before him, and said, with perfect innocence and freedom, 'I promise you. Are we not brother and sister now, and always? He cannot be dearer to me than he is. I solemnly promise you that in this there shall be no change. Oh, if I could as easily relieve your anxieties always!' 'God Almighty bless you, Ethel! And now,' turning to his wife, 'kneel down beside our child, Louisa, and promise with her, that this prayer of mine shall ever be sacred to you both.' The mother was silent; she feared, and did not obey him; but Ethel, lifting up her serene bright face, and embracing her mother's knees, prayed her to comply. 'Promise him, Mamma! I have done so from my soul, and I am happy if it gives my father peace. Can we be less happy—can our Edward be less dear to us than he is? Promise him, Mamma!' So then they both knelt; and the vow was registered in the sight of God; while I—I confess it to you—with a heavy heart and presentiment of coming shadows, witnessed the affecting scene; and saw the excited sufferer sink back exhausted on his pillow."—P. 9, 10.

Edward knows nothing of this, and returns from his College Life and his travels abroad, confident not only of the affection but of the heart of his cousin, and before long he unexpectedly and passionately claims her. To Ethel it is a sudden revelation, the vision of what seems celestial joy so often discovered to the children of men, and cut off from them by the thin veil of duty. To Ethel that veil is sacred. She thus writes to Mr. Hamilton, the friend of the family and the chief narrator. To an unconcerned spectator he might perhaps appear, just a little, weak-minded; but we say this with tenderness, for he is a good man if not always a wise one, and everybody seems to have been much attached to him.

"Dear Mr. Hamilton,—Come to your child—father you are to me, come quickly—yet not till I have told you all—perhaps then you will not come at all, you will cast off for ever your wretched Ethel, you will leave her to remorse—despair! Can you? No—no—you cannot leave me, I believe that you will come—who but you, and God himself, can snatch me from this sin and sorrow? So do not leave me—read this with patience if you can. I will try to write calmly as I ought—for you must know all, but my brain is in a whirl, and the paper dances before my eyes.

"Last night—oh, our happy, happy evening!—he asked me to come this morning to the dell. I did. I went with an innocent heart. I said my prayers, I prayed to God to bless him and my mother—and you, and all who are so good to me—shall I ever pray again as I did then?—never, never, never.

"I went—he was there—I bade him good morning, I gave him his sister's kiss—that kiss, his, every morning since I was an infant—he clasped me closely to his breast, he held me there with a strong grasp—kiss me again, Ethel! again—my cousin, my love, my wife! I don't know whether I spoke; I forget, if I did, what I said—but every word of his is written on my memory with a finger of fire. My first impression was astonishment, fear. I thought he was suddenly distracted. I struggled from his arms, and said, Edward! my brother! and looked up into his face. Then, then, the tempter came—then was I first unfaithful to my sacred vow. He bent his eyes upon me, and I did not fly—he spoke, and for a moment more I listened—and in that moment I felt life change to me—all was over—hope, love, peace, gone for ever. A veil fell from my sight, all my soul was his, and his I could never be. Again, I heard his pleading voice, but I turned and fled from him. I rushed away, but not home again, I don't know where, for I recollect no more till I awoke in this room to misery and remorse. Forgive me! I am unworthy of you, of the parent I lost, unworthy of all who love me. But do not forsake me, be kind to me in my sorrow, and come.

"I can write no more. My hand trembles, and my head throbs. I long for tears to wet my cheeks, but they will not come. But I shall be better soon: when you are with me, I shall have more courage, and perhaps see some light through this thick darkness."—
—P. 43-45.

Two other characters form nearly the whole *dramatis personæ*, both well drawn and one remarkably so. The first is Eleanor Osborne, the friend of Ethel. The other, Sir Charles Herbert, is a light sketch, little more than an outline, and perhaps the author was wise to leave it there; for sometimes in the poetic, as always in the pictorial art

it is the sketch which discovers the profoundest and most individual apprehensions of the Artist. Never have we met elsewhere with so happily touched a portrait of a Christian Gentleman. The truest refinement, and the noblest generosity, a cultivated understanding, and a heart purged by trial from self-regard, yet retaining all its first warmth, make just what Richardson would have had his Sir Charles to be, and just what he necessarily failed to make him; for however strained may appear to us the requisition of physical sympathy between fat oxen and their drivers, it is quite undeniable that he who creates Gentlemen should himself be one, or at least a Lady. Sir Charles Herbert has formed a devout attachment for Ethel, and led on from diffidence to hope by Mr. Hamilton, his offer of marriage arrives just in the first agony of her trial, when her temptations and her sorrows have almost overpowered her. She accepts his offer. Nothing can justify her: and this incident, and the way it is dealt with, make the one grave error in the book. She writes to him too in a manner that indicates she has a heart at her disposal. In justice to the author we should give Ethel's own account of the feelings which actuate her:—

“ At last, she pushed the letter to me, and said, in a low tone, ‘ Read it.’ I did; and a more manly, simple, touching appeal, in my opinion, was never written. ‘ Would you wish me to answer it for you?’ I asked, all the painfulness of the inevitable trial to him glancing across my mind. She did not answer. After a pause, I added, ‘ You will tell me what you wish, or how I can assist you.’ My voice seemed to startle her; she raised herself up in bed with sudden energy. ‘ Yes, yes!’ she cried; ‘ write to him at once, directly, and tell him I will be his wife!’ I was thunderstruck: I could only look at her in astonishment. ‘ Go,’ she continued, ‘ go, my dear Mr. Hamilton; I will get up: I must not lie here if I am to live, and to do the work of life.’ ‘ What do you mean, my child? — what are you thinking of?’ ‘ That I must put myself out of my own power,’ she replied with decision: ‘ I will become his wife, and bind myself by vows that cannot be broken.’ ‘ You are wrong, Ethel,’ I said: ‘ consider what you do. This is the refuge of weakness. Stand firmly, and face your dangers and temptations. Above all, do not so unjustly by another; one so noble, so trusting as this man, this good man, who offers you, with feelings like these, his heart and hand.’ ‘ Oh, my God!’ she cried, clasping her hands together, ‘ let me not make another heart unhappy. No, I will not

be unjust to him. Listen,—understand me; he says that there is no sacrifice he will not make for my happiness; and once his wife, there is none I will not make for his. I will be devoted,—I will try to be all a wife should be. He shall never know this sad story.’ ‘But he ought; there you are wrong, Ethel.’ ‘No,’ she answered; ‘then it were indeed out of my power to make him happy, and to work out for myself that which may in the end redeem the past. I will devote my life to a new being, to new duties, to a new home.’ ‘You overrate your power. How can a woman do all this, unless her heart is happy and at ease?’ ‘A strong will, and God’s help, can do anything,’ she said, in a low, determined tone. ‘And Edward?’ I ventured to say. ‘I shall see him,’ she replied quickly; ‘see him, or write to him soon,—to day—directly.’ She was very much excited, and I besought her to be still.’—P. 47, 48.

It is not impossible for even such a character as Ethel to make this false step, nor for a woman, under the overwhelming occupation of a high sense of duty struggling with grievous temptation, to escape that feeling of revolt with which a delicate mind starts from marriage without love. Still all must feel that it involves an untruthfulness which it needs all the faithful perseverance of Ethel’s after-life to exonerate her from, and to earn for her the peace to which she ultimately attains. Edward is kept ignorant too of all this, partly in order that her seeming desertion may render the parting easier to him, partly to save him the pain of learning that his birth is illegitimate, through a false marriage imposed on his mother. The former is the result of false generosity taking the place of entire faith in the all-powerful influence of complete truthfulness. It is a sort of slip to allow Ethel to be subject to it, nor is it worthy of her to weigh her cousin’s feelings of mortification at his unhappy origin against the sufferings of a ruined heart. He,—her desertion unexplained, and no call made upon his higher qualities, but simply to yield up his dearest happiness to what seems to him a match of expediency,—finds no barrier for the stream of his passion and his despair. And then follows the melancholy story of a fine mind and a noble character ruined by the indulgence of an uncontrolled passion. Eleanor is bent on winning him, and loves him; he recklessly marries her, and as recklessly neglects her. Over sea and land he pursues the shape of Ethel, happy only for the moments

he can enjoy her presence, but gathering from it only fuel for his flame; while she, her own peace attained, gentle, sensible, and a loyal and devoted wife, seeks in vain to restore him to duty. Eleanor, unrestrained and jealous, and hiding, from pride alone, what she suffers from her husband's coldness, falls ill and lies on the verge of death. At last the long deferred explanation is made, and for the first time Edward learns from a letter laid before him the grounds of Ethel's refusal. Then at last comes that assuaging balm of truth so long denied him. Guilty yet grievously wronged as he is, it is touching to see him kneeling at those feet which had trodden out all the happiness of his life, and asking for a forgiveness which in many respects he should rather have been the one to grant.

"An hour afterwards, Ethel and I were in the sitting-room together, and he came in, with the letter in his hand. He did not seem to notice me; he went up to Ethel, regarded her earnestly, then knelt down at her feet, and with his head bent down, and his hands raised, he cried, 'Forgive me, Ethel, my sister, forgive me!' 'Oh, not thus, not thus, Edward! Rise from your knees—not thus to me!' 'It becomes me,' he persisted, 'it becomes me, faithless, perverse as I have been—humbled as I am—it becomes me to kneel—say only that you forgive me.' 'I do, I do,' she exclaimed, 'and may God forgive and bless you!' She kissed his brow, and he sprang to his feet. 'Not you alone, dear Edward, we have all been to blame. Sit down by me, and let us speak calmly.' 'Only one question, Ethel,' he said, 'and then no more—then I will tire your ear no more with my prayers—only one question has been burning in my heart, on my lips, for years. Ethel! did you ever love me, as I loved you?' She did not instantly reply; she passed her hand over her brow, her lips quivered; but the tone of her voice was firm, as she replied, 'I loved you always, but there were moments, ere we parted, when I felt that to become your wife would have been my highest happiness. In these feelings, I was unfaithful to my father's will, to my own promise; and by a steady and continued struggle, I was enabled to overcome them. I will not say that I did not suffer, but it resulted in peace, in more than peace—in happiness and new affections; and my first and only fresh pain, was to see that you were not governed by the same duty of self-command and patience. Believe me, that in this I lost nothing of real affection for you, anxiety for your welfare, and desire to see you happy. I have loved you and prayed for you

as my brother, and as such you are most dear to me.' 'I am answered,' he replied, with a deep-drawn sigh. 'Why did I not know of this letter before? Why should he, and you, have feared to trust me? And with regard to its conditions, it seems to me that it was a blind adherence to a promise extorted from him, or rather to a command given him, by one who, under the pressure of those sad circumstances, scarce knew what she uttered, that impelled your father to act as he did, and demand that vow from you.' 'We will not speak of that now, Edward. Let me believe that all that has been painful in our late intercourse is at an end; that we may be to each other what we were in the innocent days of our early youth.' 'Ethel,' he said, 'you shall be my guide, my guardian angel. You have opened my eyes to behold once more Virtue and Peace—peace not yet—but peace to be won. You say you pray for me—pray for me still, and most earnestly, that I may not turn again to my madness and folly. Oh, Ethel! let your spirit walk beside me on the way of life, and I shall be upheld—pure and holy being as thou art, make me like thyself!' With deep reverence, he bent before her, and would have knelt again, but she, now overwhelmed with mingled feelings, rushed to his bosom—the love of early youth, pure, passionless, yet fond, the sister's love, filled her heart—once more they were in the dell among the flowers—once more they were the world to each other—once more they mingled their tears—once more the inmost soul of each was known to the other.

"From that moment, I felt that Edward was a new man."—
P. 192-194.

He is reconciled to his wife, whose joy gives her new health, but his neglected life has burned to the socket, and in the morning his wasted form is found stretched in death upon his bed. The beauty of the story is go great, and Ethel in all other respects touched with so happy and life-giving a hand, that we feel a double jar from the discrepancy we have above noticed, and from the way in which at the end it is as it were hushed up and hurried over. Either the misery, that is, the real misery of the unrestrained and selfish passion, should have been traced to its true source, so far as anything external can be its source, in the untruthfulness of Ethel in this one instance, and she have been represented more fully sensible of her error, or some machinery should have been adopted for making this concealment a matter of necessity, not choice. It is not an insignificant compliment to the story that no reader can escape the painful feeling excited by this mistake. When the common printing-ink-people of a novel go wrong, their

aberrations, and the inconsistencies and faults occasioned in the whole work, cause us little anxiety ; but Edward and Ethel are not the ordinary lay figures of fiction, but actual creations of living beings whose errors and whose sorrows fill us with genuine anxiety.

Letters are of all forms in which a fiction can be couched the most difficult to handle, and the least satisfactory even when managed to perfection. It is almost impossible to give a dramatic interest to them : even to alter the style and rhythm of the composition requires a very rare command of expression. The author of *Hearts in Mortmain* narrates with a remarkable gracefulness and ease, but there is too similar a tone throughout the letters, and the course of the narrative runs better when it falls uninterruptedly into the hands of Mr. Hamilton. The old gentleman displays occasionally a quiet humour that is well in place and keeping.

The second story we must despatch more briefly.—The incidents are much more various, and the whole idea a very happy one. It would have borne and been improved by executing at greater length ; the same materials used to more advantage would have made a novel of higher pretensions and at the same time of greater real value. Its defect is a certain want of fusion : it conveys the impression of agglomerated portions rather than of one whole, composed of necessary and subordinated parts. There is wanting that quality of completeness, the presence of which affords one of the highest pleasures we derive from the contemplation of a work of Art. Nothing can be more mistaken than an idea too prevalent among modern artists, and which shows itself in painting as well as writing, that it is sufficient to make transcripts of portions of Nature and human Life as they offer themselves to our experience, and that the absence of this wholeness in the scenes that the external creation presents to us, is a sufficient excuse, nay an authority for its absence in the world of Art. If we saw the whole great Universe, and had capacity to embrace its scope, we should see that no blight on the thorn, no sudden shipwreck in the calm sea, no infant breath once drawn to be silently surrendered, but possessed its exact and appropriate place, and proportioned importance, any change in which would have gone

to mar the symmetry of the whole vast design. But the human work is itself a whole, and cannot be pardoned for having the distorted proportions of a fragment. In *Cornelia* we have half a dozen separate interests soliciting and by the power of the author commanding our attention, so that we suffer from a constant distraction of our sympathy and expectations. Mrs. Stanford's history and that of *Cornelia* occupy positions too equal and independent; they run like parallel lines, united only at the end; and it is impossible to say which is that main interest around which all the rest should circle, and to the elucidation and enforcement of which everything should be made subservient. Again, the individual portraits want perspective; many of them stand together in the front of the picture, and challenge an equal attention. The highest instance of what may be called the artistic subordination of parts is to be found, where it might most naturally be looked for, in the greatest works of Shakspeare. It is a curious and for the critic a most valuable study, to see how, as the characters recede from the centre of interest, they are drawn in fainter and less distinguishing colours, yet by a magical power retain individual characteristics.—There are instances too in *Cornelia*, of the introduction of unnecessary matter not moulded into the design of the work. This is a common error, and especially in first efforts, from which the author is apt to think he must leave out no good thing that he happens to have by him. Among these supernumeraries in the present story, are, not the incident of relieving Felice, for that might have been made strictly subordinate and assistant, but her history, coupled with the accident of the party on their return, of falling in with her brother, making altogether a little plot neither complete in itself nor subsidiary to the principal one. Another is the story of a haunted Chapel in Mrs. Stanford's description of her English home. Such defects may be considered trifling blemishes, but they are worth avoiding by an author who has the capacity to be a real artist, and is not disposed to be content with producing only what is sufficiently finished to earn profit and some popular applause.

The beauties of *Cornelia* less need any pointing hand. An imagination pervaded by the most refined feeling of

beauty has rarely presented a more moving spectacle than is afforded by the venerable and noble figure of Mrs. Stanford, bearing grief and blindness with patient serenity and dignity, and soothing with music the desolation of a heart the vigour and intense warmth of whose affections are unabated by physical decay. How charming is the contrast between this steadfast and enduring disposition, once heated, slow to cool, and the fresh, early, morning-like nature and impetuous impulses of the young Cornelia; between the broad powerful emotions which garner up the whole past, the tares with the wheat, refusing to relax the grasp upon even resentment, but striving to make it a part of love, and the quick passionate throbs of a single unchastened sorrow. Cornelia's is one of those independent elastic dispositions, in which, though there is often a real depth of feeling that is to be weighed against a deficiency of softness, it displays itself so little in ordinary every-day intercourse, that we are apt to think it absent altogether; and such characters are among the most difficult to make engaging to our sympathies in fiction. It was a happy operation of the instinct of genius, to introduce us in the first instance to such a character, through the influence on it of a deep and passionate attachment, the affection of a child changed by death into the anguish of a loving woman.

The most remarkable and original feature, one that might be said perhaps to form the characteristic of the book, is the very high place given to the filial and still more to the fraternal affections, and the depth and delicacy of which they are represented as capable. It required powers in which deep feeling was joined with a very quick apprehension of the finer modes in which the affections work, to represent the warm interest and close sympathy between Darcy and Cornelia—to paint mutual love and confidence between the unknown sister and brother, and yet with so just and delicate a touch, that we are from the beginning free from any apprehension of what would have been of all things the most unendurable—the springing up between them of the relation of lovers. And this is done even without having recourse to the external aid of representing either heart as already occupied with an attachment. Let us cite the passage where each of the two,

long sensible of, and keenly alive to, an isolated position, finds an object on which the longing affections have a *right* to rest. Her identity is established by Miss D'Albert and Darcy.

"'Alas!' he replied, 'I cannot rejoice for her, that she is proved to belong to those who are unworthy of her! to the sinful and the sorrowing—to a home without a hearth, a home on which no blessing has ever lighted, around which no happy and confiding love has ever elung! Cornelia, dear Cornelia, how shall I welcome thee?'

"'She will bring a blessing there. Only love her—cherish her as she has been loved and cherished!' and the good Miss D'Albert turned away; and hiding her face from him, wept mingled tears.

"'Love her!' murmured Darcy; 'love and cherish her! ah, only too dearly! Has not my heart yearned to her, longed for her, doted on her already? And God be thanked! yes, His great name be blessed for ever, who hath kept this love pure and undefiled!'

"He clasped his hands—he could have knelt in earnest and prayerful gratitude. Miss D'Albert, occupied with her own feelings, took no note of his—they were each, as it were, alone.

"'Spirit of my mother,' still Darcy's heart spoke on, 'now redeemed and blessed, praise Him for his great mercy! Look down upon me; upon thy children, once more to be re-united on earth, be with us ever, and witness now my true and loving acceptance of this sacred charge!'

"He was raised beyond himself, into the pure air of a holy and religious devotion; and it seemed to him that the peace of heaven met him there. * * * * * It is needless to recount all that passed that evening with Miss D'Albert and Cornelia. After they had talked long and earnestly, Cornelia, exhausted with the excitement of blended emotions, sat silent by the window. She leaned her arms on a little table, and gazed up into the evening sky, as we have described her mother ere their parting. 'Large tears that left the lashes bright,' were standing on her cheeks; her heart throbbed, the pulses of her head were swollen too, and beat heavily. 'My mother! my brother!' she said, 'and is there one I may call father?—will he own me? And oh, aunty, she who has been so good to me; she, so afflicted, so suffering, so injured, she will never love me more! To her I stand in the dark shadow of the dreadful past,—one of its terrible things—never shall I see her again, never! I know it. We must bear our lot;—I can bear anything with him, with my brother. Where is he? Will he not own me? Oh yes, he will, he will love me—he does. God has inspired our hearts already with that precious love. Let me go to him—can I? No, he should come to me!'

“‘He will come. He said he would come this evening, if he might be allowed to see you, my love. Fear nothing dear child.’

“‘I do not fear ; but all seems so strange, so new !’

“Mr. Darcy came. As his footstep was heard on the stairs, Miss D’Albert glided from the room. And the brother and sister, clasped in each other’s arms, tasted the sweetness of a love for which they long had yearned in vain.

“‘My sister, my beloved, my lovely sister!’ he whispered, seating her beside him, fondly, while she held his hand in both hers, and again and again pressed it to her lips, murmuring the dear word, ‘Brother!’

“‘Bless her!’ he said, ‘bless her, heaven,—bless her, mother ! Cornelia, my darling, new-found treasure, look at me with those dear eyes, tell me you are glad ; let me see the face of my sister !’

“She raised her eyes and looked upon him ; and a smile, beautiful as an angel’s joy, irradiated that face ; and in his, too, glowed the happiness of new hope and new affections.”

And with this we will conclude our notice of an author, who, though she may not possess the passionate fervour of the highest genius, has a spirit quick to penetrate the secrets of life, and the realm of noble and tender affections, and a faculty finely discriminating and powerful, wherewith to clothe in the apprehensible flesh of the poet’s conception, more of those shadowy yet real inhabitants, who live not in earth or in sea or sky, but move with serene or troubled demeanour through the stirred imaginations and peopled memories of men.

ART. VI.—PUSEYITE NOVELS.

Amy Herbert. By a Lady. Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, B.D., Preacher at Whitehall. New Edition. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo.

Gertrude. A Tale. Ditto, ditto.

Margaret Percival. Ditto. Fcap. 8vo.

Lanelon Parsonage. A Tale for children, on the practical use of a portion of the Church Catechism. Edited by Rev. W. Sewell, B.D. New Edition, 3 vols. fcap. 8vo.

The Earl's Daughter. A Tale, &c. Ditto, 2 vols. 8vo.

London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans.

THE universal and intense interest of Fiction consists in the simultaneous exhibition of the external and internal history of human life, in the display to a single glance of the inward forces, and the outward fate. The most powerful of human interests are centred on the doubtful problem how capacity and circumstance will fit, how energy and effort, and desire and merit, will correspond with the incidents upon which they fall, or briefly, in the grotesque language of Carlyle, how moral "potentialities" are realized or spoiled. Hence only the doubtful portions of life, where fates are changing, and risks are great, are fit for the subjects of fiction. Where no chances are visible, and minds are only tranquilly maturing under the same external influences, so that the meeting-line between character and circumstance follows an obvious and regular law, there is no sphere for Fiction, since our delight in it is rooted in our sympathy with those vehement hopes and fears which men direct towards a changeful fortune, in our desire to see how Providence and man reconcile the external life with the living wants and powers and merits of the soul within. Fiction alone enables us to look at once on both sides of that barrier which usually divides men's visible and invisible life, so as to fill actions with all their intended meaning (generally perceived only in their single relation to ourselves), and exhibit their various effect on the several characters portrayed.

Only the simultaneous display of these divided worlds of

act and feeling, and of their reciprocal influence in moulding human lots, arouses the universal interest of men. A mere biographic outline that should neither express nor suggest the internal history of the mind, however marvellous it may be, excites no permanent interest even in the external imagination of a child. And a history of inward thought and feeling that remains unillustrated by reference to the wants and efforts and actions of our external existence, falls lifeless and heavy, because presenting no reality to the thought. It is on the constant transition from the world within to the world without, and the gradual determination of a regular path of life skirting both at once, that human attention is fixed in interest and awe; and this, we suspect, is the reason, why the highest drama, when only *read*, is so much less popular than biographic fiction. With persons of only average imagination, it is not easy to pass from the words in which men speak themselves, to the interior world of thought and feeling conceived by the poet's mind. A dramatist makes copious use, in his delineations, of conceptions and experiences which he does not explain, and it requires something of his own power, to retrace his path, and pass from the dramatic exhibition, to the hidden world it is intended to portray. In other works of fiction, in novels and romances, this is all done ready to the hand. The author has the privilege of explaining the moral nature and moral perplexity of his hero in one page, and in the next delineating the actions which are its result. An acted drama requires even less imagination to interpret, because explaining itself in the familiar language of glance and gesture.

Now these considerations may, we think, at once explain and remove a very popular antipathy to religious novels. The province of all such fiction is to display the mutual influence of mind and circumstance in shaping our human destinies; and wherever, then, there is a double life, outward and inward, with its two distinct spheres not in harmony, but only striving to be so, there is a natural and clear field for this kind of delineative skill; and whether it be by the secret power of human or of divine affections in the soul, in their endeavour to direct and change the course of the external fate, that this double life is created, does not touch in the least its essential fitness to be a

theme for fiction. Only it requires that Religion, if that be the inward principle striving to realize itself in Life, should be exhibited as a spring of conduct, a moving force influencing external circumstance, not as a theological system, or a didactic code. The only reason that human affections, such as love, fear, resentment, ambition, are so much oftener made the centres of interest, is that these *cannot but* affect the outward career, while Faith is too often held passively like a distinct branch of science, and wholly latent as a guiding principle of life. When then, in religious fictions, the religion is entirely sundered from the history, and lies alone like the bitter kernel within the sweet shell of tempting incident, there is reason enough for general disgust. The combination is purely artificial, and deserves no better fate than that of amusing lesson-books, from which all wise children glean the fun, and drop the prose. But where, on the contrary, Religion is a motive power, changing all the aspects of thought and action, there cannot be a higher task for art than to delineate its career, as it gradually subdues or yields to the power of circumstance, until, either by strength or weakness, harmony of life with thought is reached. The existence of Religion in the soul can only be dimly and partially discerned through external conduct; and the risks or conflicts which only occasionally disturb the course of human desires and affections, must, of necessity, chequer the progress of a spiritual life; and hence, both in laying open the hidden character of a Religious mind, and in the vital importance of its interests and dangers, there is rich material for exercising the legitimate functions of creative fiction. And the only inferiority of these themes as subjects for fiction, lies in this,—that the crises they introduce, though more frequent, are seldom so well-defined and ultimate, as those which mark or close the course of human passions. The various eras of a religious life are not usually as distinct and hard in outline, or so immediately marked in their bearings on the fates of others, as the vicissitudes of ambition or of love, which form the usual themes of moral fiction; but Religion leads no hermit life of her own unmingled with these lower affections; and her claim to regulate and judge them, may be made the means of uniting the interests of spiritual conflict

with consequences affecting all the remaining spheres of life.

The tales whose titles we have placed at the head of this notice have the merit of having attempted, and in general successfully attempted, this task. While they are all of a distinctly religious cast, and there is not one whose interest turns on the common themes of the novelist; while the hopes and anxieties of the reader are all made to centre on the spiritual condition of the various characters, the effort is constantly sustained to exhibit religion as a principle of conduct in close relation to other impulses and affections, and to clothe it constantly in the external actions and circumstances of man's natural life. Of course the attempt is successful in different degrees. In the children's tales, *Amy Herbert* and *Laneton Parsonage*, the authoress has succeeded, we think, in painting the minds of children (at least of girls) with truth and beauty not often equalled;—seldom becoming didactic beyond what is agreeable to childish taste (which is not averse to serious thoughts where there is a practical case under discussion that interests their feelings), and kindling the religious sentiments without direct appeal, by blending them inseparably with human sympathies. Neither of them, especially not the latter, is without the defects to which we intend directly to refer, and which are perhaps inseparable from the ecclesiastical atmosphere of their birthplace; yet for graphic beauty and moral truth of delineation, pure sentiment, and rich experience in the secrets of children's hearts, it is vain to look for higher or more complete moral qualification. *Gertrude*, and the *Earl's Daughter*, are tales for older minds, but scarcely of less merit. The object of the former seems to be to contrast the earnest moral energy of an undisciplined heart, that works its way with effort and self-denial, yet with wear and friction to all less earnest minds around, with the quiet and winning humility and noiseless energy of a mind sustained by spiritual power, and disciplined to self-distrust. The object of the latter (the *Earl's Daughter*) is rather to contrast the influence of a saintly but severe and puritanic abstinence from worldly pleasures, with the gentle grace that can take innocent enjoyments, and yet subordinate their attractions to spiritual purposes; that at once sanctifies and fascinates

proud and worldly minds, without yielding anything of purity, or losing the joyousness of freedom. This last is, without doubt, far the most beautiful of the older tales, if not the most fascinating of all, and is less tainted by Puseyite ecclesiasticalism than many of the others. Margaret Percival is the most theologico-didactic of these tales, and the only distinct failure. It is written to contrast the Anglican with the Roman Church, of course to the advantage of the former. The argument is of this kind; Required what causes can justify an individual in leaving the Anglican for the Roman Church. Answer—Sufficient proof that the Church is schismatic. Again—What are the sources for proof or disproof? Answer—Inaccessible to all but those who have a life of study to devote. When to this cruel difficulty it is asked, What then are we to do with suspicions that our Church has not the authority of divine sanction? the answer is simple—Crush them. “You are born,” they say, “under spiritual authority which you have no right to disown, unless you are in a position to investigate its sources. Till you can weigh all the intricate evidence of historical authority, you must obey the guidance under which Providence has placed you: and this particular evidence is just what you never can weigh, unless you are in the position of a clergyman, devoting your whole life to such a study. All doubt arising from present internal evidence that the Church is not divine, must be put down as unworthy suspicion, till the higher question of her original divine commission has been decided in the negative—a question quite inaccessible to ordinary resources of time and thought.” Thus the Church insists, first on the sin of questioning her authority from internal difficulties till one can completely inspect her credentials, and next explains how ponderous is the task, and how subordinate the duty of doing so,—forbids her children to attack her authority with any weapon but one, and then laments that the use of that one is for the most part beyond their skill. They may doubt if they please, but not on account of inconsistent doctrines, or gross practical abuses, only on grounds of critical learning, and antiquarian research. A cruel son may demand from the Church, if he will, the fulfilment to the very letter of that Protestant bond so carelessly given in the presump-

tuous flush of early prosperity ; he may exact his pound of flesh, in the shape of evidence, from the very region of the ecclesiastical heart ; only the permission is crippled with the caution, that no leave is given to use any means which shall spill a drop of her blood and endanger her present life. This is the kind of argument by which an English Clergyman demonstrates to his niece the impossibility that she could conscientiously regard even as an open question the possibility that her church might not be divine. It is more worthy of the logic of the reverend Editor himself, and the platform oratory of a baptismally-regenerated assembly, than of the pages of this high-minded and spiritual authoress.

“ ‘ You have but to remember that the English Church claims to be the true Church ; that her claims can only be set aside by admitting the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome ; that the fact of this supremacy is utterly beyond your own investigation, and has been again and again refuted by English Divines ; and that to adopt the opinion of any other person against theirs is a wilful turning aside from the guides whom God has appointed you to follow. And above all, Margaret, read your Bible, and pray with your Prayer-book, and keep a careful watch over a criticising, discontented spirit, and you will never become a Romanist.’ . . . There seemed still, however, to be doubts rankling in her mind, and her reply was, ‘ Doubts will come continually.’ ‘ Most certainly they will ; but I will give you two rules for dealing with them. At the moment they arise do not attempt to argue against them. Crush them as you would a sceptical or infidel doubt.’ ‘ And how ?’ ‘ By making what I would almost call a physical effort against them. Let your first help be prayer, very short ; it can scarcely be too short if it is earnest. Afterwards, repeat verses, walk about, read, sing, do anything which shall be actual occupation for the moment. Every one knows what an incipient thought is ; in that stage it may be kept down with comparatively little effort. Then, do not trouble yourself at any time with more arguments than are necessary. Your own ignorance, the duty of remaining where God has placed you, unless you have absolute demonstration, which you never can have, that the English Church is no true Church, and the entire accordance of the Bible and the Prayer-book, will be sufficient. Try these in any way you please, they cannot be controverted ; and until they are controverted, Romanism can be nothing to you.’ ‘ I shall seem to be resisting truth,’ said Margaret. ‘ Yes, there will be your great difficulty. Sceptical thoughts you know at once to be wrong ; these on the contrary will assume the guise of truth ; but it will be

sufficient for you to remember that you will do no good by entertaining them at that exact moment. When doubts are suggested in a sudden way, the mind is incapable of reasoning upon them. Rid yourself of them for the time being, and in a different mood you will see clearly that they were temptations.'"—*Margaret Percival*, vol. ii. ch. 24, p. 271.

To such mournful self-deception is a Church reduced, whose only self-acknowledged title to obedience does not lie in immediate, positive, and spiritual evidence gained in the highest moments of thought and study, and communion with Heaven,—but is so unmanageable that its very clumsiness becomes its security, enabling it to enforce submission under the intolerable alternative of examining its historical credentials. This specimen will suffice to indicate the general subject and style of *Margaret Percival*, which, though not without much of the authoress's usual ability and beauty, fails greatly in interest from its controversial and speculative turn. She has deviated from her usual plan of exhibiting Religion only in its relation to the conduct of life, and has passed into theological discussions, which spoil her fiction, while giving us fuller insight into the purposes and interior spirit of these works. For this reason we have selected it chiefly for comment, since it has both more of what is repugnant to free thought and moral earnestness, and exhibits more explicitly and systematically what it is elsewhere wished implicitly to convey. It would be impossible, and perhaps profitless, for us to review minutely and separately each of these beautiful tales, and therefore we shall only glance at those of their distinguishing features which are due to their Anglican origin, and indicate how we think that a purpose of a kind no less noble might be worked out with more effect and freedom, from a different and less confined centre of spiritual thought.

One of the special points then which it has pleased us to notice in these tales, is that their Anglican dress hangs quite loosely upon them, and is, we think, in no way essential to their beauty and interest, wherever it does not materially injure them. To those who are accustomed to regard the Puseyite movement as an advance to Romanism, this will appear strange if not incredible:—for without doubt the Roman Catholic faith is fundamentally distinct in its influences from that of Protestants, and, notwith-

standing some points of theoretic affinity in which Rome sides with us against the ultra-Calvinistic school of religion, the Romanist views of public and private duty, and of worship, differ so broadly from that of all Protestants, that it is impossible we could feel much sympathy with their representation of the discipline by which individual minds and hearts should be trained into purity and religious love. Protestants and Roman Catholics must always differ essentially in their views of education.

The Roman Church has always been a spiritual army, and, like all military organizations, has regarded her individual members rather as means of warfare than as the end of victory, disciplined them as her servants, and used them for external purposes, the extension of her empire, and the glory of her Lord. Ecclesiastical Rome, with the same military instinct as imperial Rome, has erected the cross in the place of the fallen eagles, valued it even more as a standard that would rally her troops, than as a symbol to each of neglected duty, and has gone forth conquering and to conquer, because she has prized the *influence* of holiness still more than its purity, and invented an ulterior purpose even for virtue, because her eye has wandered past the individual perfection of her children, to the visionary glory of the empire that, through them, she might attain. And hence with the quick and practised eye of habitual command, she has ever seized on the various genius and moral gifts of her children to devote them to her purposes, to guide them into the channels in which they would best magnify her power, and extend her sway. She has applied the talents of her subjects to promote her own authority, instead of using her authority so to restrain and guide those talents as might best chasten and harmonize each single mind. As is well said by the authoress of these tales, the Roman Church has rather provided a vent for all natural enthusiasm in her worship, than taught men to temper and subdue it to an inward yoke, so as to obey the slightest check from the controlling thought. Now whatever may be the leading element in the faith of those who have tarried in Anglicanism only as a stage on the way to Romanism, no one can read or study with any attention the writings of the permanent Puseyites, without seeing that they entirely retain the

leading Protestant idea, that the culture of the individual is the great end and aim of the Church. With Roman Catholics, individuals are but the insignificant stones, that go to build up the mighty structure of the Church ;—with Anglicans, the Church is only the divine guidance vouchsafed to assist the weakness and perfect the minds of individuals. And though both parties lean to the same ordinances and worship the same mysteries, it is in a totally different spirit. The one embracing them in imaginative awe as the decree of supernatural power, linking them with times remote, and delighting in the sense of the minutest obedience to an external authority so resistless, immutable, and dread ; the other adopting them with wise submission to superior knowledge, because finding in them much opportunity for self-discipline, much sustaining influence in trial, and much occasion for exercising humble acquiescence in what is ordered, even when above their understanding. The Roman Church is one of imagination and will ; drawing towards her power, enthusiasm, art, eloquence, all great and single gifts ; charming them by her majesty, and enlisting them in her cause, but often crushing private affections, and gentle graces, and individual joys, because they cannot spread her dominion and must often thwart her purpose :—the Anglican Church is one of taste and judgment ; cultivating affection, and tempering energy, and enjoining discretion, with an internal aim directed to the government and harmony of the heart, the refinement of feeling, caution in deliberation, calmness in resolve. Even while remaining in the same Church, it was impossible not to discern that the military vigour, and stern intellect, and stately, but ruled, unspontaneous imagination, and almost *voluntary* enthusiasm of Newman, were cast in a different mould from the deep habitual affections, and clinging associations, and conscious weakness, and sad aspirations, of the author of the *Christian year*. And the same external ordinances that seem to have attracted the one for their own sake, as holding out difficult duties to employ his powerful will, and as coming from a power that wielded a mystic influence over his imagination, would be sought by the other only as discipline for an unquiet heart, and as promising new force to frail resolves. It is the difference between a soldier who obeys from the instinct of obedience to those in autho-

riety, and one who should serve a campaign from the desirable opportunities it would offer for breaking down self-will. And thus it happens, that though genuine Anglicanism adopts many of the external institutions of Rome, it does not adopt them in the Romanist spirit, but takes them as the highest means of individual culture. And her high tone about Church authority being thus not a natural shoot, but only a graft upon the original stem of English Protestant Religion, it is not difficult to see how they find it impossible to work this mystical reverence for their Church into the essence of their spiritual faith, so that, insist upon it as they will, we may almost always shake it quietly off, like an external adhesion, leaving the substance of their teaching quite unmutilated by the change.

Nowhere is this more strikingly seen than in the language now used so much by the Anglican agitators, in repudiating Romanizing views. Dr. Pusey, for instance, talks of the ties of early association and care that should bind them ever to the Anglican Church. This shows completely that the absolute principles of Church authority have never sunk into his heart. His mind has never been freed from the essentially Protestant idea that the value of the Church consists in her care for individuals. And the real authority he and his party practically give to her commands is obviously rooted, not in supernatural awe for her, but in the conviction that the habit of submission is a good moral discipline for them. Nevertheless though these tales, and most of the genuine Anglican writings, seem to be free from the essential spirit of Romanist education, which ever presses with a heavy hand on the individual mind, making each member feel that he exists for the Church, not the Church for him, that he is only an instrument in her hold, a single joint in the vast machine,—it cannot be denied that the habit thus encouraged of implicit submission to an external authority in all matters possibly supernatural, (a habit felt indeed to be a useful discipline in the beginning, but afterwards becoming a miserable chain on spiritual freedom,) of necessity renders the thought and cast of mind of those holding such a faith dry and unspontaneous, and even greatly blemishes the beauty of tales like these. In a feminine writer, indeed, like the present, naturally glowing with sentiment, we find it less

oppressive; but let any one attempt to read the current theology of the Anglican party, nowhere relieved by the enthusiastic devotion and imaginative awe of the Romanist for the mighty mother he obeys, nor penetrated by the urgent spiritual emotions of evangelical faith, constantly schooled into dry submission to what is "ordered" by the calm decisions of judgment, without either inward impulse in the act, or the delight of self-devotion to a power both dreaded and adored,—and he will feel how weary, how galling a restraint the minds must wear, that are thus constantly teaching themselves to act soberly from a confident computation of "the safest," to obey habitually without the sanction of any divine voice within, to undergo all the friction of deliberation in the highest matters of faith; in short, to strain the will by everlasting submissions that are neither asked by conscience, nor prompted by love.

And this remark brings us to what must be regarded, we think, as the characteristic fault of these tales, and of all, indeed, of a similar nature, that should be true to their origin and purpose. Though we do not think that Puseyism with all its mystical church-worship has ever been so far vitiated as to lose sight of the spiritual culture of individuals as the end and aim of the Church's existence, and believe that the Anglican Church is still conceived only as a school of duty and of love, and as having completed her work when she has fostered this spirit in her members, still it has been quite impossible that even with this aim, the peculiar nature of the discipline she has promoted should not have given a general tone of constraint to the whole character of her children. It is impossible for men to set up external laws in their minds with the same authority as the moral law, to attach by constant effort the notion of moral obligation to a whole series of acts that have individually no internal sanction at all, without straining the springs of moral action, and rendering morbid and confused the whole tone of inward thought. And when, by a severe self-discipline, men succeed in raising to the rank of moral obligations the commands for specified seasons of fast and prayer, and all the petty ordinances of a ritual Church which try to supersede the free exercise of men's discretionary judgment, and oppress the mind with a constant sense of violated duty, it destroys all the

natural health and ease of spontaneous life, and tends to change the flowing grace of Christian movement, into the painful and doubtful step of one who treads his way among snares and pitfalls. As if to relieve us from the weariness of obedience to an external law that gives us no distinct warning in each case on which we may chance to come, God gives us his sanctions and suggestions, one by one ; for each separate sin a separate warning—for each act of holiness, a holy thought. He does not lay down rules for us, of which we are to find the applications by logic and observation, but repeats himself distinctly in each case. Now surely this shows that God does not intend for us the care of attaching the feeling of duty to whole series of actions, of which separately we should never feel the obligation, because they are ordered by a Church. And the attempt to do so can only produce that morbid state of the moral nature which so often creates fanciful duties, the same, in kind at least, as that which oppressed Dr. Johnson with a feeling that he had been guilty of a sort of sin, if he did not touch every post that he passed in his usual morning walk. Nor does the analogy so often brought forward, that a child does many things, not in themselves recommended to its conscience or judgment, from reverence and love to its parents, hold in the least in such cases as these. There, the desire is already expressed and often repeated, where it is of such a kind as not in itself to strike the child as wise or obligatory—and the general duty to satisfy and please becomes in itself the source of the obligation. But here no individual can trace for himself that God has really willed these formal duties ; we know that he does not touch our hearts with any knowledge that they are His will, and the rumour that asserts it to be so is vague and faint. Exactly in the case where external evidence that such actions do please him is most needed, because in the absence of that divinest sanction which he has placed within us, all evidence most entirely fails,—and the conviction that such actions are pleasing to Him, where that is at last implanted, gives a confused and constrained tone to the whole moral nature, because tending to class the real impulses of spiritual affection and the protests of conscience, with this vague and general feeling of obedience due even on indifferent matters ; in short, diminishing the

clearness of moral authority, in raising to an equality with it a new class of duties which cannot be distinctly felt, and yet are everywhere possible. The mind is thus constantly in doubt whether it has discharged all that was due, and so, by increasing the anxieties and scrupulosities of conscience, its vigour and certainty is lost.

Now this is exactly the substance of the complaint we have to make against the moral tone of these tales, (and we do not charge it on the authoress, but on her faith,) that they exhibit too much of the constraint of Religion; throw even the minds of the young into a too constant shadow; and often make a true and deep delineation of character and faults appear unreal and unhealthy, by deepening the terrors of sin, by the constant frown of obligations which are just faint enough to be slighted as phantoms when they press upon us, and just distinct enough to haunt us as spectres with their pale reproachful faces when they are dismissed to crouch in our memories, and to start drearily forth in our recollections. For an example of this, we give the following conversation between a clergyman, and his daughter who is just about to be confirmed, and who doubts her own fitness for it. Irrespective of the doctrine it contains, the state of mind delineated strikes us as distressingly oppressed and strained.

“‘It is very wicked, I know, but I long sometimes to wait another year.’

“‘Another year would not help you, my child. You would come with the same request at the end of it.’

“‘And should I never be more fit?’ said Madeline.

“‘Why seek for what God does not require?’ said Mr. Clifford. ‘When our Saviour restored the lame and the blind, did He wish them to walk and see a little before He made them quite whole?’

“‘He told them they must have faith,’ said Madeline.

“‘Yes; that is, He required a trust in His power, and a willingness to be cured. This is all He asks now of you.’

“‘I should like to be good more than anything,’ observed Madeline.

“‘And not only that, but I think you are willing to do all that may be necessary, whether agreeable or not, in order to become good,’ continued her father. ‘We must not separate these two things. A person suffering from some bodily disease, for instance,

will say he would like to be cured; but he may not like to try the remedy. He may be suffering from the toothache, and yet not agree to have the tooth extracted.'

"That is what I mean," said Madeline, quickly. 'I should like to feel that I had got rid of some of the bad things, and then I should be more sure that I was willing—that I was fit for the blessings. Because you know, papa,' she added, in a faltering voice, 'I am not at all fit for the Holy Communion, and I must go to it if I am confirmed.'

"But, my dear Madeline," said Mr. Clifford, 'the getting rid of these "bad things," as you term it, is to be the business of your life. Confirmation and the Holy Communion are to be your great assistants in this business. If you throw away the help, what are you to do?'

"I might pray and read the Bible," said Madeline.

"God tells you to do something more," replied Mr. Clifford. 'He will not accept us if we perform only half our duties.'

"And I must go," said Madeline, whilst the tears which had for some time been gathering, flowed slowly down her cheeks.

"Mr. Clifford suffered her to cry silently for some moments; at length he said, 'You are frightened, dearest.'

"Yes, so very frightened sometimes," said Madeline, in a broken voice; 'and, papa, I think I should be glad not to go; that shows how bad I am.'

"Then if I were to tell you that you should never go," said Mr. Clifford, 'you would be contented?'

"Madeline started. 'Oh! papa! no. I could not bear it.'

"And God does not wish you to bear it," replied her father. 'He is willing—more willing than you can imagine—to receive you; to love you, and bless you, and make you happy. He asks for no fitness except that which you have yourself just this moment acknowledged. You may go to your Confirmation, you may even kneel to receive the Holy Communion, conscious of all your faults, all your imperfections, yet with the same confidence in His love as you feel now in mine. And Madeline, my child, by and by, years hence—if it should please God to spare your life—you will see all this fully, you will be thankful and happy then, that you were not suffered to give way to doubts and scruples now. Religion will be all in all to you.'

"As it is to you," said Madeline.

"A momentary shade passed over Mr. Clifford's countenance; yet it was but momentary: a quiet, bright smile followed it, and he looked in his child's face and said, 'Yes, Madeline, as it is, I trust, now, all in all—the one great joy—the one unchanging reality.'"

Now this is the kind of tone which, though not to the

same extent, seems to destroy the general truth, and disturb the finer influences of a mind writing from this school of thought. The constant self-examination inculcated, and the pressure of external laws hemming the mind in on every side, and ever driving it back upon itself to lament afresh its own weakness, tend far more to create mere dread of sin, and the feebleness of expected failure, than to produce the love and faith that sustain the mind by calling it forth from the vision of its own poverty to the inspiring image of a purer strength. Fear of sin is only the sign of awakened conscience, quiet courage is the token of a living faith. And this defect in the delineation of character is particularly hurtful in works whose effort it is to exhibit the *natural* beauty and power of Religion, by drawing into contrast the religious and irreligious life. The effect of artificial force and contortion of mind is so repulsive, that men will never believe that that is the truest faith which produces it. The whole purpose of fictions like these is lost, if they fail to represent Religion as the loftiest principle of conduct, if it appears to form only characters that are *below the highest*. The ultimate foundations of belief are shaken, as soon as a man imagines that he can conceive a higher character than that which it is the aim of his faith to generate—that he would not himself willingly become, what he believes that a total surrender of his mind to its influence would tend to make him. The origin and condition of all Faith is in reverence for the highest, and what is most able to elevate us to this, we take as our standard of what is spiritually true, obviously assuming that He who gives us our purest insight, must afford us also the means of lifting ourselves up to its purer level. And a faith is for the most part then first fervently embraced, when we see that it is that and that only by which those whom we most revere are what they are. Now it cannot be doubted that men will see something deficient in the strained and anxious life produced by a predominance of fear of sin, above the active principles of the soul. No Faith can ever be universally held that is not seen to restore the freedom of spontaneous life, while giving a new and far higher power. The theological system of the Anglican Church does not attempt this. While its morality is for the most part severely pure, its spiritual resources do not seem sufficient

to restore power and ease to the soul whose moral anxieties they awaken so deeply; and from apparently inherent feebleness in the active part of their spiritual nature, the noble moral germs of their system seem to yield only a very morbid and ghastly life. Indeed this weakness is most distinctly shown, we think, in the evident desire to throw up personal judgment in favour of external law as a guide and discipline to their own hearts. There can be surely no greater sign of a feeble and morbid nature than the satisfaction thus found in utterly ignoring one's own faculties the moment they are discovered to be diseased—immediately abdicating in favour of any external offer to guide us. Just as a sick man sometimes finds a weak delight in submitting himself scrupulously to any advice that is importunate, in placing himself absolutely at another's disposal, so the Anglicans seem to find an unhealthy comfort in prostrating sick hearts to the sway of an external law. It relieves their responsibility and yet employs their wills. It is a comfort to renounce faith in themselves, where weakness is known, and transfer it to a law that they may believe without question. They feel their submission to it as a kind of spiritual regimen for the affections, a gentle tonic to the will. There is this tone not unfrequently to be found in these volumes. It is shown for instance, in the following passage, which is introduced indeed by a profound truth, but quite misses its application:—

“Conscience,” says our authoress (Margaret Percival, vol. ii. p. 344), “is a safe guide when it tells us what we ought not to do; but it may err fatally when it would teach us what we are to do Conscience is in each man's breast. A good man utters a hasty word, and his conscience accuses him bitterly. A bad man ruins his neighbour by slander, and his conscience is silent. Is there no law by which both shall be judged, except conscience? I would warn you earnestly, solemnly, upon this subject, because conscience is the plea upon which the most fatal crimes have been committed. God has given to man a law of perfect Holiness and Truth; if our consciences agree with that law we are safe; if they do not, the disagreement is in itself a sin, for which we shall surely be called to account, according as we have had it in our power to learn the Truth.” And again—“There is one rock, and one only, on which to rest—external Truth.”

It is true that Conscience is a safer guide in forbidding actions, than in suggesting them. And the reason of this is clear. Conscience is simply a selective faculty which marks for us the better and the worse among our existing tendencies and affections. Of course, then, when it tells us that any one principle is inferior to another from which we might act, it absolutely forbids the lower, but does not absolutely assert that the higher is the highest, or even high enough to produce actions which will be beneficial to the world. For instance, it may tell a man, in any case, that to think for others' pleasure is nobler than to think for his own, and the obligation becomes peremptory upon him not to prefer selfishly his own enjoyment; but it does not assert that he must consult for the enjoyment of others,—though that is the indirect consequence, if he has no higher principle in his mind,—for it might tell him that he ought to consult more for their good than for their enjoyment, and forbid a generous impulse where generosity might injure. It will reject Selfishness in favour of Compassion, but not warrant the latter unless no principle still higher could be imagined which might direct our conduct. And thus it happens that its permission is often an unsafe guide to action, though its veto is absolute, for with men of narrow moral experience there may be many unsuggested or unimagined principles of action which do not enter the mind, and whose entrance would be the immediate signal for conscience to veto one not previously rejected; and where this is even possible or likely, judgment would keep us quiet till we had learned by observation or experience, whether we had indeed got the principal data for deciding well. “A good man may utter a hasty word, and his conscience accuse him bitterly,” because the higher principle of conduct is present with him still. “A bad man ruins his neighbour by slander, and his conscience is silent;” and it is so, because in bad cases the higher principles of action are seldom even imagined as possible—and where it is so, the guilt lies not with the present but with the whole past life, whose constant sin had exiled higher affections from his soul. But why on this account we should be exhorted to give up internal, in favour of external law, is surely beyond the comprehension of any

one but an Anglican clergyman. The desire as we have said, seems to be, to lean on something that cannot give way, or turn out selfish and weak within : but to accept external Truth as surer, only because it gives relief to a mind sick with self-analysis, is merely a symptom of the disease. The only test of truth is within us, and whether its suggestion be external or internal, it alike wins its authority from its acknowledgment by our souls. The true reason of the extreme value which is set by this party on the externality of divine law seems to be an extreme reaction from the excessive self-examination which their system promotes. It is a relief no doubt to leave the world of self-deception that personal scrutiny reveals, and bow to a law absolutely outside the affections, and not exposed to their sophistry. But each of these habits tends to increase the weakness which the other causes. A too constant inquisition into the state of our hearts, haunts us with conscious self-distrust, and fills us too much with a self-recollection, in the escape from which alone we can find the highest strength. And again, the habit of looking outside us for direction, makes us doubly giddy when left to our own resources, with no rule to guide us, and no confidence in the suggestions of our own sinful heart. This is exactly the system to exaggerate the defects of balanced and yet not powerful minds : it destroys all the natural boldness of a religious heart, all the free affection that is never drowned in misgivings, nor wholly employed in scrupulously obeying rules. In the Romanist system, this defect is relieved by the enthusiasms it encourages and inspires ; even spiritual ambition gives the soul an object beyond itself that adds elasticity to its purposes, delivers it from tremblings, pours into it strength. Like Ambrose and Athanasius, the Roman Church has a will to rule, and a spirit to conquer, and personal frailties cannot subdue the souls inspired with her stern devotion to a cause of glory. But Anglicanism has cast off the fanaticism that makes Rome strong, and retained the discipline which only hearts of fire could bear : and so all her most powerful children leave her for the more awful faith of the Catholic, or the sweeter liberty of dissent.

It is a great pity that the writer who could enter into, and explain so well as in the following passage, the nice

points of the variation between moral law and moral sentiments, should be so often betrayed into the weary unspiritual common-places on the subject which are so common in the timid theology of her school. The passage we quote is one of familiar illustration, addressed to a child, and suited to children's comprehension, but is one extremely applicable to the sentimental philanthropy of maturer years, and displays fine moral discrimination:—

“ ‘Will you tell me, whilst I am working, what you had not time to speak about yesterday? I mean, why it never does people any good to go and see others suffer merely from curiosity.’

“ ‘It not only does them no good, but it does them harm,’ replied Mrs. Herbert, ‘and for this reason: God gives to almost every one, and especially to young people, many kind, amiable feelings, as a sort of treasure which they are carefully to keep. Now, these kind feelings, as people grow older, gradually die away as they get accustomed to the sight of suffering, and so at last they are likely to become cold and hard-hearted; and there is only one sure way of preventing this,—by doing kind actions whenever we are blessed with kind feelings. Perhaps you would rather I should explain myself more clearly,’ added Mrs. Herbert, as Amy laid down her work and looked thoughtfully in her mother’s face. ‘When you saw Susan Reynolds yesterday you had compassion for her, and a great wish to help her: this was the good feeling given you by God; but supposing you had thought that, after all, it was too much trouble to work for her, you would soon have forgotten her, and the next time you saw her you would probably have pitied her less, and the next time less still; and if you had gone on so, you might have ended in becoming perfectly cold and selfish; but by determining to do something, you have kept up your interest; and you will find that your kind feeling will continue and increase, not only for her, but for other persons you may see in distress.’

“ ‘But then I have heard you say, mamma, that we ought not to follow our feelings entirely.’

“ ‘No,’ replied Mrs. Herbert; ‘because very often our feelings are wrong, and therefore we must have some other rule to go by, or we shall continually mistake our duties; but when they are right they are given us by God to make those duties easy and pleasant; and if we do not encourage them, we shall find, when we grow old, that it will be very difficult, if not almost impossible, to do right, however we may wish it.’

“ ‘Then, mamma, if we had always good feelings there would be no occasion to do anything but just what we felt inclined: how very nice that would be.’

“ ‘There is but one way of getting these good feelings,’ said Mrs. Herbert, ‘and that is by doing what we know we ought, whether we like it or not; and only one way of keeping them when we have got them, by taking care always to act upon them; and if we begin when we are young, it is astonishing how easy it will soon become. I know you like an illustration, Amy, to make you remember things; so now I will give you one, to teach you the difference between feelings and duty. Feelings are like the horses which carry us quickly and easily along the road, only sometimes they stumble, and sometimes they go wrong, and now and then they will not move at all; but duty is like the coachman who guides them, and spurs them up when they are too slow, and brings them back when they go out of the way.’

“ ‘Thank you, mamma,’ said Amy, as she ran to the window at the sound of approaching wheels; I think I shall always remember now. And here come my uncle’s feelings down the lane,—beautiful grey ones; and there is duty on the coach-box driving them.’

“ ‘Well,’ observed Mrs. Herbert, smiling, ‘I hope duty will guide the feelings properly round the corner, for it is a very awkward turn.’ ”

There is one more point to which we would draw attention before we conclude: we mean, the influence on the imaginative interest of these tales, as works of art, caused by the ritual theology they inculcate. It might certainly seem that the mode in which this theology creates a kind of objective existence for the spiritual life, giving in its mystical institutions central points of visible importance, round which to condense the various conflicts of conscience, and the intenser emotions of the spirit, introducing frequently, in fact, a crisis and an era into the religious experience, analogous to the various focal points of circumstantial interest in ordinary narrative, would be very favourable to its imaginative influence over the reader’s mind, and extend the capacities of religious fiction. Our author at least thinks so, we suppose, as she has made much use in some of her tales of the solemn interests attaching to the various rites of her Church, in which mystical influence is supposed to be put forth. Yet we think there is total failure in making them points of interest to the reader. All human feelings and sentiments, it is true, require, in fiction, to have an outward as well as an inward life, objects for their activity, and times when ex-

ternal events load them with satisfaction or disappointment, in order to infuse any deep interest throughout : inward hopes must be staked on external circumstances, and the order of circumstances depend on the energies exercised within. But this does not seem to be so, when spiritual life is in question. To give it also a distinct external career, seems an infringement of its nature, and is repugnant to our tastes : the reason seems to be that here, if anywhere, in the spiritual secrecy of the individual soul, should all the doubt, and risk, and trial of mere outward fate find its explanation, and lose the arbitrary character that it has to spectators from without.

Spiritual life should afford to each the special explanations that we need, of our outward lots, tell us the discipline we had needed, and point out how what seemed accidental to others, was really the divine address of Providence to our individual case of moral want. So far as our life is dependent for its moral power and purity on the framework of circumstances, it is not spiritual. And hence we feel a natural repugnance to any theology that represents God as making physical as well as moral conditions necessary for his highest spiritual aid, because it unsettles again all the faith we had learned, and introduces the arbitrary character (which it had been the object of Religion to refer to a moral purpose, hidden from worldly thought) into the very essence of Religion itself. Thus the theory of Apostolic succession, which makes divine power an heir-loom in a physical line, and represents God as committing himself to pass his holiest gifts through any unblest hands that man and circumstance may select, creates a moral puzzle where all should be pure and bright. The only explanation even of the unbending *physical* laws of creation is, surely, that some visible and certain order is necessary for the discipline of men's responsibility, since they must know what will be the results of their actions, in order that their principles of decision should be tested at all. But if the personal relation of the divine will to man is to be regulated by laws equally unmoral, where there is no such explanation of its necessity, since we are taught directly from within the moral quality of our actions in God's sight, we should be led to doubt the absolute supremacy of spiritual laws in the universe, and almost towards

the Pantheistic notions that God's nature is present equally in all the developments of his energy. To teach that God thus ties himself down to fixed modes of action that are independent of the contingencies of human need, and sin, and virtue, as much in spiritual influence as in physical laws, entirely confounds and identifies the moral and physical as equally divine. For this reason it seems to us that the attempt to connect the interest of these tales with the ritual eras of the Church, has something of the effect of an anti-climax, in lowering the purity and dignity of the religious faith whose history is told. We would willingly quote more from the much that is beautiful and noble in these volumes; but the best passages are so bound up with the special interests of the narrative, and so inseparable from them, that it would be difficult to do so with any justice to the authoress herself. We have neglected to notice the points in which the theology of the writer will offend the tastes of most of our readers, because they can be easily gathered from the objections of principle we have made. The kind of biographic dogmatism which positively fixes baptism as the date when the infant receives the accession of a conscience; the disposition to represent clergymen, and clergymen's wives, and clergymen's widows, as characters of a uniform and somewhat uninteresting perfection, who betray the continuance of moral struggles within them only by sighs when charged with any peculiar excellence; the recommendations to young ladies to take secret opportunities of eating less and more unattractive food on fast days, and to give children half-holidays on the feasts, are things too trivial and too amusing to require distinct notice. We can only wish that, notwithstanding ecclesiastical accretions, Faith were universally and as prominently conceived as a principle of life, as a sustaining power in duty, as it is by the authoress of these tales. Were the Church, indeed, as substantially regarded as subordinate to the perfection of individual character, as it is in this writer's system of thought, the dogmatic elements which do not contribute to purify and strengthen men, would soon and insensibly drop away. We earnestly wish that the same leading view, a view in its essence Protestant, that spiritual influences mean those and those only which strengthen us for the purest life, and that moral elevation

can be attained only through spiritual influences, permeated as completely the other religious bodies of our land. Were it so, we should feel that a principle was rooted in the country which could leave us no cause for real anxiety on the score of Cardinal Wiseman's mission to our nation, and the new Papal Bull.

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